

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 166 NUMBER 3

SEPTEMBER 1940

THE WHITE ISLAND

BY JUANA ALLRAUM VOGT

BIBULOUS-LOOKING pelicans row by on slow, powerful wings, careening slightly to one side or the other, against the backdrop of the Andes. Their long, strong beaks tipped with red, they look a little drunk with spring, all of them.

But what a strange animal-and-mineral kind of spring!

The air and the sun are fresh and hot, and there are a million sea birds courting around us, but there is not one blade of grass, one green leaf, one cactus even, in all the island. The common indispensable signs of spring that we watched for at home — the budding boughs, and changing grasses, and first butterflies and song-birds — are all absent. This is a desert island, a true desert island that makes Robinson Crusoe's seem a cultivated summer resort.

But this is spring at the flood. We know it because each morning the sun is hotter on the long veranda in front of the house. Because the lizards that come out to share our breakfast muffins have developed an oblique awareness of each other, rather like girls and boys at a first dance. And because the slim guanayes (the Peruvian cormorants) and the great

pelicans have nested on the island, and laid their eggs, and hatched their first extraordinary young.

The bone-deep feel of strangeness is intensified because I have already had one spring this year — an orthodox New York spring in the proper months, with the correct accessories. This second spring in the months of September, October, and November is like a fairy gift — to be enjoyed, but never to be taken for granted. If I forget its strangeness and its wonder, if I treat it familiarly like a tame cat at the back door, as to my shame I have sometimes treated spring at home, something will be forfeit!

As we sit at breakfast on the veranda at six o'clock of a clear hot morning, I am convinced, even in my half-awake state, of the pure good luck of this experience — because I am not physically adventurous, or even physically brave. There is nothing at all in me that has brought it about.

Roca, the *mayordomo*, pours our *café con leche* — the coffee freshly roasted, rich and aromatic and nearly strong enough to wake even me. We drink a tall glass of orange juice from Peru's

Copyright 1940, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

coastal haciendas, and spread canned American butter on browned muffins that are the joint product of Fannie Farmer's Cook Book, my laborious Spanish, and a Peruvian cook who is *aficionado* (that superlative of praise that means *loving* the thing you do, and is quite distinct from merely *being* a cook or a carpenter or a doctor).

Straight down the white rock from the railing of the veranda, the blue Pacific is alive with silver sparks like quartz crystals. Through its silk and spangles two sleek dark bodies roll and dive and play, and lift smooth heads and great doglike eyes, curiously. *Lobos* are our permanent neighbors on the island — sea lions, which are friendlier to us when they are in the water than when we try to approach them by land (for the excellent reason that they are rarely approached except with a club and the uncomplicated motive of sending them to the nearest oil refinery). Across the water, faintly veiled, is a wavering pencil line incredibly high in the sky, which only experience can make us believe is the great cordillera of the Andes.

The morning is loud with the ecstatic shrieks of gulls. At least they sound ecstatic, and since they have to do with the fact that the sea is alive this morning with *cameroncitas* — little red prawns that look ridiculously like strawberries swimming — even a scrupulous scientist could say there is some emotion connected with these cries.

And I am not a scrupulous scientist. In fact — I am again awed and humbled by the pure good luck of my presence in latitude S 13° 39', longitude 76° 25', on a guano island off the coast of Peru.

Then a natural human uneasiness, in the face of sheer chance over which one has no control, asserts itself. I look across the breakfast table and think complacently that I must really have been a very intelligent young woman to marry an ornithologist!

II

We came to our island in the beginning of the South American spring, after I had had almost three months of traveling in Peru. Now traveling in Peru, as Blair Niles proved so vividly, is traveling in Time as well as Space. The life of Vice-regal days, the events of the Conquest, the régime of the Incas, and the dust of a great and little-known primitive past, make a counterpoint to the simple, sometimes jazzy tune that contemporary Peru lives to. (The inevitability of that musical metaphor will be obvious to anyone who has passed through the plaza of any little Peruvian town and, under the shadow of huge trees, *Ficus*, which dwarf the town, heard the government radio dispensing tangos and American swing, and Incaic music between news broadcasts.) There are strange incongruities, touching and maddening and funny, but there is an exciting richness about everything, as if it were a world lit by strange lights, and every peddler woman, and each clay jar and adobe hut, cast a double or a triple shadow.

So when we left the sawdust-smelling shipyard at La Puntilla, and rocked out across the little waves of Pisco Bay to the *remolcador* awaiting us and our suitcases, I had qualms. Would our island, despite its novelty, seem too simple, too desert, too barren of human history and associations? Because there are places that are beautiful and strange, but very unsatisfying to creatures with hungry imaginations.

But those are misgivings that are only twinges in the first hours in a new place. Once the boat started out of the bay, I forgot them. With a practical instinct we left the seats, with their all too obvious benefits of gasoline from the engine and garlic from the galley, and sat less comfortably but much more happily in the bow.

The sun was hot and the wind was cool and salty. We toasted our faces and

our backs alternately, and I borrowed the binoculars every fifteen minutes to see if our island were in sight. The degree of our absorbed expectancy and excitement can be measured by the fact that I borrowed the glasses with abandon, and they were given up with undiluted amiability. For, to any ornithologist, binoculars are a kind of antenna almost as sensitive as parts of his anatomy. And repeatedly to borrow his binoculars is to set up a state of acute and, I must admit, justifiable irritation.

We pulled away from the palm trees and the marvelously sculptured sand hills, where pinks and reds and purples and tawny oranges are spilled in grains over the crests and the wind-clean edges. We passed the mysterious sign on the hill, made by deep trenches dug in the sand perhaps more than a thousand years ago. No one is sure. People call the sign the 'three crosses,' or the 'candelabra' because of its appearance from the sea. We left the shelter of Paracas Point and came out into rougher water and harder wind. At the left the broken mass of the island of San Gallan was haloed with a cloud. At our right the little high Ovillos were a sample of what our island would be, and I examined them greedily.

Then for an hour and a half we throbbed and rolled and rocked through the great swells of the Pacific. Around us flew birds that I tried to learn excitedly and rapidly — petrels, in what seemed infinite variety, but finally resolved into four kinds: the little skipping butterfly things that are named for Tierra del Fuego; the black powerful soaring and dipping birds with bodies like small zepelins; the domino ones, 'Cape pigeons'; and the great black machines, with the long sheeplike muzzles, that in both Spanish and English are called so aptly 'mutton birds.'

A long ribbon of guanayes moved across our bow, elegant in flight, their white under parts gleaming, their black wings and backs and necks glossy in the sun-

light. The ribbon rippled in long waves played by some unseen hand. Pelicans passed us majestically in pairs and trios, and little social groups. I felt a swell of proprietary pride. Perhaps the wife of a college president might feel this way when she enters the campus! These were the true guano birds. These were 'the most valuable birds in the world.' These were the reason we were bound for North Chincha Island off the coast of Peru.

All the time, a white spot on the horizon was evolving in a fascinating fashion, first into two white spots that grew in size and definition, and at last into three — not spots, but islands: definitely formed white islands with minute sticks upon the farthest one that meant a building. By then I was permanently attached to the glasses and they were glued to Chincha — until my husband suddenly said a word that shattered my absorption.

I had been excited and expectant, and delighted with novelty and new sights, and then all at once something reached down and connected with a well of sentiment and romance, and there was a new, deeper kind of excitement. What he had said was 'Penguin!'

There wasn't much to see — a long flat swimming bird, with a short neck and a head like a driving iron. And it dived immediately. But I had seen my first wild penguin.

Chincha Sur is high and rounded, with outposts of strangely eroded rocks and its sides scooped out in great green caves that echo with the roar of sea lions. Chincha Centro undulates a bit in hills and valleys and has a lighthouse. Chincha Norte — our Chincha — has a greater variety of contour, with beaches and little bays, and a deep fjord they call 'the amphitheatre,' where *lobo* families sleep and breed and carry on riotous family feuds. On the edge of the cliff, like a long birdhouse, perches the frame structure that shelters us and our domestic staff.

But, despite such differences, the three closely grouped Chincha Islands lift typically clean bare white faces. They look like spoonfuls of floating island dropped in an immense dark pudding. (There is certainly some perverse spirit that moves everyone who describes guano islands to figures of speech connected with food! Their literature abounds with references to 'white cake icing,' 'loaf sugar,' 'meringue,' 'dumplings,' and so forth.)

As we passed along within thirty or forty feet of the shores we could see the boobies, *piqueros*, perched on jagged rocks, and watch them fly out with their sharp beaks aimed at the water, and drop like spearheads where the fish lay. Our unknown household hung over the railing of a high mole and waved to us. One of them ran monkey-like down a cat ladder at the end, swinging wildly from side to side, pulled in a long row-boat, and, being joined by another acrobat, rowed out toward us, the *remolcador* having let down its anchor. My momentary alarm at the cat ladder was quieted when I saw a respectable staircase being lowered at the side, but I also felt a regretful pang of stodginess.

It was a home-coming — a warm, friendly, happy home-coming. 'Doctor Pajaro' was already old resident and Señor here, and the Señora was accepted implicitly. ('Doctor Pajaro,' meaning 'the bird doctor,' defines my husband acceptably and definitely for all the inhabitants of all the islands of the Peruvian coast. In everyday intercourse it becomes *el Doctor*, and in moments of simple trust and affection, *mi Doctor*.) We stood on the dock, shaking hands all around, laughing and answering in our awkward Spanish the soft, tuneful questions. The blue-green water surged up the rocks below us and poured down again in white cascades, uncovering brilliant coral starfish and shiny black anemones. Flocks of Inca terns, disturbed by our arrival, swept out chattering and trilling from the shallow

caves. Followed by the staff carrying bundles and suitcases, we climbed the steep white path and stairs to the long veranda. I had begun to live on a guano island.

III

Coastal Peru has no weather. During the gradual, almost imperceptible unfolding of this Peruvian spring, I have never quite got over my astonishment at this phenomenon. Of course there are cloudy days, there are nights that are cooler and middays that are hotter. But 'weather,' in the definite, tangible sense that the rest of the world experiences it, is unknown. During three months of the year Lima can talk about cold and damp and fogs, but for the other months its inhabitants, like the rest of the coastal people, are deprived of one of the most valuable crutches of conversation.

On the island we talk about the sea instead. The sea to us is what the weather is to the farmer — really the weather plus the ploughed field. What to us are spring sowing, the germinating seeds, and the first green shoots! The great salt sea, the cold Humboldt Current flowing along the coast, the shoals of *anchovetas*, the microscopic life, and the sea birds whose existence depends on all the rest — these are important. It's true that in the end there will be a very practical connection between the sea harvest and the land harvest, when the guano goes out in sacks to the haciendas. But for the present our concern is with the Pacific Ocean.

We take its temperature several times daily, and shake our heads when the thermometer rises. We sample its plankton with concern. And even our casual small talk is about the sea. The Spanish words for its goings-on are particularly fitting, I think. When it lies in a satin calm they say it is *mansa*, as you would say of an animal that is tame. When the unpredictable and unknown urges send it in wild swells and crashing waves

against the coast, and the little ports are closed all down the line, they say it is *brava* and *bravisima!* It is always alive and personal to them — even to the littlest of them.

The cook's daughter sat on the sand with me. She is six, and a warm brown color like the sun-baked pottery jars. She has a shy, thin smile that is touching, like her thin shoulder blades, and when she smiles her cheeks dimple high up under her cheekbones and her black eyes peep merrily through narrowed Oriental slits. Bits of red string are tied through the holes in her ears. She has not yet graduated to earrings.

That morning she was quiet, watching the waves. There had been a dying gull on the beach when we came down, and Inocenta had picked it up by its broken wing and demanded the Señora's attention with great enthusiasm. The Señora, not being made of such stern stuff, had suggested throwing the gull out to sea (a procedure having no more merit, I recognized, than letting it die on land, but being a little less harrowing to the Señora). So, with polite surprise, Inocenta had returned the bird to the waves.

Now she sat forward alertly and pointed. 'Señora, the gull!' Yes, now quite dead, it lay washed up on the beach. And death in a bird seems so much deader than in any other creature! There is not even the semblance of living sleep. It is utterly different.

Inocenta said solemnly, with a little nod of her head, 'The sea does not like dead things.'

I turned my head to her still brooding face. Was she six or sixty? Had some great-great-grandmother, who watched her sons push out from shore in their tiny reed *caballitos*, the 'little horses' of the coast, resurrected suddenly in her descendant? Undoubtedly. This was old folk wisdom, rounded and polished by generations like an old grinding stone. '*A la mar no gustan los muertos*' ('The sea does not like dead things').

But is it only the lady sea who doesn't like dead things? For the sea is both masculine and feminine here. I suppose if I went about it in a scholarly fashion I could find rules and reasons why it is sometimes *la mar*, and sometimes *el mar*. But I have a reluctance to find out. I prefer to think that Blanca, who is the captain of our fleet of two rowboats and two detachable sails, — Blanca, who has the pure fine Indian features that you can see on the Mochica portrait jars a thousand years old, — chooses his definite article with an impromptu and subtle appreciation of the temperament of the Pacific Ocean at the very moment. I like to feel that old Peña — our venerable *guardián*, sun-blackened and grizzle-whiskered, and slow and compact with laborious years, like an old *lobo* himself — looks at the sweet siren waters on a calm morning, and the cold green slapping swells under an afternoon wind blowing from Paracas Point, and, remembering obscurely the men and women of his sixty-four years, distributes his genders accordingly.

IV

This morning at breakfast, the Pacific is certainly *la*. She is even a trifle '*Oo, la, la!*' All this exuberance of spangles and shimmer! All these shrieking and ecstatic devotees, like chorus men in a musical comedy! All this siren warmth — a deceptive warmth. Roca has just told me that the temperature is 'normal,' around 17° Centigrade. I could not, offhand, turn it into Fahrenheit, but I know by experience that 17° Centigrade will be cold for swimming.

Roca is a mild young man, slow and amiable and idealistic. Our relations are highly amicable. But two things about the Señora disturb him. She writes so much — she is writing all the time! (I should like to think this estimate correct!) And she bathes so much — often two swims a day and a fresh-water shower. As I waited one afternoon for

him to lower the staircase from the dock, he warned me gravely that too much bathing was very weakening. He put his head shyly on one side and regarded me out of large brown eyes. 'I myself,' he said, 'even in the hottest weather, take only one shower a day.'

I reassured him somewhat by saying that I took very short baths. And I went down the staircase to my undignified entrance into the Pacific (resulting one fifth from sensitive sinuses, and four fifths from shameless cowardice) pondering the species *mayordomo peruano*.

Out of a series of eight or ten brief or long acquaintances, we have never had an unpleasant one. A few were dirty and some were slow and dull, but every one was friendly, kindly, and with an intimate concern for our well-being. When our appetites faltered, we were urged to take milk of magnesia immediately. When *el Doctor* spends the day on another island and I lunch alone, I am consoled with and told it is *muy triste!* When friends arrive from Lima to visit us, the *mayordomo* is all smiles — for us, because now we must be *muy alegrel!*

But his report this morning of the water temperature leaves me less concerned than usual. For a week now, swimming has been a matter of annoyance, — one of those deep, restless, impulse-to-kick-the-furniture annoyances, — because just about a week ago my husband remarked casually in passing, 'By the way, Ampuero says you ought not to swim from the dock. He says there are sharks.'

I felt an immediate and unreasonable anger. 'I know there are sharks,' I argued with myself, 'but most of the men say they never come close to shore. Surely when there's a difference of opinion —' And then I was uncomfortably aware that a division of opinion about the presence of sharks is not the same as a division of opinion over sunspots.

'But,' I returned to the problem, walking round and round it, 'these people love the dramatic. Remember the dogs

you were warned of! The ferocious watchdogs, that came up and practically sat in your lap! They're probably overdramatizing the situation.' And again the cold voice of reality inquired what I should consider the overdramatization of a shark.

I held a consultation with Ampuero. He is a fine figure of a man. His height stands out among his small-statured countrymen. He is also a *casador* — the official sharpshooter who defends the nesting birds and their eggs against vultures and occasional condors, and protects the young, first-swimming birds from hungry sea lions. As a consequence he has a certain gallant swagger about him.

'What about these sharks?' I demanded defiantly. 'Has anyone ever seen one near the dock?'

'Si, Señora!'

'This year?'

'Not yet, Señora.' The inference was unmistakable. Apparently we could expect them like swallows.

'Has anyone ever been attacked by a shark?'

'No,' he said tolerantly, as to a child, 'but a *lobo* was found last week on the other side of the island. It was ripped —'

'Gracias!' I said hastily, to stem the pathological details.

'The *playita* is a very pretty place to swim,' he assured me soothingly.

I pointed out the defects of the little beach to him accusingly. 'It is very far!' — the whole island being not quite a mile long. 'And the waves are full of sand!'

There was a deadlock. Ampuero broke it with dignity.

'Of course,' he said serenely, 'the Señora is very valiant. *Con permiso*, Señora,' and bowed himself out.

I put on my bathing suit and walked down the *escalera* from the dock. I was fully aware that the cook, the cook's wife and daughter, Ampuero, Roca, and perhaps the rest of the island's inhabitants were watching me. Are there sharks? *Como no!* But the North Ameri-

can Señora is very valiant — she doesn't mind swimming where there are sharks. But how ridiculous! There aren't any sharks!

Sea water, even at six feet, can be extraordinarily opaque. I gazed down and down and never could see the bottom. Do sharks always swim about obligingly with a fin up like a submarine periscope, or do they sometimes lurk? But what nonsense! The ocean was the same ocean I had swum in yesterday and all the yesterday. There was no more danger than there was yesterday.

I realized two things simultaneously: that I was terrified, and that I would sooner be bitten by a shark than walk back up the staircase, and past the gallery, in a dry bathing suit. By such noble emotions is courage inspired. I made my entrance with rather less dignity than usual, and I endured the shortest, most uncomfortable swim of my life. I, who without good style or form or endurance can simply rest and roll about in water as most people prefer to do on a solid beach, was in imminent danger of drowning from paralysis. With grim conscientiousness I swam my little bit and popped out. But the next day I went swimming from the beach.

V

The morning has its quiet schedule. Roca brings the hot water for bathing, and I dress for the day in slacks and shirt. Fortunately for the efficiency of the island, the cataclysmic effect of the slacks has worn off, and workmen no longer drop bundles and peer around buildings when the slacks pass. *El Doctor* leaves his laboratory to join me in the *salita* for the fifteen minutes of radio news from Lima, and our staff gathers at doors and windows to listen too. The state of the world being what it is, they arrive promptly and have all trailed away before the end. I am left alone with the martial music that closes the broadcast, and three pelicans sail

by the window most fittingly, looking like a new kind of centaur — both battle plane and pilot. Pelicans should always perform to military bands.

Now for the *lista*! In our first week on Chincha I was very wary of interfering with our excellent cook and, on the whole, excellent meals. But since, in the matter of vegetables, Peruvian cooking ignores them when possible, or else disguises them effectively, I sent out a few suggestions. The results were not too good. We had the same kind of vegetable soup four meals in succession. At our loud protest there came a hurt and dignified request that the Señora make a *lista* each day of the menus. So, now the *lista*.

I have wondered recently just what purpose the *lista* serves. It is very good for my Spanish. It provides a social diversion in Teodoro's morning. It gives me a remote control of the vitamin situation. Outside of that —

I take the list to the back regions. Olivant is ironing this morning. '*Buenos días, Señora!*' she calls happily. She is the same warm brown color as her daughter. Her small plump figure is bent over the ironing board, and her gold earrings flash as she moves her head about energetically. Her iron looks like a perilous contraption to me, being a large hollow affair filled with red-hot coals.

Teodoro sits on a box outside the porch, with his knees around a large flat stone, and in his hands another stone, worn and oblong. With this primitive mortar and pestle he is grinding green *culantro* leaves. He is quite black, showing the frequent coastal mixture of Negro blood. He is a rugged, lusty individual, with a hearty sense of humor and a turbulent temperament befitting a master cook who is *aficionado* of his trade.

He says '*Buenos días, Señora,*' and rises rather sadly from his labors.

'For *almuerzo,*' I say decisively, 'first a cream soup.'

'But, Señora, there is *peje sapo*.' Now no one in his right senses refuses *chupin de peje sapo*. For one thing, there is only one boatman who can find the ugly toad-like rockfish, and he cannot always be spared. And when the fish is cooked in its own juices and wine it becomes a delicacy of a lifetime.

'*Bien!*' I say. '*Muy bien!*' and make my first alteration. 'Then, steak —'

'*No hay!*' The mention of the meat course is always the cue for a furious diatribe against the powers on the mainland who buy our meat. Never, never, never do they send the quality of meat worthy of *el Doctor* and the cook! (I am a mere woman, I have found long since. I have also discovered that one of the speediest ways of getting what I want is to say that *el Doctor* likes it, or doesn't like it, or wants it immediately. It's a rather scurvy trick, because *el Doctor* usually doesn't feel half so passionately about these things as his wife does, but this is a war of diplomacy in which all is fair.)

Teodoro points to the last chunk of meat hanging from the ceiling, and I try to look wise. '*Mire, Señora!*' he says bitterly. '*Ca-rambal!*' The correct production of this word had been a revelation to me. It starts with a low growl, works up with a roll of thunder on the *r* to a cannon boom on the *am*, and bites off the last syllable menacingly. I never used to think much of it in print. I can understand its potency now.

'*Ca-rambal!*' says Teodoro again. But I am not much impressed this time. Having seen the *culantro* a-grinding, I know what's coming. 'Better,' says he smoothly, 'is a meat stew with *culantro*.'

'*Bien,*' I agree helplessly. 'But with vegetables! Boiled, hot vegetables!'

He acquiesces indulgently, and we continue the business of changing the rest of the list.

I return, having left a *lista* intact in only one item — vegetables, which are always regarded as a harmless North

American idiosyncrasy which may be indulged. After all, it is good for my Spanish.

VI

In the morning I write — stories, articles, anything. It seems to me the most interesting craft in the world, because it uses everything that you do and are. And if there is no set piece to work on at the moment, there are always notes about the island and the sea and the sky — an infinity of notes! I look back at random ones of three months: —

A wild Paracas blowing late today — on the south side, the water opaque green beaten into waves that were frosted like the bloom on a plum. To the north the wind had raised a fine dark nap on the blue sea.

A radiant morning, a dazzling silver sea — the mirrors to catch larks must be like this. But to catch our petrels in a picture we had to lay a slick, drop by drop of *lobo* oil, behind our rowboat. Little danzarines came down to it, and mutton birds and cape pigeons. In spite of claps and shouts, the mutton bird refused to perform until I dashed water at him; then he rose laboriously, taking all of fifteen or twenty feet to get under way, and treading water with his great splayfeet as well as pumping with his wings.

The black and white cape pigeons are plump and demure and never afraid. They stay close enough to touch a sea lion feeding, and peck up the crumbs. The sleek, whiskered head comes up and tosses the fish from side to side, making waves that bob the birds violently back and forth, and never seem to ruffle them.

An official visit to the pelican blind. Dressed in white so the ticks would have no protective coloration, wearing socks and pants lapped like shingles so there would be positively no entry, and a bandana over my head against the acrobatic ones.

Pelicans are handsome! They have a bright look in the courting and breeding season; their pouches are finely striped black and white, looking accordion-pleated, and rippling constantly like gay banners fluttering through the colony. The shiny black pate and nape of the neck look like a Chinaman's queue.

The antediluvian young, infinitely ancient and weary! They look like artificial birds of dirty white stuffed flannel. Six in a row stagger past my window seeking the shade of the blind. A constant noise — they groan and whinny and snarl and snore and growl like a hungry stomach (which they are, largely). One big bully bites a thin-looking one who lays his long neck helplessly on the ground and squeals. 'Don't *do that!*' I say sharply. The big one teeters back slowly and blinks in a numbed fashion, like Abraham hearing the voice of God.

The daily procession of guanayes coming back to their nests in the afternoon after feeding was

a marvelous pouring flight of birds across the end of the porch and the island. To look up and into them flying over you is like watching motion itself. There is more than the myriad flicker of wings — the very air shivers around them.

But then, such a fall from glory: —

On the sick list today. Where did I pick up this germ? At least it isn't bad enough to be the dreaded amoebic dysentery. One cheering note! Bill brought in the information that it is called 'the bicycle' — *bicicleta* — and when it's very bad, *motorcicleta*! And one reward of suffering. When I got up at 2 A.M., the Southern Cross and the Big Dipper shone brilliantly across the black night at each other. It was like seeing two good friends meet — my old friend and my new friend. (And no need to feel uneasy over them, either!)

What could I have been thinking of! This is less worldly: —

The phosphorescence after dark — struck like match light from the water where a wave breaks. Running up among the rocks like blue fire.

And of an eventful morning: —

Leviathan was playing in our front yard today! A rather small leviathan and his two brothers. There would be the delicate high spray, the waves, and then the great shining black roll of bodies.

Height, especially in a woman, being something of a curiosity in this country, I told Inocenta in one of our serious conversations on the beach that the North American Señora who was coming to visit was even taller than I. Later I wrote: —

This morning, when Mabel left us for a minute, Inocenta turned to me and said with great loyalty: 'The Señora is *not* taller than you — or only a *chiquitito!*'

This was a serio-comic day: —

Our Thanksgiving turkey was beautiful and brown and luscious — with just the needed touch to remind us that we are in strange parts. It wore its head and feet tucked around it intact. Teodoro was so proud! He leaned in the window of the dining room and beamed on us as we ate. They are such *gentle* people. They congratulate us on our holidays.

And always returning to the birds: —

The penguins walk shyly down the rocks looking at their toes. They hop into the waves with their heads up, as we were told never to do! But they seem not to mind the most boiling surf. The people here call them *pájaros niños* — 'the bird children.'

No, I need never have had qualms that the desert island would be too hard and barren. It has an inexhaustible richness. But its most enduring quality, for me, is its very desertness.

You seem to get close to the secret places of the universe in such a spot. And if you never get any closer than this white rock it's enough — and perhaps better. The plain ocean, the limitless horizon and the unobstructed stars, the white island stripped and bare, the million sea birds — it's good to live in this starkness for a while! It's good to realize that even where the earth grows no trees, puts on no softness, no brilliant colors, no murmurous songs, there can still be spring — a spring of clear hard simple beauty, and teeming creation.

THE PASSIVE BARBARIAN

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

SLAVERY at the bottom, caprice at the top; mechanization at the bottom and raw savagery at the top — this is what modern society has come to. It is not due to the accidental rise of a Hitler or a Mussolini: it is rather the goal toward which the universal cult of power has driven us.

Those who have lost the very attributes of men will still, with what is left of their manhood, worship the first leader who exhibits them. Those whose jobs have become sterile and life-denying will seize the opportunity to feed the sources of their vitality, not with ordinary food, but with raw meat. They will scream because they have been permitted in their work only to whisper, or have been compelled to observe a Trappist silence. Silence! No smoking! Watch your step! Check out for the toilet!

So, too, they will worship great armaments, because they feel so powerless; they will bow to tribal gods, who demand blood and tribute, because the god within them is dead. They will give absolute freedom to their leader — trusting utterly his demonic inspirations or whims — because in that act they vicariously recover the normal sense of a free personality. They will be seized with delusions of grandeur, and fancy themselves blood brothers in a conquering race, because they themselves have been conquered.

In short, these victims of the machine will confirm their slavery in order to recover, at second hand, at least the illusion of freedom. This is, I believe, the

psychological basis of fascism. Out of frustration come its grand aggressions; out of an inhuman mechanical discipline comes its more primitive assertion of inhumanity. Fascism has happened first in Russia, Italy, and Germany for a very simple reason: none of those countries had a long tradition of freedom. The despotism of the army and the machine erected itself on a tradition that had long favored despotism. Serfdom was not finally abolished in Germany until the middle of the nineteenth century; that country had never undergone the sanative bath of a liberal revolution. Italy was governed by a succession of despots, in every principality and city, since the fifteenth century; while Russia had not even a dim memory of freedom: it was a word the educated had come across in English books. All these circumstances gave the initiative to countries whose very soil favored despotism, when the time came to make a religion out of the denial of life.

But the same facts which explain the rise of fascism in Germany and Italy also explain the lack of resistance in other countries. Men and women, industrial leaders and workers, the poor and even the rich, have all been subject to the same impersonal forces. But in Great Britain, France, and the United States, power in the form of money took precedence over power in the form of military weapons. And the cult of the primitive, in these countries, came back less in the forms of violence than in those of sensuous indolence and animal

indulgence — in drunkenness and promiscuous sexuality and the paraphernalia of material wealth. These people are passive barbarians: no less than the more active ones that have produced fascism, they deny the values of mind and spirit, and renounce the discipline and the sacrifice that make men truly human.

In America we have created a new race, with healthy physiques, sometimes beautiful bodies, but empty minds — people who have accepted life as an alternation of meaningless routine with insignificant sensation. They deny because of their lack of experience that life has any other meanings or values or possibilities. At their best, these passive barbarians live on an innocent animal level: they sun-tan their bodies, sometimes at vast public bathing beaches, sometimes under a lamp. They dance, whirl, sway, in mild orgies of vacant sexuality, or they engage in more intimate felicities without a feeling, a sentiment, or an ultimate intention that a copulating cat would not equally share. They dress themselves carefully within the range of uniformity dictated by fashion. Their hair is curled by a machine; and what passes for thought or feeling is also achieved, passively, through the use of a machine — the radio or the moving picture today, or Aldous Huxley's 'feelies' tomorrow.

These people eat, drink, marry, bear children, and go to their grave in a state that is at best hilarious anaesthesia, and at worst is anxiety, fear, and envy, for lack of the necessary means to achieve the fashionable minimum of sensation. Without this minimum, their routine would be unbearable or their vacancy worse. Shopgirls and clerks, millionaires and mechanics, share the same underlying beliefs, engage in the same practices: they have a common contempt for life on any other level than that of animal satisfaction, animal vitality. Deprive them of this, and it is not worth living. Half dead in their work — half

alive outside their work. This is their destiny. Every big city counts such people by the million; even the smaller provincial centres, imitating the luxury and the style of the big centres, with their fashion shows, night clubs, road-houses, and organized inanities, produce their full share of people equally empty of human standards and aims.

No small part of the cynicism that has eaten into this civilization is due to the triviality of its products and to the false excitement that attends their exploitation. A new brand of chewing gum; a new container for coffee; canned vitamins to achieve eternal youth; a new cigarette lighter; scientific research that proves pepper is hot in the mouth or water is wet! An opulence of carefully packaged emptiness.

The novel and the newspaper accommodate themselves to the needs of these new barbarians; likewise the motion pictures. By endless repetition they build up a mental world that is free from any values except those of physical sensation and material wealth. This is a world in which business men become gangsters and gangsters become business men without changing a single essential habit in their lives: a world in which violence becomes normalized as part of the daily routine. The popular mind becomes softly inured to human degeneracy. *Tobacco Road* and *Of Mice and Men* become popular dramas without the faintest degree of public protest — except in traditional clerical circles — over the defilement which they spread.

What such dramas portray doubtless exists. But the way in which they portray it shows that, for the writer and his public, despite all their 'good intentions' and 'social interests,' nothing else really exists. Murder, incest, adultery, sacrilege, have been the perpetual themes of human drama from Æschylus to Shakespeare. What I challenge, therefore, is not the subject, but the method and attitude. Only by a cleansing greatness of spirit, only by the sure possession of a

scheme of ideal values, can a writer treat these subjects without degrading both himself and the spectator. Today this degradation is all but universal. No one is surprised when a gangster murders a man in the public thoroughfare; no one is surprised when a band of gangsters invade a peaceful country and put it under their 'protection.' People have seen it all before; they watch it passively, as they do the motion pictures. They count themselves lucky if they get a good snapshot of the murder or the invasion with their candid cameras.

It is on these passive barbarians, who have come to exist in great numbers even in countries that have free traditions, that the fascists have successfully relied in prosecuting their conquests. The people who turn their heads away when a Brown Shirt kicks a helpless old man in a public thoroughfare; the people who cower behind their doors when the OGPU or the Gestapo rouses some poor victim at midnight to be taken to a concentration camp or shot in the back without going that far; the people who utter no word of protest against a régime that denies their humanity, people who dare not even vote No on a plebiscite, lest they be detected in that act — these are the passive supporters of fascism.

At best, there is lack of even animal courage among these passive barbarians; their chief motto is 'Don't stick out your neck!' At worst, there is emptiness — a failure to feel their humanity

challenged by cruelty, by violence, by despotism, by contempt for the weak and the helpless, by the spiteful renunciation of all the higher goods of morality, art, and science. Sometimes these barbarians by their passiveness pay off old resentments against a class or a people against whom they have a real or imagined grievance; sometimes, as with many 'communists,' they pass over into the opposite camp and renounce the very love of humanity as a whole which once stirred them to work everywhere for the exploited and the oppressed. So the tribes that were conquered by the Aztecs betrayed their masters to Cortez, only to suffer grievously in turn from the same conquest. That, too, has happened in our midst.

The more threatening the active barbarian's assault, the more inevitable becomes the passive barbarian's whine. 'Why should we die in order to defend our country? Why shouldn't Hitler rule us, too? Maybe we'd be just as well off. What's freedom or democracy? Just words.'

Even now that whine, under the skillful shaping of fascist propaganda, is beginning to swell into a demand. Those who have already lost their manhood and their self-respect, who value their shabby little selves, regardless of what sort of life they pass on to their children, are the chosen accomplices of fascism: they are ready for its more boisterous denials of freedom, justice, and truth.

WE STAND HERE

BY KINGMAN BREWSTER, JR. AND SPENCER KLAU

IN his Open Letter to American Undergraduates which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, Mr. Arnold Whitridge voiced his indignation and consternation that so many younger citizens should oppose American intervention in Europe. This is a sentiment with which we have become very familiar in the last few months. We heard it at commencement time, we have read it in irate letters from prominent alumni, and we have seen it on the editorial pages of Eastern newspapers. But our efforts to weather this storm of protest have been reënforced by the knowledge that for once we of the ivied walls and cloistered walks are in agreement with the great majority of Americans of all ages. In fact, we cannot see why Mr. Whitridge has challenged the loyalty and faith of undergraduates while he has not questioned the ideals or courage of his contemporary opponents, from Herbert Hoover to John L. Lewis. However, since he has been gracious enough to clothe his indictment in question form, he should be answered; though it is just as impossible for us to speak for all those who would have to fight this war as it is for Mr. Whitridge to represent all those who fought the last one.

As Mr. Whitridge has noted, people of our age are reluctant to parade their ideals in public. This is partly so because we know the inadequacy of words and have seen righteous phrases so often used to hide selfish expediency or to misguide sincerity. Also, we took it for

granted that our ideals were part of a faith common to all Americans, and we still think so. But if we are asked 'Where do you stand?' we cannot reply without trying first to make clear the beliefs underlying our position.

The basis of these beliefs, and presumably of Mr. Whitridge's, is a regard for the value of human beings and a respect for their inherent dignity. For all the impersonality and standardization of our time, we believe that individuals have an intrinsic importance which transcends their wealth, their physical value, or their usefulness to us. In short, we think that man is an end in himself. The rest of our political and social ideals are built on this estimate of the individual. We care about those ways and forms which give people the greatest scope for their full development. Specifically, we believe in the concept of freedom because it allows each person to realize his own particular potentialities. We believe in the institution of Democracy because it permits all to take part in shaping the common destiny.

Almost everywhere now except on this continent these beliefs are abstract ideals only, if they are allowed to be thought of at all. Because we are citizens of the United States, they are more than that for us. Our nation is the only one which has been dedicated to these ideals from its origin. Ours is the only nation whose entire population is made up of people who are citizens because they or their ancestors repudiated

hate and oppression in order to live by these principles. And thanks to our size and resources we come nearest to being nationally self-reliant. Therefore, while we know that these ideals have not been fully realized for millions of Americans, still we are more aware than ever before that we have a better chance of achieving them here than anywhere else. This conviction, as well as our natural allegiance, compels us to put the United States first in our loyalties.

We acknowledge the challenge to defend America in the Americas as the test of our patriotism and courage. But we can by no standard accept the defense of England as the *automatic* measure of our loyalty to American ideals. The cause of one's own country comes before that of another. We do not condemn Englishmen for feeling the same way in the case of Ethiopia, China, or Spain, but we do claim that same right to put allegiance to our own nation above all else. Mr. Whitridge's conclusion that this means we 'have no sympathy for the Allies' or 'condone the crimes of Germany' is unfounded. It would be just as unfair for us to conclude from Mr. Whitridge's interventionist stand that he cared more for England than for his own country. Such casuistry and acrimony seem to us as un-*worthy* as they are unjust.

Just as our allegiance to our own country comes before our sympathy for Britain, so too our idealism does not permit us to betray the principles themselves merely for the thrill in what Mr. Whitridge calls 'defying horror and in enduring the rending of the heart.' In simpler terms, we reject the glorification of war in itself. Perhaps there lies the greatest difference between us and our German contemporaries, whose highest ideal is *Blut und Ehre*. We will not fight just for the sake of fighting; but convince us that war is the best means of serving our American ideals and we will follow you anywhere.

Here, essentially, is the question at

issue: Can we best preserve our American ideals by entering the war abroad? Those who insist that the issue is one of difference of faith and degree of courage are avoiding the question. Those who condemn the use of reason and historical experience as 'arrested skepticism' are merely hindering us from arriving at the right answer.

Whatever the answer, the prospect is not pleasant. On the one hand there are the consequences of total war. On the other we are faced with the consequences of German victory in Europe. And just as no one can claim that his answer holds a pleasant promise, so nobody can pretend to know with any certainty what may happen in either case. The situation holds too many imponderables to allow anyone to set himself up as an omniscient prophet. We can rely only on our own interpretation of the present and our estimate of future probabilities.

Weighing the alternatives in the light of what little we have to go on, we hold that there is a greater chance of maintaining our American ideals by refraining from active participation in the war abroad. Intervention has from the outset seemed to us a fantastic military proposition. For immediate action we have nothing to fight with which would substantially alter the European situation. By the time we could be ready for effective action, war against Germany would mean an attempt to conquer a whole continent dominated by a nation whose entire stock of men and materials has been organized for military ends for the past seven years. We should be committed to a transoceanic war of aggression with no end in sight.

And what of the things we should be fighting for? Democracy and freedom would obviously have to be scuttled. That would not matter so much if there were some prospect of their restoration after the war. But even if we had the promise of the men in power, conditions would make the return of democracy impossible. We have not yet recovered

from the scars left by our last effort abroad, little as it was in comparison with the demands of victory under present circumstances. We see no hope for believing that the gigantic task of national demobilization and reconstruction after a prolonged total war could be accomplished, if at all, by democratic means.

And most of all, intervention seems to us a fantastic *moral* proposition. The lesson of the last war writes too plainly the fact that out of the devastation and hatred of wholesale war does not come any promise of a fair peace or a lasting order. What is there to lead us to believe that, even if we were victorious, we should not have to face the resurgence of old prejudices and the creation of new ones beyond our understanding and control, all of which would mean another war in a generation or two? The basis of all our beliefs — the respect for the inherent value and dignity of the individual — would be lost the world over in the impersonal brutality of war.

The alternative, we admit, is not pleasant to contemplate. If we do not fight now and Germany is victorious, it means that we shall be stripped of our outposts in Europe and shall probably have to withdraw from the Far East. It means that we shall not be able to count on the British fleet. In short, we shall be left alone without support outside of this hemisphere. Even here our job will be made more difficult, for a cartelized Europe would be able to offer more trade to South America than we could. By the very nature of the situation, we should have to rely on ourselves alone for our survival.

Yet we choose this course of non-intervention. We take our stand here on this side of the Atlantic, precarious as it is, because at least it offers a chance for the maintenance of all the things we care about in America, while war abroad would mean their certain extinction. We would not say that there is a good chance — merely that there is a

greater chance — of preserving American democracy by keeping out of war. Even if you dismiss the possibility that Germany would not want to dominate us, all is not lost. We have the moral advantage of the defensive position. We have the superior strength of resources undrained by the demands of total warfare.

Our stand here does not mean a submission to 'the technique of nonresistance, which implies accepting a Nazi-dominated universe.' Rather we insist that America make itself strong enough to repulse any invader who might attack. It may be that our youth gives us an unreasonable faith in what America can do. But when we see all that man has achieved in science and industry for private gain alone, we have grounds for believing that America can save itself by calling upon the tremendous material resources and human genius for production which have made this nation the industrial leader of the world. Of course, national defense cannot be a money-making proposition. Similarly we cannot count on coöperation in South America without giving up the advantages of economic imperialism. And perhaps most difficult of all is the task of renewing faith in our ideals by making them real to more people. It cannot be done by mere words; it cannot be done by a national witch hunt in the name of Americanism. It can only be done by making democracy work. If we fail in this, we cannot hope to meet the Nazi strategy of 'divide and conquer.' We do not say we will do all this, we merely say that we can. Even then there is no guarantee of security. But we choose this effort and this risk, for in them we see the only possibility of preserving what now is in the most real sense 'this last best hope on earth.'

We are young. In the light of a greater inspiration or a higher wisdom we are ready to change our ideals or our conclusions. But we shall be shamed out of neither.

STORY OF AN INVENTOR

LAURENS HAMMOND

BY STERLING NORTH

I

IN the dusky, high-vaulted University of Chicago chapel sat a small but curiously intent congregation. Fifteen of the group were university students. Another nine, if one were to judge from their interesting hands and sensitive faces, were musicians. Among the scattering belonging to neither group sat a young man of strong features and erect bearing whom no casual observer would have identified as the principal of this drama. Certainly no human being whose fate hung upon a thread of music could appear less perturbed than this composed individual.

'Larry's mighty confident,' said one of his lawyers nervously. 'He doesn't seem to realize what he's up against—a \$75,000 Skinner, with nine of the best musicians in the Middle West on the jury.'

His friends shook their heads. How could \$2500 worth of tubes, condensers, and electrical gadgets, collectively known as the Hammond Electric Organ, hope to compete in this blindfold test with one of the finest pipe organs in mid-America?

If the conductors, violinists, and vocalists on the jury could tell which was which, Laurens Hammond's future would be no longer brilliant.

'Aren't you nervous?' Hammond was asked.

'Not as nervous as the experts,' he said.

At this moment the first deeply moving chords of 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desir-

ing' issued from the fingertips at one of the hidden consoles, rolled from the chancel wall (where both the pipes of the Skinner and the speakers of the electric organ were situated), and flooded the chapel with a concord of sweet sound. The court was now in session, and the strangest trial in musical history was under way.

This contest of 'pure science against pure æsthetics' as one observer phrased it, staged as it was beneath the Gothic arches designed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, had at least one other aspect of mediævalism. The battle of the organs was, in fact, a trial by combat. It was a tilt between an inventor who knows hardly a single note of music and musicians who would be equally lost among the synchronous motors, tubes, condensers, coils, and cones of his electrical engineer's laboratory.

On one side were ranged figures of tradition, shades of the great musicians and organ architects. On the other stood the Edisons, Marconis, and Hammonds who have learned to send such delicately controlled electrical impulses through networks of wires that tones of any color, intensity, or duration may be initiated at the touch of a platinum contact.

The Past grappled with the Future that evening in March 1937. But on a more prosaic plane the disinterested officials of the Federal Trade Commission

present at this trial confronted Laurens Hammond in an honest effort to determine the musical merits of the Hammond Organ. Hammond had proposed the unique tests at the University chapel in which thirty selections of sixteen bars each would be played on one organ or the other in an unannounced sequence. The subpoenaed jury of musicians and the volunteer jury of students were given tally sheets, each printed with thirty numbers. Jurors were to determine, if possible, which organ selections were played on the Skinner pipe organ and which on the Hammond electric. Organ manufacturers throughout America, their business hit by the Hammond, had maintained that only instruments using pipes and reeds could produce 'organ music.' Hammond, taking up the challenge, was betting his future on this performance. He does not deny that as he heard the strains of Widor's 'Toccata,' Bach, Franck, Guilman, and Dubois swelling from the chancel, and as he watched the jury of musicians marking their tally cards, an emotion arose within him not primarily inculcated by the music.

Thirty times the great composers and others spoke from the resounding stone of the chapel and the 'experts' marked their tally cards, the students listened and guessed. And when the score cards were turned in the students were wrong almost exactly as often as they were right — in other words, their score was almost exactly the average of chance. The musicians fared slightly better. Yet even they were wrong in from 10 to 90 per cent of their opinions. Inventor Hammond, vindicated by this performance, could thank modern science for a miracle.

Yes, the Federal Trade Commission spoke softly in their decision.

II

Laurens Hammond had come to this place — this moment in his life — by an

interesting and circuitous route. He was born in Evanston, Illinois, on January 11, 1895, fourth and youngest child of an artist mother and banker father. The father died soon after his son's birth, and Idea Strong Hammond took her four children to Europe and resumed her painting.

Eunice Tietjens, the poet, who conversationally refers to Laurens as 'my baby brother,' tells of that trip to Europe in her autobiography, *The World at My Shoulder*. The Dreyfus case was stirring Paris when they arrived, and students went through the streets shouting '*Conspuez Zola, conspuez Zola, conspuez!*' Mother Hammond prudently retreated to Geneva, where 'the sharp mountains, as purely cut as mathematical formulæ,' may have proved to the fourteen-year-old poet (if not to the four-year-old incipient engineer) that 'Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare.' Laurens was doubtless more interested in dabbling his toes in what his eldest sister calls 'the sliding, pellucid waters' of Lake Geneva. At Dresden all four children, each to become well known in later years, were immersed in Wagner and in the educational technique of Father Froebel — author of the kindergarten. It would be interesting to know whether the self-expression thus nurtured was not paramount in aiding Eunice to become a famous poet, Louise a distinguished missionary and musician, Elizabeth a fine violoncellist who played as soloist with several symphony orchestras before her death in 1935, and Laurens Hammond an inventor.

In offering her outline of the family's accomplishments, Eunice Tietjens shows pardonable pride in her ingenious young brother, 'who has to his credit the "Teleview" (a three-dimensional movie), the "Shadowgraph" (the only effect Ziegfeld ever used for more than one season in the *Follies*), the Hammond Electric Clock, the bridge table which shuffles cards . . . and the new Hammond Electric Organ. He is young yet and

may be expected to do still greater things.'

Since her book was hustled off to the publishers in 1937, Eunice's 'baby brother' has invented and successfully marketed the Novachord, generally admitted to be the world's most versatile musical instrument, and, with the help of a brilliant assistant or two, the Solovox, still another musical instrument which is being publicly introduced this month.

An inventive American like Hammond habitually looks forward and is a little impatient when he summarizes tersely his forty-five years on this planet. He would rather make predictions as to the nature of the symphony orchestra of two decades hence ('one quarter of the instruments will be electrical') than tell of the days when, as an altar boy in an Evanston church, he began to dream of inventing a better organ.

Only with an effort can one turn Laurens Hammond's mind to the past: 'Europe until I was ten . . . high school for three years in Evanston . . . engineering at Cornell . . . to France with the 16th Engineers.'

One must overcome the inventor's natural reticence with a specific question before he will admit that he held a commission as captain although only twenty-three years of age. He discounts any rumors of bravery under fire.

Hammond was sent to the Staff College. After the Armistice he rose to be chief engineer for the Gray Motor Company in Detroit. He skips lightly over these achievements, preferring to tell rueful or ironic stories of his ideas.

One of his earliest inventions was a tickless alarm clock. But the road to the patent office is paved with good inventions; an inventor, it seems, must have hundreds of brain children, hoping that one in ten will grow to profitable maturity. Perhaps the most sensational of Hammond's early contrivances was Teleview, the three-dimensional movie. The young engineer and his associates actually produced a three-dimensional

movie entitled 'Hello Mars.' Special cameras and projectors were necessary. The revolutionary aspect of the new form of entertainment, however, was the electrical device in front of each spectator. A synchronous motor alternately obstructed the vision of the left then the right eye at such a speed that no obstruction was apparent. This produced the necessary stereoscopic effect to a startling degree. The figures on the screen assumed three lusty dimensions. Close-ups of love scenes were almost embarrassing.

'Even the little drops of perspiration on the face of the heroine shone like convex mirrors,' Hammond recalls, 'and in each drop could be seen a distorted reflection of the klieg lights.'

But the public did not want three-dimensional realism. It wanted two-dimensional illusion. America was not ready for Teleview, nor was Teleview completely ready for America. During its respectable run in New York City, the experimental film was considered a scientific success but an artistic and commercial failure.

There are playful aspects to many of Hammond's inventions. His sense of humor and fanciful imagination, when added to his ability to read Albert Einstein for pleasure, suggest the Lewis Carroll type of mind. Certainly his Shadowgraph is an Alice-in-Wonderland creation, as all *Ziegfeld Follies* first-nighters will testify. A red spotlight and a green, stationed backstage, silhouette moving figures on a screen. The lorgnette furnished with each program has one red eyepiece and one green. The enforced color selection produces an illusion of three-dimensional shadows moving over the heads of the audience.

Hammond calls one set of controls on his organ 'Izzy,' another 'Clarence.' He has been known to amuse or at times annoy serious musicians when, in solemn tests of generators which produce 'tempered' harmonics and those which produce 'natural' harmonics, he has asked

them to distinguish (if they can) between 'Jack' and 'Jill.' He once closed a business deal by telling the story of Rumpelstiltskin, and offering a reluctant patentee a sporting proposition not unlike that which the Dwarf in the story offered the Princess.

Hammond plays poker indecently well, particularly for a man who builds church organs. Yachting with his wife and two daughters is another pleasant pastime. But his most profitable hobby is puttering around his laboratory — which was for many years just a workshop in the basement.

III

'Twelve years ago we were making a few clocks in a room above a grocery store in Evanston,' Hammond told me. Today there are two large factories in Chicago capable of producing 75,000 electric clocks a week, more organs than all the rival organ factories in America, and a respectable number of Novachords and Solovoxes.

Since Hammond is literally unable to play the 'Star-Spangled Banner' with one finger, his friends laughed when he told them he was trying to invent an organ. They began to take him seriously, however, when they heard the music of his first completed instrument, purchased in 1935 by George Gershwin.

A thorough understanding of the principles of either the Hammond Electric Organ or the Novachord would probably necessitate a five-year course in electrical engineering, plus additional study in harmonics.

Hammond tells an amusing story of an Italian engineer who waltzed airily through the laboratory and factory and then asked for a set of blueprints. 'We might be interested in turning out a few of these instruments in Italy,' he said.

Hammond figured a moment with pencil and paper and then said, 'All right. But the bundle of blueprints for

the organ will weigh 130 pounds and cost \$160 merely to print.'

The shipment went by freight.

But if the layman puts his mind to the matter it is possible to grasp a few simple principles upon which the instruments operate.

Both the Hammond clock and the Hammond organ depend for their performance upon the standard alternating current with a frequency of sixty per second. Synchronous motors operating on this frequency literally keep the clock on time and the organ in tune.

Attached to a constant-speed shaft driven by the synchronous motor in each organ are ninety-one tone wheels slightly larger than silver half-dollars. The 'humps' on the peripheries of these tone wheels are the determining factor in the frequency of the alternating currents set up in adjacent coils. Thus, if 440 'humps' pass a coil in any given second, the current in that coil has a corresponding frequency. Translated into sound in the cone of a loud speaker, this frequency is the note 'A.' In a similar manner all the notes are electrically produced — their color and modification electrically controlled, their 'envelope' (or 'attack' and 'decay') delicately adjusted, their volume strengthened by ordinary radio tubes, and their final effect conditioned to approximate anything that emerges from the pipes of the traditional organ.

How the overtones are produced, how the 253,000,000 tonal variations are accomplished through 38 drawbars (stops on a pipe organ), two manuals, pedals, tremulant and chorus devices — this, as I have said, requires 130 pounds of blueprint paper to explain.

In the Novachord and the new Solovox the complex alternations in current which are the electrical equivalent of any given note are regulated not by turning wheels but by grids in vacuum tubes which allow impulses to pass through at a desired frequency. The Novachord has seventy-two keys, is enclosed in a case which looks like a spinet, and has

two sets of controls, one to vary tone color, the other to vary the 'envelope.'

Walter Damrosch has called the Hammond an organ 'in all its finest and most intimate details.' Its function is to produce organ music. The Novachord, on the other hand, produces music ranging from that of the piano or the organ to strings and wood winds, music distinct and characteristic of whichever instrument it is desired to represent. It can be 'bright' or 'mellow,' a sharp percussion note or a sustained and swelling organ note, or the ringing cry of a Hawaiian guitar.

Two thousand and six hundred pieces of platinum furnish the non-corroding contacts in each organ. The wires are a spiderweb of lace: brown, yellow, orange, green, violet, and blue, each wire carrying 'one fly power' of current on its complex mission. Strangely enough, the assembly-line technique has made it possible for hitherto unskilled workers to produce instruments which not more than five or six men in several hundred employed are able to understand. From bright piles of colored resistors, potentiometers, condensers, screws, and relays they fabricate an instrument geared to the motion of the earth in ratios which produce quite literally 'the music of the spheres.'

Naturally the layman is impressed. But so was the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, which this year bestowed on Laurens Hammond the coveted John Price Wetherill Medal. Perhaps it is little wonder that the inventor has had faith in his organ.

Hammond looks forward to a brave new world in which the technique and order of the machine age will overcome many of our difficulties. Instead of bemoaning the seeming apathy of the reading public who are turning to the movies and radio as forms of entertainment, he advances to meet the competition with the 'self-reading' book.

Although the invention is still in the experimental stage, it is safe to predict that many libraries of the future will be composed of row upon row of cellophane spools. Sixty-thousand-word novels will be four and one-half inches in diameter and one and one-half inches wide. Such a spool placed in the little cabinet beside your chair will read itself aloud in an even, clear, and pleasant voice over a period of several hours. The reading can be stopped at any point (if the telephone rings), or it can be turned back to repeat a passage that may have slipped the mind. There will be no attempt at dramatization. The voice on the cellophane sound-track must be the vocal equivalent of fine, clear type on a printed page. Even the new illiterates — the people who can read but won't — will be able to discuss the Self-Reading Book of the Month over the tinkle of teacups and cocktail glasses. Progressive educators who have already dropped writing and arithmetic may now banish the last of the three 'R's' as we progress toward an effortless millennium.

Let us hope that the Hammonds of this planet, rather than the Hitlers, fashion the future of the Western Hemisphere.

HIS FATHER'S GHOST

BY CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

I

To these sharp perilous heights, his heart alone
Must climb despite the body's weak distress:
If from such peaks the heart be overthrown,
His body's safety offers no redress.
Here cleft are chasms of the fearful night,
Where mind and heart contrive to be at one
In the long seconds of awakened fright
That shall persist till the dispelling sun.
Here are the canyons shadow-full and sheer
Whose misty walls contain the shapes of dread,
Here flows the river of remembered fear,
Here flows the fear of the remembered dead.
Not love itself may make his heart refrain
From these high, lonely ridges of its pain.

II

Awake? awake? This blue and coiling spring
Awakes a lesser heart to beat in small
And steely rhythm while he sees the swing
Of lightless shadows on the night-clad wall;
The frosty floor's unnecessary tongue
Demands 'Below, below? what lies below?'
The corded muscles of the heart are wrung
With hurtful echoes to the words: 'I know.'
But does he know? In what confusion lies
That shape heaped flowers cannot recompense?
What is behind too closed, too lidded eyes?
What does love's emanation threaten hence?
There's but the empty shell that once denied
The reach of heaven, and yet in loving died.

III

Here in the thick and darkest black of all,
His mind constructs the shape of every bent
And squeaking tread whose speech is the blind call
Of lost feet groping in a slow descent.
Fingers could warn him of another frame —
A closed door standing, in his mind, agape;
Behind its panels, an unseen, single flame
Throws shadows on the flowers and the shape?
Oh, this is but the shape of him that died,
The empty casing love must disunite —
How is its emanation now belied
That seeps like terror through the fissured night!
Is this the ghost that cuts his heart, that tears,
That makes him coward of the midnight stairs?

IV

So he remains who cannot bear to see:
The chilly stairs tell tales of the long-dead
Whose feet in darkness, and once warily,
Moved to a love with every upward tread.
His bed is cold but he will warm it soon,
His mind was torn to the cold bed below:
It will be empty in the afternoon —
Will emptiness forever haunt him so?
Where now the spirit that gave full consent
To each companioned and accustomed way?
Must it be terror when the light is spent,
Will it be love in the awakened day?
O ghost! lie still, lie still as love is bound,
He may not spade your memory in the ground.

V

The dawn is now upon the peaks again,
The ridges take their color from the sun,
These are the haunts alone of lonely men
Who follow where wild feet of night have run.
The chasms turn to warm and browner tones,
The river flows discernible and far,
The everlasting cleavage of its stones
Drowns pallid music of the morning star.
In such profusion of oncoming gold
No silver ghost can walk in terror here,
But the familiar of good days grown old,
A phantom comrade hunts remembered deer.
The empty shape is buried in the dust,
And love is cleaned of night's corroding rust.

VI

In all the passion of the living hours
That will be told in sunlight and in stars,
There'll be no terror now that faintly cowers
Under the wounding of such haunted scars,
But every coiling of the gold and green
That bears a river's wilderness along,
The lavender of dawn-marshes half unseen,
The fighting plover's high and metal song,
The phrase that's rubbed round like a tidal stone,
The hush of small waves underneath a bow,
The whistle of brown wings that mount alone,
The doubled shots across the autumn plough,
The ridge of trout-flight over weaving moss —
All fuse at last into one cherished loss.

ONE MAN'S ESCAPE

BY LIEUTENANT HENRI

[THE writer of the letter which follows¹ is a Frenchman in his early thirties, a lieutenant in the heavy artillery who was detailed as a liaison officer with a Scotch division. It should be remembered that the action he is describing took place in a seaside resort which he had known as a friendly haven in times of peace. From Casablanca, he escaped to Gibraltar. Thence he found passage to England, where he is now serving as a volunteer in the coastal artillery. — THE EDITOR]

BEGUN AT SEA, June 24, 1940

DEAREST,

You must excuse this writing and this paper. But the freighter is rolling violently as we pass in sight of Lisbon. And I can't write to you with a pen or pencil of my own, as I lost them with everything else I possessed. If our voyage ends successfully, I'll mail this letter at Casablanca and hope it will reach you quickly.

Along with the horrible tragedy of our *douce France*, I have lived through a succession of frightful and wonderful adventures. Throughout all this, the thought of you has guided and sustained me a dozen times when I had to make decisions on which my life and my liberty depended. The future is uncertain.

During my days of active fighting from May 30 to June 10, I wrote to you frequently. I do not know whether a single one of these letters reached you, but I am certain at any rate that my last two letters, which were in my pocket on

June 12 when I threw off my uniform and began swimming, will never do so. I am sorry, for these letters, foreshadowing what I was about to lose, were full of our love for the French countryside, our happy memories of Dieppe, of Normandy, of our country walks.

Here, briefly, is the account of what happened.

After exhausting but rather splendid work up to June 5, during which time I cherished the hope that I'd done my bit towards a first Allied success, the retreat became increasingly hurried as the results of the battle of Amiens, on our right, became worse. My Scotchmen were wonderful, and I learned plenty of lessons from them. I can shamelessly admit, too, that I held the confidence and friendship of all those about me.

One evening I was ordered to Dieppe. I found amidst the ruins there, and with feelings you can well imagine, that grand little restaurant of ours and our movie theatre (Do you remember *La Bandera*, with Gabin?), which had become the town major's headquarters. Hourly the news got worse. We were cut off from the road to Rouen, with the road to Le Havre (a possible embarkation point) also threatened. Finally, when we got to Saint-Valery-en-Caux, a little port between Dieppe and Fécamp, it was impossible for our division to retreat any farther. Embarkation was the only alternative. I took part in the organization of a defense line, in the midst of *un calme général* which was marvelous, even though everyone knew that another

¹ Translated by Howard C. Rice, Jr.

little Dunkirk was in the making. Until noon all went well. At that time I left on a liaison mission to the French artillery, with orders to return to the English headquarters at the Saint-Valery town hall.

Imagine a seaport tucked in between two steep hills one hundred and fifty feet high, and about half as big as Cassis. As I was driving out, the shelling started. The town began to burn. I left my car and picked my way from house to house towards the road which led out to the French positions. Then eighteen German bombers flew over, and I spent miserable moments flat on the ground. Eventually I walked the two miles, delivered my message, and started back towards the town. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. No way of getting directly down to the town hall — it was in flames and had already collapsed — and what was the use, anyway?

I made a detour and found a road absolutely blocked by frightened mules. With the help of my French comrade Marchand (to whom I later owed my life, and of whom I now know nothing) I tried to straighten things out. The Alpine mule drivers were unruly because the firing was so close; we kept at them, and the road was cleared. Just then a shell struck a house at the side of the road. I felt a sharp pain in my left thigh; I was bleeding quite a bit — I was wounded.

We set out again for Saint-Valery in a car which we hailed. There I reported to my chief. I was receiving first aid for my wound when another bombardment destroyed the house next door, ripped up the street, and made me, for the first time, terribly afraid. Doubtless because of the physical shock I had just undergone, I turned very hot, then very pale, and felt very miserable. But what was there to do but wait in silence?

The shells stopped falling. The machine guns were crackling close by, barricades were being thrown up, groups of Scotchmen went past, shooting all the

while. The Germans had come down on the village. Helped by Marchand, I set out again. My leg didn't bother me too much. We made our way through the town, getting protection from the houses. There was firing on all sides; bullets whistled in all directions. Unable to locate a single one of our staff, we took a narrow little street which led to the waterfront and the jetty, walking between blazing houses, and finally got to the beach. There in the Casino we found twenty or so English soldiers, fairly well protected and firing towards the other side of the harbor. We stayed with them two hours helping them fire; I picked up a gun left by a wounded man and miraculously shot down two Germans who were firing upon us from the other end of the jetty about three hundred yards away.

Then things quieted down again. The Germans were driven back to the hills. We congratulated each other, and I went to get my wound dressed a little better. I was given a drink, a smoke, and food in a room full of poor bleeding fellows. The situation remained critical. No boat could come in before nightfall, and the Germans were close at hand. It was still impossible to find a single one of my superiors — they were probably in the other part of the town and separated from us by a screen of blazing houses. I was told that the wounded would be evacuated at eleven o'clock that evening. Night fell.

Suddenly the bombardment was resumed, more terrible than ever. Not a cellar in these fishermen's houses. I dozed off in one house after another — before they caught fire Marchand would come and lead me out and into another. The spectacle was grandiose — the barricades of trucks were flaming, rockets were going up in all directions, the whole town was afire. Some Scots were crouching near me, waiting for the end of the bombardment in order to jump in and defend the barricades. They were singing in chorus some old

songs from their highlands, and in spite of my fever of fatigue and fright I tried to sing with them.

They sent me back to the dressing station and left me in a house which was still intact. Marchand couldn't stay there, not being wounded — I have not seen him since. We wounded waited for a problematical embarkation. I had the impression that the bombardment was going to bring down the house on my head. I went alone down into the cellar of the Casino, now in ruins, and dropped to sleep from sheer exhaustion. That was the beginning of my complete moral solitude. From that moment on, and except for an hour at La Rochelle, I was to find no friend to sustain me. Since that moment — and for how much longer? — I have had only the thought of you to help me in numberless life-or-death decisions.

When I woke up, it was light — it must have been four o'clock. Up the coast, about five miles away, I could see tiny boats which were waiting for us, perhaps, without daring to approach. I got up and followed some French and English soldiers who were running towards the right-hand end of the promenade. I saw some of them go down a fifty-foot ladder and then along the cliff toward the distant boats. I hesitated to follow them, with my wounded leg which was beginning to hurt a great deal. The Germans fired their cannon towards the boats, but couldn't begin to reach them. It was raining.

Suddenly the Germans, who had got hold of the end of the jetty, began to fire on the far end of the promenade where the soldiers were leaving and where I was wavering. We took shelter on the ground behind a low wall. The machine guns kept firing; from time to time there were luminous tracer bullets. They were aiming at those who were leaving the promenade, and at those, farther off, who were running over the shingle beach along the cliff towards the boats. In the distance I saw two boats

which were already heading out to sea. Exhausted, I decided to give up, go back to the dressing station, lie down there, and wait for the Germans with the other wounded. But, when I came out from behind my wall, machine guns fired on me. So, as there was nothing more to lose, I tried my luck. As soon as a volley was fired, I ran to the end of the promenade. I lay flat during the next volley, and as soon as this was over I went down the rope ladder on to the beach and began a mad dash, dragging my game leg, running a hundred yards, then crouching against the cliff, then starting off again, as the machine-gun bullets whistled about me and bounced on the shingle. Every fifty yards or so there was a dead or dying man who had been hit by a bullet, and who would be buried by the sea in a few hours when the tide came in, for the cliff is a sheer wall a hundred and fifty feet high and the tide covers the beach up to its base.

At last I flopped down behind a jutting rock, and there found four men, one of whom was my major and intimate friend. He told me that the general had assembled the officers and men to release them so that they could try to escape from the Germans. As he was speaking, he broke off to shout at me, 'Pull in your foot, you damned idiot!' A bullet had just grazed the sole of my shoe! I was ready to start out again. He wanted to wait for a quiet spell. I agreed to meet him farther along, and left. I have never seen him since, and, as I took the last boat, he must have been taken prisoner, or worse. . . .

After a couple of miles, walking became easier, for the machine guns stopped firing at us. They were getting more efficient results with the steady stream of those who were a mile or so behind. I was tired and my leg hurt me. But the boats were getting nearer. I wasn't falling too far behind the others. New hope was returning to me. I thought of you more calmly and less feverishly.

The really serious part of it was that only two ships were left, and a tiny boat already outward bound. I could see that one of the two ships had run aground in the sand. No hope of her leaving before high tide, which meant in four or five hours' time. Most of the soldiers were heading towards this ship, already covered with men. It was aground, easy to reach (for the cannon, too), and was very tempting, but I realized that I'd have to fight for a place with my fists or even perhaps with my revolver. I shrank from that, and abandoned the idea. (I forgot to tell you that I had previously had to give up my big revolver when I went into the dressing station the day before; I still had a pocket revolver, which gave me courage during my flight along the beach, for I knew I could shoot myself if I was hopelessly wounded and on the point of being drowned by the tide.)

On the beach, about a thousand soldiers, French and English, were waiting for — what? A miracle in the shape of a host of boats, or death by a shell, or being taken prisoner? I can't say. Without slowing down for a second, I walked straight into the water. As I went forward I took off and threw away everything I had left: my helmet, my field glasses, my coat containing the last six letters from you, — the only ones I still hoped to save, — my breeches, my leggings, my shoes. (For the past two days I have been living in a bathing suit under a pair of trousers, which reminds me of our happy days and impromptu swims in Sicily. In a tobacco pouch tied to my belt I have my billfold containing some identification papers, a few photographs, eight one-hundred-franc notes.) And then, still perspiring, I started swimming.

What bliss — my leg still worked and the breast stroke didn't hurt me! I thought of you, tried to remain calm, for this, I thought, was the last tossup for life and liberty. I reached the ship. I shouted. They answered that the ship

was aground and there was no more room! I asked if there wasn't a place on one of the two fishing smacks alongside. They pulled me on. The captain, from his bridge, ordered them to put us ashore. We begged to be allowed to try to reach another little boat farther out; they told us we could try. I was shivering from the cold, for the wind was chilling and I was naked.

The little boat, a trawler, was already on its way out. We shouted. It came back, although crowded (*Ah, les braves types!*), and we climbed aboard. Two sailors pounced on me, rubbed my back raw, made me drink a pint of rum and whiskey and Pernod mixed (I must have been purple), wrapped me, still naked, in a blanket, and put me to bed next to the engines. I wept with joy and fell asleep. It was eleven in the morning. Next day we touched at Cherbourg, after spending the night in the roadstead. We had to wait there until the end of an aerial bombardment.

CASABLANCA, June 27

I wrote you several days ago a long letter telling you of my mad adventures — during which I have been sustained up to now by constant thought of you and the hope of seeing you again some day. I have no news from my mother, nor of my two young nephews who are at the front — I've heard nothing of them for a month. You send them news of me if you can. As you can well imagine, I am very much upset and very much alone. My wound is not serious, though it makes a pretty big hole in my left thigh. Up to now it's been only hastily treated, but there have been no complications. The doctors think it will take only a month for the flesh to heal.

The thought of a military hospital, where I'll be idle and alone with my thoughts, terrifies me, but I'll stick it out. In a few weeks I'll try to serve again if it's possible, or do my utmost to join you, somewhere. . . .

ROAD TO BORDEAUX

BY FANNY CRAIG VENTADOUR

[THE letter which accompanied Mrs. Ventadour's manuscript began: 'I am sending you excerpts from my diaries. I am an American, widow of a Frenchman, and my two children are French. I have been working in an American Ambulance Corps. Excuse the smudges — paper is scarce.' — THE EDITOR]

CIVRY LA FORÊT, *May 23*. — It is hard to distinguish one day from another in one's mind, the events surpass each other with such rapidity. The horrible battle is going on day and night, with the Germans pounding on to the sea. . . . The roads are frightfully encumbered now with convoys of all sorts — troops, provision trucks, and of course refugees. The caravans have begun to arrive out here in our countryside, which is west of Paris. Up to now we have had the motor and bicycle refugees; now we are getting the oxcarts, the pushcarts, and all the pathetic straggling hordes. Some look relatively comfortable in huge hay wagons half-filled with straw and fodder for the horses, and often with an improvised covering of canvas stretched on barrel hoops. Most of the locomotion is on foot because the poor horses are worn out — they have been incessantly on the move for two weeks! One poor pathetic little horse, about the size of a Shetland pony on a starvation diet, was pulling a small, springless wagon, filled mostly with hay for the beast, while the woman and three small children dragged along beside, the littlest being allowed to ride from time to time. They had come from Liège.

Little boys in the villages stand at the crossroads with buckets of water for the horses and the automobiles. The convent at Fermaincourt has organized a soup kitchen. They have been at it all week, cutting up vegetables and boiling huge kettles of soup over an open fire by the side of the road just at the entrance to the village. The children are given bowls of fresh milk and the grown-ups are handed out cider and watered wine.

Every now and then a detachment of soldiers come along, part of the retreat from Belgium and Holland, some in charge of a sergeant, others in groups of five or six with no one in charge. I found fifty of them billeted in Civry when I got there for the night. They said what they had lived through was frightful, and that they couldn't believe what was happening to them. One of them had been in a detachment of twenty-five men stationed in a small garrison at Cambrai, and when they were told to take up positions for combat they thought it was some sort of practice — they just couldn't believe that they would be ordered to defend the town with ordinary muskets and a few cartridges against motorized, armored units. Not many of them escaped. The five who did said they had the luck to find an automobile with four dead Frenchmen in it, so they simply got in and drove off — there was nothing else to do. They are not considered deserters, as we all know that the order for retreat was given very soon. They are being regrouped here far behind the lines and will be sent up again to the front as soon

as their matériel arrives. The morale of the men I have talked to is perfectly remarkable.

PARIS, *May 31*. — A rather quiet day on the whole; everyone seems to be feeling very much bucked up over the heroic and successful retreat of the troops in Flanders. They are getting them over to England in spite of the Boche. Ominous clouds over Italy, and everyone expects Mussolini to come in on the wrong side any minute now. But no one seems to fear this issue. It is just passed off as one of those setbacks one has to expect, and the ultimate outcome, Hitler's defeat, is practically assured, although it is admitted it won't be easy, and the toll will be heavy.

Paris is still pretty normal, cafés and dining places are filled, and automobiles seem to circulate, in spite of the radical reduction on gas cards. We have had no cannon fire nor any *alertes* for over two weeks. I must say the psychological effect of this war from the air is a deep-seated one. One listens calmly, of course, to the approaching whirr of a plane, but the thought invariably darts through one's mind that perhaps *this time it is* a bomber bent on business.

June 3. — We have lived through the first bombardment of Paris. I happened to be just back from duty at the hospital, having left at one o'clock. As I got to my front door, the sirens started, so I decided to get to the bomb shelter across the street. There wasn't much time — I should say about three minutes — before the cannonade started, and the roar of an incalculable number of planes could be heard even underground, as could the sound of bombs dropping here and there.

I talked to a workman from one of the factories which were hit. He said they hadn't time to get to the shelters, so that he and a few others crouched in a corner by the supporting column of masonry. He was even jocular when he described the quantity of plaster dust and sand

that blinded them after the bomb crashed, and how they all started sneezing and coughing.

One of the girls in our Ambulance service had the wall of her salon blown out while she was having lunch. She also said the bombing had occurred just about three minutes after the alarm had sounded, and, thinking she had ten minutes grace, she was trying to finish her strawberries and cream.

It appears that a revised list of casualties has been announced. It is much higher than at first suspected — over 250 killed and 650 wounded. It is dreadful and heart-rending.

CIVRY LA FORÊT, *June 9*. — Here for the week-end. Jacqueline is here recuperating from jaundice, but I shall drive her back to the convent at Dreux tomorrow morning before returning to Paris. I don't feel worried about her because the Sisters assure me that they will evacuate the school in time (in case the Germans get too near). Dreux is west of Paris, and they could easily get a train there for Bordeaux, where there is a château in the environs waiting to receive them.

This morning I had my first experience with a *blesé civil*. One of the farmhands next door, a child of fourteen, got his foot caught in a threshing machine, and badly mangled. Of course the telephones are not working except for the military, so some vague message was sent by a passer-by probably. At any rate, by the time I heard about the accident and went over to see what I could do the foot was drained white. With great difficulty I persuaded the peasants to let me take him to a doctor.

We started toward Orvilliers, where there were soldiers billeted and I thought I might find a military doctor. There was one, who had in fact just arrived with a whole new contingent, one ambulance, and many trucks of soldiers — reinforcements going up to the front, I supposed. The doctor was very nice

and had me bring the patient to the peasant house where they were setting up a Red Cross station. When he saw the foot he said he did not have the necessary equipment and I had better take the boy on to Houdan, ten kilometres away, where there was a mixed military and civil hospital. So we bundled the patient back and off I went to Houdan. On the way back through Orvilliers, I ran into the army doctor again, so invited him for tea.

Later. — There has been a terrific bombardment in the direction of Mantes and the Seine, and wild rumors kept coming through that Mantes was a mass of ashes and that the Germans were at Magny-en-Vexin, about thirty kilometres from us. Refugees from Mantes are beginning to go by, but they do not stop — they are trying to get farther on by nightfall.

The doctor appeared for tea with his sergeant, and I found out why he could not handle my civilian case. Their contingent is in retreat from the front and they have nothing left — only one ambulance out of I don't know how many, no equipment, and very few survivors. He wouldn't say much, being an officer. He must keep up the morale of the rest. We chatted awhile and then they left.

They had hardly gone when a soldier knocked at the gate to ask if I could do anything for one of the men in his contingent who had been run over by a truck two days ago and had been on the march ever since and was now in pretty bad shape. They were being billeted in a farm across the way, so I went over to see. Since the man was still able to walk, I decided to drive him to the doctor, who examined him and said he could go on after a proper rest in a bed. I said I could supply the bed. This group in our village is the pitiful remains of a detachment practically wiped out at Amiens. They have been in retreat for days — no officers left, only a sergeant major.

June 10. — Jacqueline and I arrived

at Fermaincourt (Dreux) at 7.45 in the midst of a bombardment, the second they had had since the night before. All the nuns and children were hurrying (but calmly) to the cellar, where we all herded together, the children droning Hail Marys with one Sister while the others gathered at the entrance to discuss the situation. The *directrice* said news had just come that the station had been bombed and that there were no trains out from Dreux. They had no cars except mine, and no way of escape. So I offered to take whomever I could besides Jacqueline. As soon as the bombardment was over we packed up what we could of Jacqueline's clothes and strapped her bicycle on the front of the car and her mattress on top, decked with leaves and branches as camouflage. And there we were, suddenly turned into fleeing refugees just like all the others.

We were five plus the luggage — two other children and a Sister besides ourselves. We had to drive through Dreux to get on the road to Chartres, which was the way we were going to get to Châteaudun and back to Civry. At Civry I had stocked some gas, so I intended to go back to get it. I myself had no intention of going to Bordeaux yet. My idea was to get Jacqueline and the others safely on a train for there, then return to Paris and join the hospital as soon as I could.

We picked our way through Dreux guided by the soldiers in charge, who detoured us through the less demolished streets. Fragments of glass covered the entire surface, and small shell holes made driving difficult. Distracted people were trying to put order in their half-demolished houses. There was no panic. The people simply looked worn and harassed as they went about their tragic tasks.

We were again detoured outside of Dreux and were not allowed to take the main road. The side roads were marked by clouds of dust raised by the caravans, one car behind the other going about twenty kilometres an hour. We stopped

many times at crossroads to allow the military to go through. It was three o'clock when we arrived at Châteaudun. We found a Franco-American dispensary with two women in charge who were most kind and helpful. There was one train for Bordeaux, changing at Tours, due to leave at five the next morning. Being assured that my charges were in good hands, I left to return to Civry.

On the way back I learned the news of Italy's entry into the war. It was awful, *awful* to think of my little boy in Megeve on the Italian border — and I thus separated from both my children! I got into Civry at dusk. There was no use trying to go on to Paris without lights, which are not allowed. So I decided to wait until dawn. The sound of bombardments made sleep impossible.

June 11. — At two-thirty I got up, but there was no sign of dawn. At three-thirty still no daylight. Then I realized that we were in some sort of fog or smoke screen. Day began to dawn vaguely through a yellowish-black haze. I got off on the main road to Paris. It was evident that the city was being evacuated. I wondered if, once in, I should ever get out. The outgoing line was moving more and more slowly.

I got to Paris about six-thirty and went straight to my house to see if I should find news from Megeve. There was none. Nor was there anyone left in the apartment house but the poor old concierge, weeping pitifully because she had no way to leave. I decided to take her with me and try to get to Châteaudun as soon as possible. I was sure that if there were no trains out of Paris there would be none at Châteaudun, and my poor child and the Sister would be caught in a horrible jam in some station.

No time to take any belongings other than the ones I had with me. I strapped on my bicycle, an old extra tire, one more can of gasoline, and we were off. The blackish-yellow pall hung over everything, settling on our faces as a greasy black covering. Most people said the

Allies had produced the smoke screen to protect the evacuation of Paris. Others said the Germans had done it in order to be able to cross the Seine.

It took us two hours to reach a suburb ten kilometres outside of Paris. Three long streams of cars, fender to fender, moved slowly out on the road to Orléans.

Because of my uniform I managed occasionally to get behind a military convoy, and in that way we could make about twenty kilometres an hour instead of five for a short distance. Then one of the soldiers directing the traffic would decide that, since I was driving a private car, I should have to follow the civilians.

I stopped to send a telegram to the hospital and one to Megeve telling where I was heading for. Not much hope that telegrams would arrive, but everything must be tried. I felt I had made a fatal mistake in going back to Paris. Since I could not have helped with the hospital until I knew that at least one of my children was safe, I should have gone straight on to Châteaudun instead of getting into this horrible exodus.

BORDEAUX, June 14. — At last arrived, after having driven from dawn to sundown every day, never stopping, eating bread and chocolate whenever the caravan of cars was halted. I followed the route the train should have taken.

After Tours the going was easier, with the exception of two punctures and the standing in line for hours to get gasoline. You had to get it in a tin — they wouldn't let the cars line up at the pumps, and first you had to get a permit. As dusk began settling I would go down some side road to a farm and ask to sleep in the barn. I was never refused and generally was offered milk and eggs *à volonté*.

It is wonderful to be here in Bordeaux and to have found my child. They had a really terrible journey, much worse than mine.

The Consulate gives no hopes for boats going to America, nor any promise

that my French children can get visas. Anyway we are safe for the moment, Jacqueline and I, and I trust my little boy can leave Megeve in time.

This is a copy of the letter Jacqueline has just written to the family: —

BORDEAUX, *June 15, 1940*

I think it's high time I should start writing to the family. I'm really awful about writing. How are you and Kiki? You know I was in a Dominican school near Paris lately, but there was no question of staying around Paris, so the school closed; two girls and a Sister fled with me down to Bordeaux. We got on a refugee train; it was too awful to talk about, and I'll never forget it: just like those dreadful dark stories one hears about the last war, only worse!

Mummy managed to join me; she came down in the car. Apparently the roads are just as bad — one long caravan of carts pulled by miserable horses, most of which die on the roadside, people who have come all the way from Belgium on foot, children separated from their parents in the rush, old people left to die because they can't go on. It is a regular stampede south, south, always south, with the Germans behind and above bombing the caravans.

I've seen too much — horrible things you can't imagine — soldiers back from the front with nothing, in a state of nervous breakdown, something unbelievable. They say this war will make lots of crazy people. I've seen plenty already. I've seen German planes, heard bombs and cannons, seen women collapse in stations from fatigue. And yet all this is nothing but the backstage of the great show. Mummy is trying to get my papers and passport ready to leave here from Bordeaux probably. I might not even wait for Giles, who is still up in Haute-Savoie with friends.

We have left our flat in Paris with everything in it, and our sweet country place all in bloom, and our cats. The Germans are not so far from there now. Oh dear, I wonder what we'll find when we get back.

The Dominican Sisters are very nice. The Mother Superior is a mulatto, and she's a dear. They really don't mind if I'm not a Catholic — I just don't say anything. After all, one is allowed to think as one likes.

Please give my love to everybody.

JACQUELINE

BORDEAUX, *June 20.* — The fourth day of waiting! — while the German armies forge steadily ahead in the direction of Brittany, Bordeaux, and Lyons. Waiting, waiting to hear the outcome of the French offer of an armistice.

Having lived through the first bombardment of Paris, we managed very well through the first bombardment of Bordeaux. It started sometime after midnight and was almost as violent as the Paris one. They tried to get the stations and the port, but missed the former and did little damage to the latter.

You could hear the bombs whistle as they fell. They wrecked several apartment houses, bursting with people, in the neighborhood of the station. The Church of St. Michel is partly demolished, and all the stained-glass windows blown out. Behind the church a whole apartment house was completely wiped out. Two others were sliced exactly in two by a bomb which fell, pulverized one house, and burst a water main in the cellar, where about twenty-five people had taken refuge. They were all drowned. One house, with its side sliced off, remained otherwise practically intact; mirrors and pictures still hung on the walls unbroken.

After the bombardment began the exodus of the *Bordelais*, resembling only too well the evacuation of Paris. Our convent is filled to overflowing, people sleeping in the barn and in tents. We are now forty-eight, where we were twenty-five last week. I have a pass and can drive into Bordeaux.

I have taken off my uniform, as I can't find my hospital unit and it is better to be a civilian when the Germans arrive.

June 21. — Went in to Bordeaux to help at a refugee centre in one of the stations. It was disheartening to see the poor devils arrive by train, bicycle, or on foot. They are utterly beaten.

The evacuation of the northern and northwestern regions of France has left

the villages and small towns completely desolate. When these last straggling refugees went through there was not a loaf of bread, nor a single occupied house. Unless they happened to meet retreating soldiers with a soup kitchen, they simply starved. The oldest and the feeblest starved to death.

It is pathetic to see them, flopped down on the floor and steps of the station, amid their own and other people's filth, refuse, greasy papers, and mangy baggage — some sleeping, others just stupidly sitting, waiting for I don't know what.

There is food enough here. The markets are filled with fresh vegetables, fish, and fruit. Every morning a motley collection of cars line up around the central markets. Ambulances, military trucks, private cars, pushcarts. There is a waiting line before the grocery stores, but everyone eventually gets served.

One of the familiar sights along the road is the tandem outfit, usually a man and a woman, sometimes with a child strapped between them on the cross-bar. Saddlebags hang over the wheels at the sides. Blankets are rolled across the handlebars, and kitchen utensils clatter against the mudguards. Arriving at the American Consulate yesterday afternoon was just such a team — two students from Montparnasse, the girl a small frail American about eighteen, her companion a Hungarian. They were almost the last to leave Paris. They walked their machine in and out between the cars.

As they were nearing Dourdan in a long line three cars deep, they were suddenly surprised by three planes they first thought were French, until they swooped down within inches of the tops of the automobiles and began machine-gunning the compact mass of civilians. The havoc was indescribable. Three times the planes returned to the charge.

The tandem team, being already on the edge of the road, managed to get under a clump of trees, and thus escaped. This was nothing to what they ran into in Étampes. Just as they had passed under the railroad bridge near the station a bomb demolished the bridge, trapping two buses and a private car. The screams of the wounded and the cries of the terrified women and children were stifled in the thick white dust which rose from the pulverized masonry. Blood stood out in liquid brightness against the white background. A child with his foot in ribbons was sitting at the side of the road, his eyes staring, too stunned to realize what had happened. A young man in plus-fours holding on to a demolished bicycle, blood gushing from the main artery in his neck, propped himself against a lamp post, like some monstrous modern crucifixion.

The girl cyclist and her companion had flattened themselves against a wall that by some miracle remained standing. There was nothing to be done. One of the crushed buses had caught fire and in turn set fire to the car just ahead. The fire engines were trying to get to the spot. An old man was crying distractedly to his wife who had died in his arms, her left side torn away by shrapnel.

June 25. — The armistice is signed, and hostilities ceased last night at one o'clock. It is a day of mourning for the French. All cafés and places of amusement are closed. There will be a national ceremony for the dead at the Cathedral of Bordeaux today.

Flags fly at half-mast. Sad people line the roads, watching the last of the French troops move out to make way for the Germans, who will come in tomorrow.

The government is moving to Clermont-Ferrand, but no news can be sent out by radio or cable or post. I shall try to get this out by plane tonight if mail still goes. We are prisoners of the Nazis.

FRANCE IN JUNE: THE COLLAPSE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

THE fall of France must have resounded through the world like that of Rome in the fifth century or that of Constantinople in the fifteenth. To civilized men in five continents, from Lima to Chungking, Paris has been a supranational capital of arts and letters, of culture and civilization. The last cries of Prague and Warsaw sounded faintly in American ears. But when Paris fell, and the whole of France soon afterwards, even those with least knowledge and experience of the countries across the Atlantic must have realized that a relatively soft and civilized world could end, that a new age of iron had set in not only for Czechoslovakia, not only for Poland, not only for France, but for the whole world.

France's disaster occurred so swiftly that the mind can scarcely grasp its magnitude. Until the middle of May, life, except for the soldiers at the front, was amazingly normal for a country that was engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Shops were full of goods and crowded. Fashion shows attracted throngs of spectators. Operas, concerts, theatres, went on much as usual. I am amazed, in retrospect, to recall how well Paris was eating up to the very eve of the German occupation. There was talk of ration cards, but they had not been actually introduced except in the case of sugar. Such nominal restrictions as existed on the consumption of meat and pastries and alcohol were of a very mild character and were easily evaded. Even

the blackout, such an emphatic tangible reminder of war in England, was little more than a mild darkening in Paris.

Then, in one incredibly swift blinding month, France suffered a shipwreck such as few other countries have experienced. . . . Ten million refugees, a quarter of the population, fleeing blindly, madly, choking up roads, consuming the food resources of the unoccupied provinces like a horde of locusts. . . . German soldiers on guard at the Arc de Triomphe and Napoleon's Tomb. . . . Paris a virtual desert, its whole gay busy life blotted out as if by the action of some malevolent spell. . . . German armored divisions parading through the country with almost as little resistance as French troops might have encountered in Indo-China or in some other colonial land. . . . The armistice that marked France's elimination, perhaps a permanent elimination from the number of the great powers. . . . And then the ungrateful and complicated tasks of a reconstruction that will be infinitely more difficult than that which took place after 1871.

Now I have lived through with the French people the whole tragedy of this ill-conceived and badly prepared war. I saw at first hand the four months of prelude to war, the eight months of deceptively quiet war without real fighting, the six weeks of devastating *Blitzkrieg*. I was part of the huge teeming mass of refugees that flooded from northern into southwestern France.

I was a refugee myself, as my wife and I were obliged to leave Paris with nothing but what we could carry in our hands. I have known all the vicissitudes of life in a time of national debacle; the extreme difficulty of obtaining food and drink and shelter; the virtual impossibility, in many cases, of obtaining means of transportation; the occasional sick feeling of being trapped in a town that would soon become a scene of fighting. I have gone to sleep night after night without knowing whether a bomb would leave anything of my place of refuge by morning.

Now that I am out of this kaleidoscopic nightmare, when every day was apt to be one of hurried evacuation to some new place farther removed from the *Panzerdivisionen*, I propose to answer for myself and for the Americans who may read this article the question, at once painful and fascinating: How did France fall? When Poland collapsed after three weeks of German onslaught last year there was a sense of shock. But almost everyone felt that this could not happen in an advanced, militarily prepared Western country. Yet after six weeks France was knocked out just as completely as was Poland. What is the explanation?

Not the least cause of the French debacle was the world of make-believe, of illusion, of profound misconception of the real balance of forces in the present war in which most people in France, in Great Britain, in America, have been living. A pessimist myself since the beginning of the war, I have been both amazed and appalled by the unreasoned 'Germany cannot win' attitude which has prevailed not only in France and Great Britain, where public opinion has naturally been doped and doctored by war propaganda and censorship, but also in the United States, where a more detached, realistic point of view might have been expected.

America, I think, was definitely a victim of what is perhaps a national weak-

ness for wishful thinking. Shortly before the German offensive that shattered so many illusions began, I had an interesting conversation with one of the soundest, best-informed American observers of European affairs.

'You know,' my companion said, 'whenever I write an article showing how strong Germany is, but pointing out one or two weak points, I am likely to receive a request for a different kind of article, emphasizing and developing only the weak points. I am afraid American public opinion is being misled. Because the majority of the American people passionately want the Nazis to lose, they are falling too easily into the idea that "Germany cannot win."'

One of the illusions that prepared the way for France's disaster found pictorial expression in a war poster which was displayed all over France; I imagine it is being torn down with a bitter sense of mockery now. It showed the world expanse of the French and British empires, as contrasted with the limited space on the map occupied by Germany, and it bore the comforting caption: 'We shall win, because we are the stronger.'

Now the idea which inspired this poster, that Great Britain and France must win because they possessed greater natural resources than Germany, might have been borne out if Hitler had fought the war as the Allies wished him to fight it, as a long-term contest of endurance. But, as one of the most penetrating French political commentators remarked to me when the situation was becoming obviously critical: 'There is a dangerous fallacy in this idea that we are fatalistically predestined to win merely because we have more natural resources. Hitler's resources are mobilized and on the battlefield. Ours, and those of the British, are mostly scattered all over the world. They haven't been turned into the tanks and airplanes that alone could check the German advance. What we might be able to get from our empires, or from the United States in a

year or two, or even within six months, is of little use in determining the issue of a campaign that will certainly be decided within a very few weeks.'

How many neat, logical, documented articles I have read in French and British and American newspapers and periodicals, casting up figures of the world's stocks of gold and iron and oil and copper and other strategic materials and pointing to the comforting conclusion that 'Germany cannot win'! The facts and figures were correct enough; but the conclusions would have been valid only on the assumption of a long war of endurance. In a short war it is only the man power and material available for immediate use that count.

France was the victim of the illusion that superiority in natural resources is a sure gauge of victory. It was also a victim of exaggerated faith in two other weapons: its own Maginot Line and the British blockade.

The Maginot Line, which I have visited several times, is a magnificent piece of military engineering. Its forts, built into hillsides and surrounded by enormous masses of barbed wire, swept every bit of intervening countryside with the flanking fire of cannon and machine guns. The Maginot Line proper, which extended from the beginning of the Belgian frontier to the Rhine, could certainly not have been stormed by frontal attack without tremendous, perhaps prohibitive, losses. What most people in France and elsewhere forgot was that the Maginot Line covered only a small section of the frontier. Once the much weaker defenses along the Belgian frontier had been pierced, it was only a question of time until the Maginot Line could be taken in the rear and turned — its elaborate forts, with their vast communicating underground passages, as useless as the Great Wall of China.

The blockade is a weapon of great, perhaps of decisive, importance in a long war between fairly evenly matched sides. It was of no use whatever to France in

those bitter days of mid-June when the Germans were in the heart of the country. In the same way it would be small comfort to America to know that its own or an allied fleet might starve out an invading enemy after a term of years if the forces of that enemy had advanced from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and obviously required only a short time to complete the military occupation of the country as far as the Pacific Coast.

II

Over and above these illusions, France suffered cruelly from the fact that the two men primarily responsible for its war preparedness in the years before the war and in the first eight or nine months of the war, Generalissimo Gamelin and Minister of Defense Daladier, were unimaginative mediocrities at a time when chiefs of the stature of Napoleon or of Carnot, the revolutionary 'organizer of victory,' were needed. Again and again I have heard from tired, beaten, soured French soldiers the bitter words: 'We were betrayed. The politicians sold us out.'

Of outright treason in high places there is as yet no proof. But there is abundant evidence that Daladier, Gamelin, and their associates were guilty of something almost as harmful as treason — of sheer inability to grasp the nature of modern war and to make adequate preparation for it.

Daladier was simply the average, common or garden, left-of-centre politician, the familiar type of the Third Republic. An amateur in military affairs, he was inordinately vain of his fancied capacity as a specialist in this field.

Gamelin, head of the French defense system for many years and an intimate associate of Daladier, was the worst possible type of commander-in-chief for the modern war in which the scientific discoveries and technical advances of the last two decades have created such a revolution. Cautious and conservative,

Gamelin overrated the fortified line in the same degree as he underrated the striking power of the airplane and the tank. The projects for the creation of special mechanized units, adequately equipped with tanks and with men qualified to operate them, put forward by young officers like Colonel (now General) Charles de Gaulle were coldly received, pigeonholed, and not acted on.

While France, like England and America, was nursing itself in illusions of victory to be won without supreme effort, there were certain hard facts of the situation which impressed every observer not obsessed with wishful thinking, but which propaganda and censorship combined to obscure. A very intelligent French publicist and politician, M. Marcel Déat, who stood almost alone, after March 1939, in publicly opposing the policy of fighting Germany on the Polish issue, warned his countrymen on the eve of the war that 'France today is not that of Louis XIV or of Richelieu.' M. Déat may now take what satisfaction he can in having been an accurate Cassandra.

The recent debacle has simply proved what was made abundantly clear in 1870-1871, what was obscured in 1914-1918 because a vast coalition was then built up against Germany: that France alone is no match for Greater Germany. The odds against France in trained manpower were two to one, or three to one if Italy is taken into account. In industrial power Germany's advantage over France was even greater, perhaps four or five to one. So it is not surprising that France entered its last desperate battle on the Somme and the Aisne with only sixty divisions, as against Germany's one hundred and fifty, supplemented by eleven armored divisions.

One of the basic facts about the present war, which attracted far too little attention, was that Germany faced a much weaker array of strength in 1939 than was the case in 1914-1918. Only two great powers, England and France,

were obliged to bear the full burden of the struggle. In the World War, on the other hand, Russia, Japan, Italy, and the United States, to say nothing of several smaller powers, were in the anti-German bloc. Not all these powers, of course, pulled the same weight, or at the same time. But they all made some contribution to Germany's downfall. If it had not been for the Russian pressure against Germany in the East, the victory of the Marne would probably never have been won and France might well have been crushed almost as quickly in 1914 as in 1940.

It would be a mistake to recognize only military causes of France's catastrophe. The present war was half or perhaps three quarters lost diplomatically before it even began in a military sense. Franco-British diplomacy in relation to the Third Reich was ghastly in its wavering, fumbling ineptness. It is difficult to say, in retrospect, which was the more tragic blunder: not to have made war on Hitler in 1936, or to have declared war in 1939.

There can be little doubt that France single-handed could have crushed Germany at the time of the reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936. Germany's massive rearmament was only in its first stages. The French forces could have quickly moved deep into Germany's industrial centres in the Ruhr and the Rhineland across the unfortified frontier.

Once France had missed this opportunity, acquiescence in German expansion eastward, motivated by the hope of an ultimate clash between the Third Reich and the Soviet Union, was the sole reasonable policy. The Munich Agreement seemed to signify that such a policy had been adopted. But there was not sufficient clear-sighted realism in Paris or in London to adhere to it.

The crowning blunder was the British guaranty to Poland at the end of March, 1939. Such a guaranty would only have been justified if the Soviet Union, like

the Russia of 1914, had been a reliable ally of France and Great Britain.

But Stalin's entire record spoke loudly against the likelihood that the Soviet Union would join Great Britain and France as an ally. This Asiatic despot hates everything individualistic and humanistic in Western civilization and would gladly see it destroyed. He is, moreover, keenly conscious of the hopeless inferiority of his much 'purged' Red Army to the *Reichswehr*. It was almost incredibly naïve for the French and British statesmen to believe that Stalin would bear any part of the shock of Hitler's attack, especially after Great Britain and France had taken it on themselves to face the onslaught of Hitler's airplanes and tanks by barring the way to further German expansion in Eastern Europe.

In the ill-conceived British guaranty to Poland was the germ of the Soviet-German Pact, which almost predetermined the issue of the war before it began, since it gave Germany full security in the East and made it possible to let loose the full power of the German armed forces against France. Rapprochement with the Soviet Union, which Hitler had hitherto avoided, was the obvious retort to the Anglo-French alliance with Poland. And Stalin was delighted at the prospect of the 'capitalist' and fascist states' weakening each other in a war from which the Soviet Union, standing aloof, might hope to reap both territorial and revolutionary advantages.

It is quite possible that Stalin now realizes that his reckoning was mistaken, that he feels lonely in a Europe where the Third Reich is the sole remaining great power. But his regret, if he feels it, is of little benefit to France, knocked out beyond hope of recovery, or to Great Britain, obliged to fight alone against fearful odds. The responsibility of those Frenchmen — the politicians, diplomats, publicists, moulders and leaders of public opinion — who shaped their country's policy so that Hitler's blow fell on civi-

lized France, not on the barbarous Soviet Union, is heavy almost beyond estimate. 'Whom the gods wish to destroy . . .'

III

France's swift collapse is a stern condemnation of many features of French political life. The multiplicity of parties, the short-lived cabinets, the party bickerings and intrigues, the not infrequent financial scandals — all this was not a very edifying picture in normal times. It was an utterly intolerable waste of national energy and resources since 1933, when France's secular enemy beyond the Rhine, through means which individualistic and democratic peoples doubtless find at once brutal and fantastic, succeeded in preparing for war with a thoroughness and completeness perhaps unequaled in human history.

Yet by some fatal perversity France became more deeply, ruinously divided as Germany's newfound unity and ruthlessness bridged more and more rapidly the margin of military superiority which the Versailles settlement had left to France and finally transformed inferiority into superiority. With how much bitterness every patriotic Frenchman must look back on the strife and division of the years from 1934 to 1938, on the Paris riots, on the excesses of the Front Populaire period, when an unending series of strikes for a time reduced French airplane output almost to zero!

While Hitler's spies were busy and active and his agents in 'high society' carried out a certain amount of corrupting influence in French conservative circles, Muscovite Communism played an extremely disastrous rôle in France's tragic destiny. For Communism in France was not a negligible exotic cult, as in the United States or in Great Britain. It was a mass movement, with a substantial following among the industrial workers and a large representation in parliament.

And the rôle of the French Com-

munists, following the shifting orders from Moscow, was first to aggravate greatly the class differences within the country, then to push France into a war for which Communist-inspired strikes had made it unprepared, and finally to execute an abrupt turn toward defeatism after the war against Hitler's Germany had actually begun. During the last months before the outbreak of hostilities the French Communists were in the first rank of the 'bellicists.' Their newspaper, rather inappropriately called *L'Humanité*, foamed with rage against anyone who suggested that a compromise solution of the Danzig problem would be desirable or even that peace in itself was desirable. But after Stalin had struck his deal with Hitler the illegal *L'Humanité*, which continued to appear after the newspaper had been suppressed, carried out pure defeatist propaganda. It is difficult to know whether this Communist agitation had any demoralizing effect in the army; but there can be little doubt, I think, that it slowed up work in the munitions factories, where camouflaged Communists were numerous.

France commenced the war, as has been shown, under great disadvantages, military, diplomatic, and political. Yet the situation was not entirely hopeless. The country could have made a better showing if the tremendous seriousness of the danger had been realized and if an iron directing will, such as France found, for instance, during the Revolution, had half led, half driven the people to accept immense sacrifices, to turn the country into an armed camp, where everyone would have lived on a Spartan ration of bare necessities — in short, to match the effort which Germany made not only during the years before the war, but during the first eight months of the conflict, so deceptively mild in outward appearance.

But this iron will was conspicuously absent. A banal and stupid censorship prevented the hard facts of the situation

from being dinned into the consciousness of the French people, of their British allies, and of America, where a quicker realization of the peril might have stimulated quicker and more effective aid with airplanes and material. The attitude of the government was that there was all the time in the world with which to win the war.

France refused to turn its butter into cannon. In the last disastrous weeks it had more pastries than Germany, but fewer tanks; more good new clothes, but fewer airplanes. One fears that the country will pay dearly, and for many years, for having maintained a relatively soft, comfortable standard of living in a life-and-death struggle for national existence. For it is scarcely conceivable that victorious Germany will tolerate in conquered France a standard of living higher than its own.

It is too soon to fix personal or even national responsibilities. But the slowness with which the French and British orders for airplanes and other munitions were placed in America is, in retrospect, almost incredible. Again, there was the fatal obsession with the Maginot Line and the efficacy of the blockade, the belief that it was just as well to husband gold, since it would be a long war and there was plenty of time in which to win it.

Lenin, greater as a man of action than as a social and economic theorist, uttered a profound truth when he told his followers never to 'play with revolution' — to fight with the last ounce of strength when once the order for decisive action had been given. The same principle, of course, should hold good for war. And I am afraid that France committed the fatal error of waging war half-heartedly, or at least without mobilizing the national resources of labor and material to the uttermost limit.

Military historians will doubtless some day cast up a reasonably accurate balance sheet of German and French strength as regards trained divisions and

artillery and tanks and airplanes. But this will not, I think, tell the whole story of the war or explain why catastrophe overtook France so quickly. There are certain psychological and moral factors which must be taken into consideration.

From the beginning of the war I was impressed by the absence of any sign of popular enthusiasm. To the average Frenchman the war was a misfortune — an inevitable misfortune, perhaps, but a misfortune just the same. Considerable sections of public opinion were definitely opposed to the war — the Communists because Moscow had ordered them to take this attitude, certain propertied and conservative groups because they foresaw the crumbling of the property system and the destruction of social order as the probable consequence of a long war, even apart from the military issue of the war.

The opposition to the war was not sufficiently strong and organized to cause any overt resistance to the order for mobilization. But pessimism, not to say defeatism, hung over the country in a thick pall. I made several trips to the front in the course of my work, and at officers' messes in peasant homes in Alsace and Lorraine and in the long automobile trip to and from the front-line positions I talked with perhaps a score of officers, ranging in rank from general to lieutenant.

Not one of these officers anticipated the disaster that was to come. But I cannot recall one who was an optimist about the prospect after the war was ended. All foresaw general impoverishment, social upheaval, new problems and difficulties. I am sure that every one of

these men did his full duty when the final terrible test came. Some no doubt gave their lives in the unequal struggle.

But the mental attitude of these officers (and soldiers are seldom more enthusiastic than the men who lead them) was that of commanders of Roman legions when the barbarians were breaking through the frontiers of the empire. It was that of Byzantine officers leading what they perhaps felt in their hearts was a lost cause against fanatical Saracens or Turks. It was not the mental attitude of French soldiers in the expansionist wars of the Revolution. It was not the mental attitude that can reverse hopeless odds, that can turn defeat into victory.

France, in this short and terrible war, suffered from the psychological disadvantage of being interested only in conserving, in defending. It was morally as well as physically an unequal match for the Third Reich, where old-fashioned efficient German militarism was lit up and inflamed by Nazi revolutionism.

Are there any lessons that America can draw from the catastrophe of France? The time during which lessons will be of practical value may be short, terribly short. But two things do, I think, stand out from France's experience. The fateful decision for war should never be taken, so far as it depends on a nation's free will, without the fullest possible material and psychological preparation. And war, once started, must be fought through with every ounce of national strength and energy. There must be no 'playing with war,' no effort to make pinpricks and emotional gestures serve as a substitute for the grim effort that the modern total war requires.

NEW ENGLAND AFTERMATH

BY WILSON FOLLETT

No one who has read and even slightly pondered *The Flowering of New England* needs to be told that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, of all historians of our literature, comes the nearest to plying his profession by the canons of the serious novelist. In his glowing chapters he is concerned first, last, and throughout with the telling of a magnificent story — the story of one phase of a complex and inexhaustible character, New England, of whom his many lesser personæ embody the characteristics. As much as any realist in fiction he gives himself to the evocation of mood and movement, growth, contrast, suspense, the feeling of inevitability, of fate. No less truly than the most thoughtful of workers in imagined data he makes his chronicle of verities interpret and foreshorten itself through representative values deliberately extricated and consciously arranged; and, like the best historical novelists, he takes it as his task to re-create, not the whole, absolute, self-contained past as it was in itself, but the past in such forms and aspects as the present can receive as usable. In what has been he shows us what is; in our forerunners, ourselves-to-be.

What was true of *The Flowering of New England* is now, if possible, even more luminously true of its sequel, *New England: Indian Summer, 1865-1915*. This word 'sequel,' by the way, — in association a novelist's word, — is Mr. Brooks's own. His, likewise, is a novelist's explanation of why he has chosen to

keep the dominant emphasis on Boston throughout his chronicle of fifty years — an emphasis that serves to give the book, he points out, a 'unity of place,' which he regards as 'indispensable in any attempt to picture a phase of literary history so confused and complex and marked by such multifarious comings and goings.' These are small circumstances that happen to be mentioned in his Preface. In little need of mention, because absolutely central to his whole subject, is the great circumstance that identifies this new volume, even more than its predecessor, with the main stream of fiction as our generation knows it: that is, its steady preoccupation with the frustrated and the mutilated, with failure and decay and the shadow of death. New England in its flowering cycle was his former theme; his present one is New England going, and presently gone, to seed. What he gives us is an amplification, in better than half a thousand close-packed pages, of the melancholy in Longfellow's 'Aftermath': —

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

A painful subject, the fifty years' decadence? A forbidding accumulation of the funereal? So it may sound in summary, but it is not so in actual effect upon the reader; even upon that tender-minded reader for whom the conquest of

gloomy truth is ordinarily no pleasure that can offset the gloom. What, then, over and above the truth of history, makes these twenty-five chapters on a dying culture so full of reward, so vastly more than endurable? Just the unflinching brilliance of a fine novelist's arts of selection, representation, and enrichment. We have a close parallel in that superb book of the decadence itself, *The Education of Henry Adams*. Its subject was the waste of talent and the death of the spirit, but its description of moribundity was everywhere more vital than half the world's descriptions of life abounding. The same principle applies to Mr. Brooks's superb book about the decadence. Its subject is a gathering darkness, but its method illuminates every darkest recess with a lightning flash. It is jeweled with great accounts of little things, memorable descriptions of persons unremembered, brilliantly successful characterizations of failure, indelible etchings of transience. Upon literature in its narrower definitions a many-faceted light is thrown from the related adventures of the historians, the educators and philosophers, the great divines, the painters and architects and archæologists, the geologists, engineers, and men of action. In the end we have, not a mere chronicle of writers and writing, but a tapestry of the whole confused civilization that literature fragmentarily expressed.

The men whose working lives nearly spanned the period of the book are given no rounded, once-for-all treatment and dismissal, as in the textbooks. Rather, they live throughout as the major figures of a novel do, growing, changing, and radiating themselves. Three of them, Howells, Henry Adams, and Henry James, actually figure in three chapter titles apiece, besides being present in almost every chapter. In short, here are all the fictional resources of striking juxtaposition and significant form, used to the end of bringing dead things to sustained life before our eyes

as a topical treatment never does. We can sort out the facts and digest them as history; we can use text and footnotes as a guide to all the byways of reading that we once meant to follow and the other byways that we hardly knew existed; but, doing either, or both, or neither, we receive as a minimum, and in one of its more elevated forms, the gift that the novelist must always give us in order to have given anything at all — that is, sheer entertainment.

And the range of this entertainment is hardly less than its intensity. Consider, out of eligible examples by the score, three only.

(1) It is pointed out — and this is one of Mr. Brooks's lightning flashes — that, whereas after the war of 1812 the American artists came flocking home from abroad in a full and enthusiastic sense of identification with their native country, after the war of 1861 their successors began flocking abroad again, generally as the victims of a sterile cosmopolitanism. 'The old culture had broken down, the old causes were dead and forgotten, and no new ideal had arisen to rally the minds of the younger men. . . . For most of them . . . the question of facing the new America, with its worship of "bigness" and numbers, seemed overwhelming.'

(2) The great lesson of the Civil War, as Henry Adams read it from London, was that henceforth the dominant forces would be science and mechanics. For instance, he saw the British navy rendered obsolete overnight by the success of the American ironclads, and in a letter he wrote: 'Man has mounted science, and is now run away with. I firmly believe that before many centuries more, science will be the master of man. The engines he will have invented will be beyond his strength to control. Some day science may have the existence of mankind in its power, and the human race commit suicide by blowing up the world.' And almost at once the new elective system at Harvard, though it

'opened a great new epoch in science, medicine, engineering,' was preparing the younger generation to follow stars 'largely materialistic and often mean,' and 'as the other universities followed Harvard and lost sight of human ends in means' it 'became apparent that civilization was losing its soul, as education had lost its soul already.'

(3) That 'born promoter,' Amy Lowell, setting out to put poetry on the map as if it were 'another form of Standard Oil,' is thus depicted: —

She ran ocean liners and terrorized their orchestras by telling them to stop their outrageous noise; and she whizzed over the face of the earth in her claret-colored motor, reorganizing hotels where she spent the night. Like Eliot's Cousin Nancy, she 'strode across the hills and broke them down'; and, if she was not bearded, she was full of oaths; and her bed had eighteen pillows, and she had ten thousand black cigars and seven megatherian sheep-dogs that mauled and all but murdered her visitors. . . . She was the prime minister of the republic of poets; and under her control this republic rose from the status of Haiti and became an imperial republic of the calibre of France. The poets had reason to thank their stars that they had a Lowell behind them, for whom editors and publishers were factory-hands and office-boys. Her telephone had the force of a dozen Big Berthas; and God might have picked up the fragments of those who opposed her, — there was little left of them for men to bury. One could hear the guns go off at the other end of Texas. . . . There was no still, small voice in Amy Lowell. Her bombs exploded with a bang and came down in a shower of stars; and she whizzed and she whirled, and she rustled and rumbled, and she glistened and sparkled and blazed and blared.

Are other readers, I wonder, going to share this reader's impression that the very long story told ought to have been either a little shorter or somewhat longer still? For my part, I have to confess myself baffled by the note of cheer on which the sad chronicle ends, in the chapter 'Second March.' This

final chapter, opening with Robert Frost's arrival in New York from London in the spring of 1915, — a deliberate echo and counterpart of Howells's arrival in Boston from Ohio in the spring of 1866, with which the first chapter opens, — is to the effect that in 1915 America, New England included, was on the eve of a literary and artistic rebirth. The story is given, in short, a happy ending for which nothing in it has quite prepared us; and, being there at all, it will need ultimately the most that Mr. Brooks can give it by way of amplification and clarification.

Does he by any chance really see in *Mourning Becomes Electra* the predestined return through the doorway of the classics that the new Harvard of 1870 was already throwing out of the window? Does he truly believe that the sudden peppering of the New England countryside and foreshore with summer art colonies was a social and cultural equivalent of the former 'deep sense of the local earth' possessed by Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Thoreau? Can he mean that we have the happiness to be at this moment in the April, the May, of his Second March? What Robert Frost came home to spend his days telling us, that 'Yankees are what they always were' — that is true, and Yankees like to believe that it is important; but is it true that the undying Yankee is finding in this half-century's fine arts a true, balanced, universal, or even a very characteristic, expression of himself? Is imaginative literature any longer his idiomatic outlet, or is it likely to be within a time that we can now descry?

We need, then, a sequel to the sequel. And perhaps that is to come. For Mr. Brooks, who means next to precede his *Flowering of New England* with a volume on the age of Irving, speaks also of having 'left out certain figures who might have been included here, feeling that in some future volume they could be treated to better advantage.'

'BERLIN SPEAKING'

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

I

JUST two years ago this August, having learned that Hitler was about to 'solve' the Sudeten problem, I hopped a plane for Prague. But before leaving my headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, I cabled the New York office of the Columbia Broadcasting System, suggesting that I give a daily five-minute talk from the Czech capital.

My home office thought I was crazy. It was an unheard-of proposal. Perhaps five minutes once a week on Sunday afternoons — but every day!

Within the week, however, we were broadcasting daily not only from Prague, but also from London and Paris and Rome and Berlin and Godesberg and Munich. During those warm days of September 1938, when the issue of peace or war hung in the balance for a month (we know now it was merely being postponed for a year), a new technique in American broadcasting was established. Today, over the two major networks, you hear three daily roundups from the principal European capitals.

Probably few Americans appreciate that they alone of all the peoples in the world receive this particular service, which already seems commonplace to us. The only radio correspondents in Europe today are American. No other country receives regular broadcasts of its own from both sides in this war. That we do is a tribute to the enterprise and sense of responsibility of American broadcasting, and also a tribute to the American listener. If he did not *want* daily broad-

casts from abroad, he probably would not get them, for they are costly affairs.

If it was the Czech crisis which provoked the frequent broadcasts from Europe we are now accustomed to, it was the Austrian Anschluss six months earlier which created this type of news coverage. Looking back at it now, I do not think we did very well on that event. But we learned a lot. We were working with a new medium and had but little past experience to go by.

The Anschluss took place late one spring afternoon in March 1938. I happened to be there. Vienna was my headquarters at that time; my wife was in the hospital there having a baby. On my way to see her about four o'clock that afternoon, I had paused for a minute to watch a single policeman disperse a mob of about a thousand Nazis. Perhaps, I thought, Schuschnigg will stop the Brown Shirts yet. That morning, I knew, he had been secretly arming the workers. I hurried along to the hospital.

About six o'clock I returned to the centre of town. In those two short hours while I had sat at the bedside of my wife, following an unexpectedly complicated childbirth, an era had ended in Vienna and a new one had begun. I found myself swept along in a shouting, hysterical Nazi mob, past the Opera, the Ring, up the Kärntnerstrasse to the offices of the German Tourist Bureau, which, with its immense portrait of Hitler, had been a National-Socialist shrine for weeks. From some of the less

hysterical demonstrators I learned that Schuschnigg had called off his plebiscite and . . .

There was no need to learn any more. That was the end of Austria. It was impossible to get a taxi, so I sprinted to the American Legation. There I heard Schuschnigg's farewell radio message, probably the most moving broadcast Europe has ever listened to. I compared notes with my friends at the Legation, and then went out to get the rest of the story. I caught a few members of the Schuschnigg Government before they fled to safety or were arrested. I watched the Nazis excitedly installing themselves in the Ballhausplatz, the seat of government. About 11 P.M. — 5 P.M. New York time — I had my story and, fighting my way through the mob, got to the studios of the Austrian Broadcasting Company.

I had my story, and it was the biggest one I had had since I joined radio the year before. Here were a studio and a microphone. The telephone lines to the outside world were still open. In an hour or so I could be broadcasting the full story of the Anschluss over the Columbia network from coast to coast. And — luck! — I was the only broadcaster on the scene. I confess that I felt all right as I entered the premises of the Austrian Broadcasting Company and bullied my way past the Nazi guards — harmless, excited boys of seventeen or eighteen mostly, though fooling dangerously, I noted, with their rifles and revolvers.

But I did not broadcast that night from Vienna.

The Austrian radio officials with whom I had always dealt were there, but, as they remarked, they had lost their jobs. Youthful Nazis had taken over. I went to them. They listened, promised to telephone to Berlin for permission and technical facilities so that my talk could go over a Berlin transmitter, and asked me to be patient.

This was difficult enough, with the story itching to get out of my system

into a microphone. It was not helped by the turmoil which reigned that night in the studios. But I waited. I waited an hour. Then I spoke up. I waited another hour, and spoke up again. But they couldn't get Berlin on the telephone — or said they couldn't. The German army, then invading Austria, had taken over the telephone. About two in the morning it became evident that I was becoming a nuisance. I was a foreigner, unknown to the Nazis. Maybe I was a spy. Some youths with bayonets invited me to wait outside in the hall. I waited there. About 3 A.M. someone came out and told me it was no use waiting any longer. I was invited to leave. I have never been a man to argue with bayonets. I left. And I never have felt so licked in all my life.

Edward R. Murrow, Columbia's European manager, restored me. He was then on assignment in Warsaw, and a long-distance telephone call which I had put in for him early the previous afternoon came through about 5 A.M. He suggested that I fly to London and give an uncensored broadcast from there. He himself would fly to Vienna to keep us covered at that point. I phoned the airport at Aspern. Probably no planes would be allowed to leave, a voice said. And they were all booked up anyway. But at 7 A.M. I was at the airport. Someone failed to claim his place on the Berlin plane. I took it. By dark I was in London. Someone from our office rushed me by car to Broadcasting House. Fortunately I had scrawled out a script between Berlin and Amsterdam and within a few minutes the first uncensored eyewitness account of what had happened in Vienna the night before was on the air in America.

About five o'clock the next afternoon my telephone rang. Paul W. White, Columbia's director of public affairs, was calling from New York. He said: 'We want a European roundup tonight at midnight, your time. Get us London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna. A half-

hour show, and I'll telephone you the exact times for each capital in about an hour. Can you and Murrow do it?'

I said yes, and we hung up. But the truth was that I didn't have the faintest idea how to do it — in seven hours, anyway. Until that day Murrow and I had been able to arrange only about two 'European roundups' a year. These consisted of pickups from half a dozen European capitals for a thirty-minute program. The speakers were distinguished Europeans, and it took us months of fussing before technical arrangements could be completed. And then, in the end, they usually broke down. Once, I remember, Budapest failed to come in at all, and on another occasion Berlin and Stockholm had talked simultaneously.

I put in a long-distance call for Murrow in Vienna. Meanwhile, as valuable minutes ticked away, I considered what to do. The more I thought about it, the simpler it became. Murrow and I had newspaper friends, American correspondents, in every capital in Europe. We also knew personally the directors and chief engineers of the various European broadcasting systems. I called in the office secretary: 'Put long distances in for Edgar Mowrer in Paris, Frank Gervasi in Rome, Pierre Huss in Berlin, and also call the directors and chief engineers of the PTT in Paris, EIAR in Turin, and the RRG in Berlin.'

Murrow came through from Vienna; he undertook to arrange the Berlin as well as the Vienna end, and also gave me a badly needed technical lesson as to how the entire job could be done. For each capital we needed a powerful short-wave transmitter that would carry a voice clearly to New York. Rome had one, but its availability was doubtful. Paris had none. In that case we must order telephone lines to the nearest short-wave transmitting station.

Before long, my three telephones were buzzing, and in four languages: German, French, English, and Italian. The first

three I know fairly well, but my Italian scarcely exists. Still, I understood enough from Turin to get the idea that no executives of the Italian Broadcasting Company could be reached at the moment. For, to make matters worse, the day happened to be Sunday. I still had Rome coming in. Perhaps I could arrange matters with the branch office there. Berlin came through. The Reichs-Rundfunk-Gesellschaft would do its best. Technically, I knew, the Germans were unexcelled. But the line to Vienna was in the hands of the army and therefore doubtful. We could depend on Murrow to arrange that, however.

As the evening wore on, the broadcast began to take shape. New York telephoned again with the exact times scheduled for each capital. They took it serenely for granted that the broadcast was coming off. For some reason, New York's brazen assurance encouraged me. My newspaper friends started to come through. Edgar Mowrer, Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, was spending Sunday in the country, and it took some urging to persuade him to return to town to broadcast, though no man felt more intensely than he the bitterness of what had happened. Gervasi in Rome and Huss in Berlin would broadcast if their New York offices agreed. Not much time to inquire around the New York newspaper offices, especially on Sunday afternoon. Another call to Columbia in New York: Get permission for Gervasi and Huss to talk. And by the way, New York added, what transmitters and wave lengths are Berlin and Rome using?

I had forgotten about that. Another call to Berlin. The station would be DJZ, 25.2 metres, 11,870 kilocycles. An urgent cable carried the information to the CBS control room in New York.

Time was getting short. I remembered that I must also write out a talk for the London end of the show. I telephoned around town for material. New York also wanted a Member of Parliament to

discuss British official reaction to the Anschluss. I called two or three friends. They were all enjoying the English weekend. Finally I got Ellen Wilkinson, M. P. She too was out of town, but fortunately not far. 'How long will it take you to drive to the BBC?' I asked her. 'About an hour,' she said. We had two hours to go. She agreed to talk.

Gervasi's voice from Rome was on the line. 'The Italians can't arrange it on such short notice,' he said. 'What shall I do?' I wondered myself. 'We'll take you over Geneva, and if that's impossible, phone me back in an hour with your story and I'll read it from here.'

Sitting alone in a small studio in Broadcasting House in London, I had a final checkup with New York three minutes before midnight. We went over the exact timings of each talk and checked the cues which would be the signals for the speakers in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London to begin and the cues which would return the show to New York. Rome was out, I told our control room in New York, but Gervasi was on the telephone this minute, dictating his story to a stenographer. We agreed upon a second switchback to London from New York so that I could read it.

Midnight came, and through my ear-phones I could hear, on our transatlantic 'feedback,' the smooth voice of Bob Trout announcing the broadcast from our New York studio. It succeeded beyond our fondest expectations. We repeated it the next night and the night after, learning a great deal technically on each evening. And then the crisis died down. There would be no war. Britain and France had retreated one step more before the rising Nazi power.

But American radio had made a discovery. It had found a new job to perform. Through radio's peculiar magic, men three thousand miles away on the scene of action could penetrate into American homes and relate, simply and sincerely, the first-hand story of Europe plunging inexorably towards war.

II

One did not have to be a profound prophet to realize that Czechoslovakia would be next on Hitler's list — and therefore on ours, to cover. Returning to Vienna, I studied the communications map of Europe and found that, with the annexation of Austria, Germany now controlled all the landlines running from Central Europe to our short-wave transmission outlets in Switzerland and England. Neither Prague, Warsaw, nor Budapest had a short-wave transmitter of sufficient strength to reach New York direct. In case of war with Czechoslovakia, or even the threat of war, it would be natural for Germany to refuse transmission facilities across the Reich, in which case we could not broadcast the Czech side of the conflict — unless the Czechs would build a powerful transmitter of their own. Accordingly, I suggested the usefulness of this to the Czech Broadcasting System in Prague. Its very capable officials and engineers realized the situation fully. But they did not think the Nazi threat would come in the immediate future. In the meantime, they were slowly assembling equipment for a fairly powerful short-wave transmitter which would be ready in a year or two.

About a month after the Anschluss, we did a broadcast from Czechoslovakia, the speakers being President Beneš and Miss Alice Masaryk. The theme of their talks was the Red Cross, but I had expressed the hope in Prague that Dr. Beneš would also say something about the 'German question' which had already popped up. Dr. Beneš did, and in those measured terms which marked his utterances to the very night of Munich when his country was betrayed.

Our broadcast, through a technical mistake in New York, was being carried by landline to Berlin and transmitted to America by the German short-wave station at Zeesen, instead of from Geneva as I had planned. Now when Dr. Beneš

came to speak briefly on the 'German question,' there was so much 'fading' somewhere between Prague and Zeesen that this part of his talk was scarcely audible in the United States. Prague blamed Berlin. I complained to Berlin. The Germans blamed Prague, declaring rather indignantly that they fed the program to New York just as they received it from the Czechs. We never were able to find out who was at fault. But immediately afterward the Czechs hastened work on their own new short-wave transmitter.

By the end of June, as I remember, it was ready for tests, and all during July of 1938 we tested its reception in New York. It proved to be a much better transmitter than we had expected or the Czech engineers thought possible. Early in August we decided to use it for a real program, and I went to Czechoslovakia to broadcast the Czech army manoeuvres. That broadcast sticks in my memory.

A few minutes before we went on the air, while the troops and air force were rehearsing our show, a Skoda fighter plane, diving 10,000 feet, failed to come fully out of its dive and crashed a few feet from my microphone. As soon as we had extracted the pilot and observer from the débris of their plane — they were still alive, though mortally injured — we began our broadcast.

CBS engineers reported that night that there had been a little too much gunfire for an ideal broadcast, but that the Czech transmitter had behaved beautifully. From then on we were sure of an independent outlet from Prague. And within a month, as the Sudeten crisis came to a head, that transmitter was the only means of communication for several days between Czechoslovakia and the outside world.

It was this Czech crisis which made daily, first-hand coverage a permanent thing in American radio. Reluctant at first to allot its correspondent in Prague so much as five minutes of time a day,

Columbia within a week was carrying a dozen broadcasts a day from the European capitals. And so was NBC. During that bewildering month which ended at 2 A.M. on October 1, 1938, in the Führer House at Munich, the two American networks laid the foundations for the coverage they are now giving in this war.

During that month we worked hard, slept little, and ate almost nothing. We broadcast it all, as best we could, and we did, I think, succeed in giving American listeners an accurate picture of what was going on. The most important broadcast during this period was made by Dr. Max Jordan of the National Broadcasting Company. He was able to read to his listeners in America the text of the Munich agreement before it was known in official quarters in London, or Paris, or even in Berlin!

Curiously enough, the broadcast of the crisis that my New York office liked best was a purely impromptu one we did from the platform of the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof in Berlin on the eve of the Godesberg meeting. The correspondents were all leaving for Godesberg on the 10.30 train that evening. Godesberg, they thought, would decide whether it was to be war or peace. About 6 P.M. Paul White called me from New York and suggested that I get the Germans to install radio equipment on the train and interview the American newspaper men on the way to Godesberg.

That proved technically impossible, so we decided to have a microphone at the station and do our interview just before the train pulled out. There was little time, but the Germans are superb technicians. When I arrived at the station with my bags at five minutes before ten, when the broadcast was to begin, the microphone was there and working.

But there were no American correspondents! The platform was empty! And my listeners overseas waiting to hear about the chances for war and peace!

At ten o'clock I had to start the

broadcast as scheduled. I began chatting away — 'stuttering' probably would be a better word. I looked down from the station and described the River Spree and the dome of the burnt-out Reichstag Building which loomed behind it. Then I gave my own uninspired ideas about the chances for war and peace. I looked around. Still no correspondents. Well, I hoped they would all miss the train. I wanted to ask the station master whether we were on the right platform, but thought that would not sound right in the broadcast. Fortunately I had the evening newspapers in my pocket. I plucked desperately at them and began translating clumsily from them.

Finally a correspondent showed up, and, carrying my portable mike towards him, I grabbed him by the coattails and before he knew it he was introduced and on the air. I left him there and ran down the platform to fetch some more speaking talent. The rest of the correspondents had arrived, but they were busy sorting out their baggage. I persuaded them to leave their luggage and sprint with me back to the microphone. My first speaker, perturbed at having been left alone, had nothing more to say, and was making frantic signs which meant evidently that he'd had enough.

I suppose the reason the broadcast was liked at home was because it was so natural and spontaneous. Moreover, what some of our veteran American newsmen said, despite the informality, was significant. Miss Sigrid Schultz of the *Chicago Tribune* addressed American women in particular, and I remember how moving her words were. An Italian correspondent motioned that he wanted to speak. His English accent has never been equaled on the stage. A Frenchman, the Havas correspondent, popped up. Before I could ask him how his English was, he was talking — in French. I started to translate what he had said, for it was worth translating, and then out of the corner of my eye I saw the

train moving. I had not heard the 'All Aboard!' My finishing sentence was not smooth, but I made the train.

III

A few days after Czechoslovakia had been sold down the river, Murrow and I met in Paris to recuperate from the strain and to take stock of our job. We came to three conclusions: —

1. That after Munich a European war was now more probable than ever, and that it would very likely come after the next harvest — that is, about August 1939.

2. That Poland was obviously next on Hitler's list, and that the Poles should therefore be encouraged to build a more powerful short-wave transmitter than they had, so that we could again furnish both sides of the story.

3. That if a radio network meant to cover both sides in the war, it must have a staff of its own, a staff consisting exclusively of Americans, speaking American.

Why our own staff? In the Czech muddle we had constantly used outstanding American newspaper correspondents and they had done a fine job of broadcasting. But we felt that if war really came the American newspapers might not permit their men to broadcast. For one thing, these men would be busy and could not be spared from their duties. That we were justified in this surmise was proved the very first week of the war, when all three American press agencies and every American newspaper except one put a ban on their correspondents' speaking over the radio. Fortunately we were at least fairly well prepared for this development, and, by last December, Columbia had its own staff correspondents broadcasting from London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Amsterdam, Helsinki, and the Balkans.

The regular daily talks — in my own case, two daily — absorb most of a staff man's time and energy. The routine is

similar to that of the news correspondent. We spend most of our time snooping around for news. We read fifteen or twenty newspapers a day. We attend press conferences. We try to sift out the truth from mountains of propaganda. We study the make-up of armies, navies, and air forces. And we pore over maps.

Occasionally we vary our talks by interviewing people, but in most cases the interviews are disappointing because the people can't say very much. An exception was Germany's ace submarine skipper, Captain Herbert Schultze, whom I interviewed early in the war.

I cornered him in the German Admiralty the afternoon he returned from his first 'killing.' He was a clean-cut fellow of about thirty, hard as nails, and full of that self-confidence which you get, I suppose, when you gamble daily with your own life and the lives of others.

The Admiralty had approved the interview, and Captain Schultze seemed quite willing to talk. Only he was afraid of his English, which, he said, he had not bothered about since his naval academy days, when he had nearly flunked it. After listening to a specimen, I was afraid, too. In fact, I couldn't understand a word he said, and we had to converse in German. Someone suggested that his English would improve during the afternoon, that he was merely a little rusty. This offered hope, and I cabled New York that the interview was on for that night.

In the meantime, I put my questions and the Captain sat down to write out answers in German. When he had finished a page, I dictated an English translation, with the help of another officer, to an Admiralty secretary who wrote English almost faultlessly but who had difficulty understanding it when spoken. We sweated away for four hours and finally achieved a fifteen-minute script.

There were two points in the script, the very ones which made it most inter-

esting, which added to my own perspiration. The Captain told a story of how he had torpedoed the British ship *Royal Sceptre*, but, at the risk of his own skin, had arranged rescue of those aboard by another British vessel, the *Browning*. Now, a few days before, London had reported that the *Royal Sceptre* had been torpedoed without warning and that the crew and passengers, numbering sixty, had presumably perished. I wondered who was right.

Captain Schultze, as we worked out our interview, also mentioned that he was the U-boat commander who had sent a saucy radio message to Mr. Winston Churchill, advising him of the location of a British ship which he had sunk, so that the First Lord of the Admiralty might save the crew. But, only a day or two before, Mr. Churchill had told the House of Commons that the German submarine commander who had sent him that message had been captured and was now a prisoner of His Majesty's Government.

I reminded the Captain of that, and asked him if he could give me the text of his message. His logbook was at Kiel, but he telephoned there and had his message read back to him. That made me feel a little better. Shortly before the broadcast, something else happened which made me feel better still. As we were leaving the Admiralty, an officer brought us a Reuter dispatch saying that the *Browning* had just landed at Bahia, Brazil, with the crew and passengers of the *Royal Sceptre* all safe.

One good break followed another. To my surprise, as our broadcast got under way, the Captain's English did indeed improve, just as predicted. His accent was terrific, but in some way his words poured out very distinctly. You could understand every syllable. Moreover, though he was broadcasting for the first time in his life, he proved to be a natural speaker. Most men of his type, when put before a microphone, read their lines mechanically. He talked as

though we had never written out a line. A bit of an argument had crept into the script. When we came to it, the Captain thundered away as though we were having a red-hot dispute.

Some American newspapers, in their accounts of this interview, expressed misgivings about the genuineness of Captain Schultze. What proof did I or CBS have that the man was really a German U-boat commander? Subsequently, I was informed that London itself agreed with his version on both the *Royal Sceptre* and the saucy message to Mr. Churchill, including the fact that he had not been captured. Today he stands at the top of Germany's submarine skippers and is credited with having sunk more shipping than any other commander.

IV

Like every other broadcaster, I suppose, I like broadcasting from outside a studio if the job is merely to describe what I see. But if I have to sum up the events of the day, or speculate on world affairs, I prefer a studio. Last winter, for instance, I had to deliver some talks from the ice stadium at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. I was not covering winter sports, but the political situation in Europe, and I had gone to the Bavarian resort only for a few days of rest — rest, that is, except that I still had my scheduled twice-daily broadcasts. The only microphone in town was in the ice stadium, and as I began my first broadcast from Garmisch one afternoon I had not noticed that a hockey game was in progress before my eyes. Just as I started to delve deep into the possibilities that lay before the unhappy people of Europe, someone scored a goal, bedlam broke loose in the stadium, and it was difficult to keep my mind on Hitler's next move.

The night broadcasts were even worse. True, the hockey games were over, for I did not go on the air until a quarter to one in the morning. That was the

trouble. First I had to rouse the night watchman, and it was very cold waiting outside in the snow. Then, alone in the middle of the night in a tiny box at the top of the giant, darkened stadium, with the temperature below freezing both indoors and out, I tried to concentrate on the more serious aspects of the European scene. Luckily I wore rubbers and there was a carpet on the floor, so that I could not only blow as silently as possible on my fingers to keep them warm, but also stamp my feet to keep my toes from getting frostbitten. But it was impossible to put my heart in my job.

Even in Berlin, during that severe winter, I did not always arrive at the studio in the state of mind which helps one to chat easily about high politics and war. First there was the blackout. In order to reach the studio, I had to negotiate a long stretch down the Wilhelmstrasse in pitch-dark. I am not noted for my memory, and it took me three months to memorize the exact position of the numerous lamp posts, fire hydrants, traffic posts, and three sets of projecting stairways which lay along the sidewalk between my hotel and the subway station. It was a rare night when I did not collide with at least one obstacle or flop headlong into a snow pile. Because of the shortage of trucks and gasoline, the piles of snow were not removed from the sidewalks of Berlin as in other years. If I had been walking fast and had hit a lamp post, I would arrive at the studio with a lump on my forehead and a headache.

Another headache might ensue if I had forgotten my pass, for that meant delay until I could be identified as I passed through the gauntlet of steel-helmeted guards at the radio studio. Even searching for my pass, on a dark sub-zero night, with fingers stiff from the cold, was not an easy task. Once I emptied my pockets trying to find it, and, without noticing, at the same time I emptied the script for my talk into the snow.

No broadcaster can spare enough time

to allow for all possible accidents which may prevent his reaching the microphone on the dot. Yet to be late is fatal. If he is broadcasting an event, it is even more difficult to ensure that it will synchronize with the radio program's schedule. I remember the time I was in Rome on the night that Hitler arrived there for his state visit. I had timed our broadcast for the exact minute when the *Führer* was to be received by the King of Italy, and I had arranged my microphone on the roof of the royal stables overlooking the little square in front of the palace.

Unfortunately, the horses pulling Hitler's carriage galloped faster than anyone anticipated. By the time I went on the air, he had arrived, had entered the palace, had come out and bowed to the populace, had disappeared, and as my microphone opened there was nothing left to describe. I had made notes of everything, however, and had received descriptive reports by radio of his dramatic ride through the streets of Rome, which I had noted down. I had also jotted down some ideas about the political significance of the visit.

But it was pitch-dark by the time I went on the air, and the electric light attached to the mike suddenly failed. I could not make out a word of my notes. The only thing was to speak from memory, but, after standing on the wind-swept roof for five hours, the light in my memory had gone out, too. I soon realized this. However, there was a row of torches burning near by on the roof in honor of Hitler, and I motioned to an Italian engineer to fetch one. It flickered badly, but gave just enough light to enable me to make out a few key points in my scribbled notes.

Timing an outside broadcast to stop on the second is sometimes as difficult as to start it correctly. I had an unusual experience of this last Christmas night, when I was broadcasting from a German warship at Kiel. A full moon illuminated the harbor that night, revealing

that practically the entire German fleet was anchored there for the holiday. Owing to censorship, I naturally could not report that, but the sight so impressed me that I decided to begin the broadcast from the deck of the vessel, describing the beautiful moonlit harbor. Then, for the main part of the show, I would slide down a hatch with the microphone and take it into the crew quarters below, where about fifty members of a submarine crew just returned were having their Christmas celebration.

The first part went off all right, and, after exhausting all my adjectives, I started to slide down the hatch, grasping my portable microphone. It happens that I am not a sailor accustomed to sliding down hatches. In the end I got down, but I ripped a sleeve and smashed the stop-watch strapped to my wrist. I discovered this only some minutes later when, feeling that our time was almost up, I glanced at my watch. The face had been completely annihilated. There was no way to tell what time it was, or how much time had passed. I motioned to the crew to sing a song, and then motioned for a watch, but no one understood my gesture. Actually, by pure guesswork, we finished the broadcast within ten seconds of the scheduled ending.

Sometimes an outside broadcast fails for lack of technical facilities. The only battle in Poland which any of us witnessed, aside from the terrible bombardment of Warsaw, was the fight for the Polish harbor of Gdynia. Because the Poles had no artillery, we were able to witness the battle from a hill only a mile and a half from the front line. Standing there on the hill, watching the killing and destruction, I yearned to describe it and to project all the horror, and all the bravery, too, as the scene unfolded before my eyes. Only, I could not get a microphone.

I dashed back twenty miles to Danzig, while it was still fresh in my mind and heart, and attempted to tell the story

from the radio studio there. But contact with New York from Danzig was spotty. Three times that night, — at midnight, at 2 A.M., and at 5 A.M., — thinking each time that I was getting through to America, I tried to tell what I had seen. The next day I learned that New York had been unable to pick up a single word. It was an example of one of the more discouraging sides of broadcasting.

There have been many others. The deadliest enemy of transatlantic short-wave broadcasting is sun spots. When they occur, as they do three or four times a year, we give up. They simply annihilate the short-wave channels. For three days during the Czech crisis, sun spots completely obliterated our transmissions from Europe. I remember the sense of frustration I felt in Prague the week the sun spots came. We would make our daily drive of two hundred miles through the Sudetenland, stopping to watch the fighting, and at night return to Prague with a story we thought worth telling. We never knew when the sun spots might suddenly cease, so we always wrote our broadcasts, and about 3 A.M., Prague time, I would walk through the blacked-out streets to the studio to make my talk. Last-minute bulletins would be inserted — and some of them made very exciting news — and I would walk back to my hotel after my broadcast just as dawn broke. When I awoke two or three hours later to begin a new day, there would be a cable from New York: 'You unshowed tonight.'

People on both sides of the Atlantic often ask us why we don't use cable when atmospherics or sun spots are bad. The explanation is that no transatlantic cable can carry voice or music. Its limit is the dot and dash.

Another question we are often asked is: How does a broadcast originating in Helsinki or Ankara or a mine sweeper in the North Sea reach America so that it can be heard as clearly in Cedar

Rapids or Denver as if it were emanating from the studios in those places instead of five or six thousand miles away? The secret is the short wave. All broadcasts from Europe to America are carried by short wave. Sensitive listening centres near New York pick them off the short wave and rebroadcast them to you over the normal medium-wave stations in your district.

Broadcasting from London, Berlin, or Rome is a simple job, as all three capitals have powerful short-wave transmitters of their own. Broadcasts from Paris are usually carried by telephone line to Rugby in England, where the powerful short-wave transmitters of the British post office are located. Prague was ready with a strong short-wave station when the time came to tell of the end of Czechoslovakia, but Poland's new transmitter was slow in being manufactured. Perhaps it did not matter, because German bombers practically destroyed Warsaw's station the first week of the war.

Finland's short-wave transmitters never at any time got through to America when the Russian attack struck there. We tried to pick up Helsinki's 200-watt short-wave station through Geneva, but the Russians jammed it. We could hear nothing. Then Sweden came to our aid, lending us its 100,000-watt medium-wave transmitter. (Maximum power permitted in America, remember, is 50,000 watts.) At night, Sweden can be heard all over Europe, and we arranged for a certain European short-wave station to pick it up and retransmit the broadcast. This hookup then was as follows: by telephone from Helsinki to Stockholm, by medium-wave radio from Stockholm to a European short-wave station 800 miles away, and from this station to New York by short wave, where it was once again transformed to medium wave for broadcasting in the United States.

THE DARK HOUR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

*With the kind permission of the author, this story is reprinted from the
ATLANTIC MONTHLY of May 1918*

THE returning ship swam swiftly through the dark; the deep, interior breathing of the engines, the singing of wire stays, the huge whispering rush of foam streaming the water line, made up a body of silence upon which the sound of the doctor's footfalls, coming and going restlessly along the near deck, intruded only a little — a faint and personal disturbance. Charging slowly through the dark, a dozen paces forward, a dozen paces aft, his invisible and tormented face bent forward a little over his breast, he said to himself, 'What fools! What blind fools we've been!'

Sweat stood for an instant on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind.

The man lying on the cot in the shelter of the cabin companionway made no sound all the while. He might have been asleep or dead, he remained so quiet; yet he was neither asleep nor dead, for his eyes, large, wasted, and luminous, gazed out unwinking from the little darkness of his shelter into the vaster darkness of the night, where a star burned in slow mutations, now high, now sailing low, over the rail of the ship.

Once he said in a washed and strengthless voice, 'That's a bright star, doctor.'

If the other heard, he gave no sign. He continued charging slowly back and forth, his large dim shoulders hunched over his neck, his hands locked behind him, his teeth showing faintly gray between the fleshy lips which hung open a little to his breathing.

'It's dark!' he said of a sudden, bringing up before the cot in the companionway. 'God, Hallett, how dark it is!' There was something incoherent and mutilated about it, as if the cry had torn the tissues of his throat. 'I'm not myself tonight,' he added, with a trace of shame.

Hallett spoke slowly from his pillow.

'It wouldn't be the subs tonight? You're not that kind, you know. I've seen you in the zone. And we're well west of them by this, anyhow; and as you say, it's very dark.'

'It's not that darkness. Not that!'

Again there was the sense of something tearing. The doctor rocked for a moment on his thick legs. He began to talk.

'It's this war — ' His conscience protested: 'I ought not to go on so — it's not right, not right at all — talking so to the wounded — the dying — I shouldn't go on so to the dying — ' And all the while the words continued to tumble out of his mouth. 'No, I'm not a coward — not especially. You know I'm not a coward, Hallett. You know that. But just now, tonight, somehow, the whole black truth of the thing has come out and got me — jumped out of the dark and got me by the neck, Hallett. Look here; I've kept a stiff lip. Since the first I've said, "We'll win this war." It's been a matter of course. So far as I know, never a hint of doubt has shadowed my mind, even when things went bad. "In the end," I've said, "in the end, of course, we're bound to win."'

He broke away again to charge slowly

through the dark with his head down, butting; a large, overheated animal endowed with a mind.

'But — do we want to win?'

Hallett's question, very faint across the subdued breathings and showerings of the ship, fetched the doctor up. He stood for a moment, rocking on his legs and staring at the face of the questioner, still and faintly luminous on the invisible cot. Then he laughed briefly, shook himself, and ignored the preposterous words. He recollected tardily that the fellow was pretty well gone.

'No,' he went on. 'Up to tonight I've never doubted. No one in the world, in our part of the world, has doubted. The proposition was absurd to begin with. Prussia, and her fringe of hangers-on, to stand against the world — to stand against the very drift and destiny of civilization? Impossible! A man can't do the impossible; that's logic, Hallett, and that's common sense. They might have their day of it, their little hour, because they had the jump — but in the end! *In the end!* — But look at them, will you! Look at them! That's what's got me tonight, Hallett. Look at them! There they stand. They won't play the game, won't abide at all by the rules of logic, of common sense. Every day, every hour, they perform the impossible. It's like clockwork. It's like a rehearsed and abominable program —'

'Yes — a program.'

The wounded man lay quite still and gazed at the stars. When he spoke, his words carried an odd sense of authenticity, finality. His mind had got a little away from him, and now it was working with the new, oracular clarity of the moribund. It bothered the doctor inexplicably — tripped him up. He had to shake himself. He began to talk louder and make wide, scarcely visible gestures.

'We've laughed so long, Hallett. There was *Mitteileuropa!* We always laughed at that. A wag's tale. To think of it — a vast, self-sufficient, brutal empire laid down across the path of the world! Ha-

ha! Why, even if they had *wanted* it, it would be —'

'If they *wanted* it, it would be — *inevitable.*'

The doctor held up for a full dozen seconds. A kind of anger came over him and his face grew red. He couldn't understand. He talked still louder.

'But they're *doing* it! They're doing that same preposterous thing before our eyes, and we can't touch them, and they're — Hallett! *They're damn near done!* Behind that line there, — you know the line I mean, — who of us doesn't know it? That thin line of smoke and ashes and black blood. Behind that line they're at work, day by day, month after month, building the empire we never believed. And Hallett, *it's damn near done!* And we can't stop it. It grows bigger and bigger, darker and darker — it covers up the sky — like a nightmare —'

'Like a dream!' said Hallett softly.

The doctor's boot soles drummed with a dull, angry resonance on the deck.

'And we can't touch them! They couldn't conceivably hold that line against us — against the whole world — long enough to build their incredible empire behind it. *And they have!* Hallett! How *could* they ever have held it?'

'You mean, how could we ever have held it?'

Hallett's words flowed on, smooth, clear-formed, unhurried, and his eyes kept staring at the star.

'No, it's we have held it, not they. And we that have got to hold it — longer than they. Theirs is the kind of *Mitteileuropa* that's been done before; history is little more than a copybook for such an empire as they are building. We've got a vaster and more incredible empire to build than they — a *Mitteileuropa*, let us say, of the spirit of man. No, no, doctor; it's we that are doing the impossible, holding that thin line.'

The doctor failed to contain himself.

'Oh, pshaw! *Pshaw!* See here, Hallett! We've had the men, and there's no

use blinking the truth. And we've had the money and the munitions.'

'But back of all that, behind the last reserve, the last shell-dump, the last treasury, haven't they got something that we've never had?'

'And what's that?'

'A dream.'

'A *what*?'

'A dream. We've dreamed no dream. Yes — let me say it! A little while ago you said "nightmare," and I said "dream." Germany has dreamed a dream. Black as the pit of hell, — yes, yes, — but a dream. They've seen a vision. A red, bloody, damned vision, — yes, yes, — but a vision. They've got a program, even if it's what you called it, a "rehearsed and abominable program." And they know what they want. And we don't know what we want!'

The doctor's fist came down in the palm of his hand.

'What we want? I'll tell you what we want, Hallett. *We want to win this war!*'

'Yes?'

'And by the living God, Hallett, we will win this war! I can see again. If we fight for half a century to come; if we turn the world wrong-side-out for men, young men, boys, babes; if we mine the earth to a hollow shell for coal and iron; if we wear our women to ghosts to get out the last grain of wheat from the fields — we'll do it! And we'll wipe this black thing from the face of the earth forever, root and branch, father and son of the bloody race of them to the end of time. If you want a dream, Hallett, there's a —'

'There's a — nightmare. An over-weening muscular impulse to jump on the thing that's scared us in the dark, to break it with our hands, grind it into the ground with our heels, tear ourselves away from it — and wake up.'

He went on again after a moment.

'Yes, that's it. We've never asked for anything better; not once have we got down on our naked knees and prayed for anything more than just to be allowed to

wake up — and find it isn't so. How can we expect, with a desire like that, to stand against a positive and a flaming desire? No, no! The only thing to beat a dream is a dream more poignant. The only thing to beat a vision black as midnight is a vision white as the noonday sun. We've come to the place, doctor, where half a loaf is worse than no bread.'

The doctor put his hands in his pockets and took them out again, shifted away a few steps and back again. He felt inarticulate, handless, helpless in the face of things, of abstractions, of the mysterious, unflagging swiftness of the ship, bearing him willy-nilly over the blind surface of the sea. He shook himself.

'God help us,' he said.

'What God?'

The doctor lifted a weary hand.

'Oh, if you're going into *that* —'

'Why not? Because Prussia, doctor, has a god. Prussia has a god as terrible as the God of conquering Israel, a god created in her own image. We laugh when we hear her speaking intimately and surely to this god. I tell you we're fools. I tell you, doctor, before we shall stand we shall have to create a god in *our* own image, and before we do that we shall have to have a living and sufficient image.'

'You don't think much of us,' the doctor murmured wearily.

The other seemed not to hear. After a little while he said, 'We've got to say black or white at last. We've got to answer a question this time with a whole answer.'

'This war began so long ago,' he went on, staring at the star. 'So long before Sarajevo, so long before "balances of power" were thought of, so long before the "provinces" were lost and won, before Bismarck and the lot of them were begotten, or their fathers. So many, many years of questions put, and half-answers given in return. Questions, questions: questions of a power loom in the North Counties; questions of a mill-hand's lodging in one Manchester or

another, of the weight of a head tax in India, of a widow's Mass for her dead in Spain; questions of a black man in the Congo, of an eighth-black man in New Orleans, of a Christian in Turkey, an Irishman in Dublin, a Jew in Moscow, a French cripple in the streets of Zabern; questions of an idiot sitting on a throne; questions of a girl asking her vote on a Hyde Park rostrum, of a girl asking her price in the dark of a Chicago doorway — whole questions half-answered, hungry questions half-fed, mutilated fag-ends of questions piling up and piling up year by year, decade after decade. — Listen! There came a time when it wouldn't do, wouldn't do at all. There came a time when the son of all those questions stood up in the world, final, unequivocal, naked, devouring, saying, "Now you shall answer me. You shall look me squarely in the face at last, and you shall look at nothing else; you shall take your hands out of your pockets and your tongues out of your cheeks, and no matter how long, no matter what the blood and anguish of it, you shall answer me now with a whole answer — or perish!"

'And what's the answer?'

The doctor leaned down a little, resting his hands on the foot of the cot.

The gray patch of Hallett's face moved slightly in the dark.

'It will sound funny to you. Because it's a word that's been worn pretty thin by so much careless handling. It's "Democracy!"'

The doctor stood up straight on his thick legs.

'Why should it sound funny?' he demanded, a vein of triumph in his tone. 'It is the answer. And we've given it. "Make the world safe for democracy!" Eh? You remember the quotation?'

'Yes, yes, that's good. But we've got to do more than say it, doctor. Go further. We've got to dream it in a dream; we've got to see democracy as a wild, consuming vision. If the day ever comes when we shall pronounce the word

"democracy" with the same fierce faith with which we conceive them to be pronouncing "autocracy" — that day, doctor —'

He raised a transparent hand and moved it slowly over his eyes.

'It will be something to do, doctor, that will. Like taking hold of lightning. It will rack us body and soul; belief will strip us naked for a moment, leave us newborn and shaken and weak — as weak as Christ in the manger. And that day nothing can stand before us. Because, you see, we'll know what we want.'

The doctor stood for a moment, a large, dark, troubled body rocking slowly to the heave of the deck beneath him. He rubbed a hand over his face.

'Utopian!' he said.

'Utopian!' Hallett repeated after him. 'Today we are children of Utopia — or we are nothing. I tell you, doctor, today it has come down to this — Hamburg to Bagdad — or Utopia!'

The other lifted his big arms and his face was red.

'You're playing with words, Hallett. You do nothing but twist my words. When I say "Utopian," I mean, precisely, impossible. Absolutely impossible. See here! You tell me this empire of theirs is a dream. I give you that. How long has it taken them to dream it? Forty years. *Forty years!* And this wild, transcendental empire of the spirit you talk about, — so much harder, — so many hundreds of times more incredible, — will you have us do that sort of thing in a *day*? We're a dozen races, a score of nations. I tell you it's — it's impossible!'

'Yes. Impossible.'

The silence came down between them, heavy with all the dark, impersonal sounds of passage, the rhythmical explosions of the waves, the breathing of engines, the muffled staccato of the spark in the wireless room, the note of the ship's bell forward striking the hour and after it a hail, running thin in the wind: 'Six bells, sir, and — *all's well!*'

'*All's well!*'

The irony of it! The infernal patness of it, falling so in the black interlude, like stage business long rehearsed.

'All's well!' the doctor echoed with the mirthless laughter of the damned.

Hallett raised himself very slowly on an elbow and stared at the star beyond the rail.

'Yes, I shouldn't wonder. Just now — tonight — somehow — I've got a queer feeling that maybe it is. Maybe it's going to be. Maybe it's going to be; who knows? The darkest hour of our lives, of history, perhaps, has been on us. And maybe it's almost over. Maybe we're going to do the impossible, after all, doctor. And maybe we're going to get it done in time. I've got a queer sense of something happening — something getting ready.'

When he spoke again, his voice had changed a little.

'I wish my father could have lived to see this day. He's in New York now, and I should like —'

The doctor moved forward suddenly and quietly, saying: 'Lie down, Hallett. You'd better lie down now.'

But the other protested with a gray hand.

'No, no, you don't understand. When I say — well — it's just the shell of my father walking around and talking around, these ten years past. Prison killed his heart. He doesn't even know it, that the immortal soul of him has gone out. You know him, doctor. Ben Hallett; the Radical — "the Destroyer," they used to call him in the old days. He was a brave man, doctor; you've got to give him that; as brave as John the Baptist, and as mad. I can see him now, — tonight, — sitting in the back room in Eighth Street, him and old Radinov and Hirsch and O'Reilly and the rest, with all the doors shut and the windows shut and their eyes and ears and minds shut up tight, trying to keep the war out. They're old men, doctor, and they must cling to yesterday, and to tomorrow. They mustn't see today. They must

ignore today. Today is the tragic interruption. They too ask nothing but to wake up and find it isn't so. All their lives they've been straining forward to see the ineffable dawn of the Day of Man, calling for the Commune and the red barricades of revolution. The barricades! Yesterday, it seems to them now, they were almost in sight of the splendid dawn — the dawn of the Day of Barricades. And then this war, this thing they call a "rich man's plot" to confound them, hold them up, turn to ashes all the fire of their lives. All they can do is sit in a closed room with their eyes shut and wait till this meaningless brawl is done. And then, tomorrow — tomorrow — some safely distant tomorrow (for they're old men) — tomorrow, the barricades! And that's queer. That's queer.'

'Queer?'

'It seems to me that for days now, for weeks and months now, there's been no sound to be heard in all the length and breadth of the world but the sound of barricades.'

The voice trailed off into nothing.

To the doctor, charging slowly back and forth along the near deck, his hands locked behind him and his face bent slightly over his breast, there came a queer sense of separation, from Hallett, from himself, his own everyday acts, his own familiar aspirations, from the ship which held him up in the dark void between two continents.

What was it all about, he asked himself over and over. Each time he passed the shadow in the companionway he turned his head, painfully, and as if against his will. Once he stopped squarely at the foot of the cot and stood staring down at the figure there, faintly outlined, motionless and mute. Sweat stood for a moment on his brow, and was gone in the steady onrush of the wind. And he was used to death.

But Hallett had fooled him. He heard Hallett's whisper creeping to him out of the shadow: —

'That's a bright star, doctor.'

'IN PRODUCTION'

BY ALINE BERNSTEIN

I

THERE is an enormous amount of work involved in any theatrical production — hard, intensive work by a great many people. The curtain rises on a play, and the audience looks at the section of life unfolding on the stage, totally unaware of the hours of grueling physical effort, the anguish and the heartaches, that have gone into the finished production. In spite of the praise and the blame, the ups and the downs, there is an unparalleled delight in making that magic which we of the theatre create for you of the audience. We do not create life, we re-create it, always translated from realism through the dramatic idiom into illusion. Everything is selected and intensified through the filter of theatrical art, into the effect of a reality greater than reality itself. The author, the director, the producer, the actor, and the designer are a combination all working together toward that end, and it is a hard pull. There is no such thing as an easy production, but there are very difficult ones, and some are not so difficult as others. Considering the variety of mind and temperament in all concerned, it is a wonder that any production is successfully finished. It takes strength to be an artist, great strength to be a scene designer.

My own business has been the designing of scenery and costumes for the theatre. This is how I proceed with my work from the time I receive a script until the rise of the curtain on the opening night.

A manager writes, telegraphs, or telephones that he has a play to produce, and he thinks I am the person to design the production. Usually I drop in at his office to pick up the script, and we have some talk about it before reading; sometimes the script is sent to me; in any case, I promise to read the play within a short time, and tell him my reaction. There I strike one of the pitfalls of our profession, the same thing that comes time and time again to the actor. It is difficult to say that a play is poor if it gives me a fine chance to design, just as it is difficult for an actor to turn down a play when it has a fine acting part.

I do not always refuse to design a play because I do not think it is great; many plays are good enough to deserve production and a run, but it does not always follow that the good plays are successful and the poor ones fail. It is a great temptation to think a play is good when I can do ancient Egypt, or Persia, or eighteenth-century England, baroque Austria or the Palace of the Czar, a nice problem in stage mechanics or a room whose character leaps to my vision as sure as the memory of my childhood home. We work for our audience, but I work for myself as well. I think that what I like, what I believe is beautiful and right, what I design and strive to perfect, will also please those in front. I was fortunate enough to begin my work at the Neighborhood Playhouse, one of the three art theatres that came into

being in New York at about the same time. The other two were the Washington Square Players (now the Theatre Guild) and the Provincetown Theatre. Those theatres created their own audiences and set a standard of acting, designing, and playwrighting that Broadway has followed, and the profession of scene designer as it exists today started in those three organizations.

I read the script — first a general reading, then a second and more careful reading for design. This does not mean that I have no mental picture of the play at first — it often springs to my mind like a magic lantern; but the plan works out only on a more careful reading, a consideration of the action of a play. Before I make any drawings I return to the office, make my own business arrangements, work on budgets for building, painting, costumes and properties, and begin a series of consultations with director and author. I have worked on plays where author and director are one; sometimes the author and the director work together on the play. I find generally that the author has definite ideas of his own about the setting of the stage, and will give a description of the layout and placing of furniture in his script. It is not always the plan that is used; sometimes I think of a better one, sometimes the director has a plan in mind; and it is the director who has the final decision on everything.

My first piece of work is to draw up a number of ground plans; to set the entrances and exits, the doors, windows, fireplace, and general placing of furniture, so that the movement of the play may be established. We have to make an entire room, with three walls instead of four. Scenery encloses the space upon the stage in which the play is performed, and creates the mood and character of the place in which the author has put his action. I make the ground plans first, then the elevations, then the color samples. No two designers work the same way. Many of them make sketches, but

I do not, because I find that sketches are unsatisfactory. I prefer to make a half-inch scale model for my director.

It is almost impossible in either a sketch or a model to give a perfect impression of the finished picture on the stage. What happens on the stage is alive — there is continuous movement through light and sound; and I am always faced with the fact that few people have visual imagination. My own mind is so constituted that I can see the picture complete in its detail with my inner eye. So, in the first stages of my work, I have to do a great deal of talking and explaining to the director. I have to make my intention sound beautiful; then I have to make my stage and costumes look as beautiful as I have made them sound. It is a constant battle with material.

After those first plans are made, I go back to the director and together we decide which is best. That is not so easy as it sounds. He thinks he sees a better way than mine, or I think I see a better way than his, or we work things out together. I like to have my color scheme ready at the same time. Now, of all phases of designing, the color is most personal. No two people in the world feel or see color the same. Every scene that I have ever designed has come to me in its color from the very beginning of the process of designing, and that color has always been part of the character of the scene, rather than an æsthetic value. Scene designing is not interior decorating. While the intention must always be of beauty, the beauty lies in fitness, in flexibility, and in characterization. Sometimes when I tell a director that I will paint the scene red, or green, or whatever it is, it sounds terrible to him, even when I show him a sample. So I have to tell him how it will look under the lights, how it will be modified and helped by the draperies and the pictures on the wall and the spotting of other color on furniture and props.

II

When we have come to a settlement, I begin the work of designing. If it is a period play, or a play whose locale is strange to me, I first do my research. I go to the arts of the time to find my material, to the paintings, the sculptures, ceramics, textiles, fashion books, illustrated periodicals, even funny papers — anything and everything that will give me what I want. There is a rich store of material in the libraries and museums of New York — not always easy to find, but it is there, and with patience and care it can be unearthed. This is a beautiful part of our work, and it is difficult not to spend too much time at it; one loses oneself in other ages, in distant countries, in wonder at the great variety and ingenuity of the expressiveness of man, and in the glory of art.

When I have the research material I need, I make my drawings. Perfect half-inch scale drawings are required for the builder, every measurement set down, specifications of material indicated, and, if stock mouldings are to be used, their numbers written in. There may be full-size detail of ornament made, and usually a larger scale drawing of fireplace and mantel — everything that will ensure no mistake in the building. It is wonderful, that first excitement of preparing the paper on the drafting table, sharpening up your pencils, laying out the drawing instruments, scale rule, T square, and triangles. The T square and triangle are perfect symbols of security; if they are in good order, they never let you down, they never tell a lie. You set your T square to the edge, draw your line, set your triangle to it, and you have your upright line and a perfect right angle, a fine simple statement of truth; and you build up your designs from there.

If it is a costume play, as soon as I have finished my work for the builder and painter I arrange to meet the actors to discuss costumes with them (I use the

word 'actor' as a general term, meaning both sexes) before making finished sketches. I may have made some preliminary sketches to show the style or period, but it has been my experience that it saves trouble in the long run to find out the actors' likes and dislikes, for the costumes are always Trouble. If the clothes are to be bought, we talk over characterization and preference of color, and decide on the most agreeable place to purchase the things.

When all technical drawings are finished, we begin the unpleasant job of estimating. I like to have three estimates on building and painting, and two from the costumers, including shoes and wigs. I go over plans and sketches with each firm, trying my best to cover the ground completely so that there will be no extras after the contracts are signed. That means time and patience, for there are many ways of interpreting a drawing, even a technical drawing. When all estimates are in, they are carefully considered by the manager and myself. The work does not always go to the lowest bidder. We give the contract sometimes to certain firms that we know can do the type of work best suited to our designs; particularly with the painters: one may be good at exteriors, another at wood graining, and another at the older style of painting, where long views in perspective or even objects are to be painted on the set.

When the contracts have been given out, I go over property lists. The property list means everything you see on the stage except the scenery and costumes. It means the carpet, rugs, furniture, the pictures on the walls, ornaments, flowers and flower containers, sofa pillows, lamps and lamp shades, wall brackets, candlesticks and chandeliers, cigarette boxes and ash trays (thousands of ash trays, for they have a habit of disappearing; I've bought so many cigarette boxes and ash trays that I have grown to hate the weed), trays for highballs, for cocktails, for sherry, for tea and coffee, for orange-

ades and lemonades and pineapple juice, various glasses and implements to go on the trays, cocktail shakers, decanters, cups and saucers, tea services and coffee services, and napery. Sometimes a meal is set out; then I have to get the whole works, except the food, which is the property man's responsibility and the perquisite of anybody when the curtain goes down. No two plays look the same, and each one has its own difficult prop problem, but the prop lists read alike with a few exceptions: when you have to find a sea gull, or something that makes a sound like the breaking of a harp string (try it!), or a vase that will shatter the same way, and infallibly, at every performance.

III

Three weeks, or at the most three and a half, from the time the play goes into rehearsal, my work has to be finished, and I have to deliver the production for a full scenic and dress rehearsal, with lighting. Time always crowds us, and time in our business is money. By dint of our special quality we stretch the days and hours so that they cover time and space, and our special quality means a pair of tireless feet, a pair of eagle eyes, an ability to go without sleep, and a mind capable of organizing work and dealing with the enormous variety of people with whom we have to come in contact.

I try to arrange my work so that my blueprints are at the builder's before rehearsal starts, and work is under way. I usually have an assistant who scouts for me, finds samples, makes my engagements, makes and takes telephone calls. If the production is small, I sometimes handle it alone, particularly if there are not many clothes to do.

Costumes take as much time as scenery and props, if not more. I select every piece of material I use, whether it is a costume I design or a piece of modern clothing, for I have made the color scheme for all costumes in their relation to each other and to the setting. I super-

intend all fittings, and that is the most exacting and trying work of the entire job. The director says I can have time for the actresses' fittings, but the time is either in the morning at nine-thirty — when they are half asleep and hardly know what they are looking at — or, worse still, at five or later in the afternoon, when they are worn out from a day's rehearsal, in no condition to stand up, and hate everything they see. However, I feel that I cannot give the costumes too much care. The actor's body is the actor's instrument. So I must do all I can to make that body comfortable and as beautiful as possible.

The hunt for props begins. I believe that is what keeps most of us in the business. I take my long list and my blueprints and mark where every prop is to go. This fixes each article in my mind, so that I need rarely look at the list again except to check up on small props, usually off-stage articles that are carried on during the action.

I go first for the sofa. There's always one, and sometimes two, or a settee. Now sofas are in every home, and one would imagine by the number of them on the market that this would be the easiest object on my list. No. It has to be low enough so that action backstage is not hidden, high enough and deep enough in the seat to fit the long leading man, shallow and low enough to fit the small leading lady, and all sizes between. It must seem to stand at right angles to the fireplace, but it really doesn't, for it must be more on stage. It must be a fine piece of color, because it is the most prominent article of furniture on the stage; yet it must be soft in tone, because many of the spotlights are focused on it and it must not shine out like a bald head in the sun; and it must be of a color to harmonize with whatever costumes sit on it.

I secure all the furniture, sometimes two or three pieces of each to choose from, and I take the director to see them, although he never has time. I also show

my director large samples of whatever drapery and furniture material I am using, as well as samples of costume material, so that he may actually see the color scheme.

The hunt for furniture and objects of character is fascinating; and the strangest thing is that, no matter what you need, it can always be found. Occasionally a piece of furniture has to be made, a sofa of peculiar dimensions or a table to fit a strange space, but generally everything can be found. There are one or two famous old places in New York where furniture may be rented for the run of a play, and in those places are many interesting pieces of character, particularly the Victorian pieces so much in vogue, and pieces that are worn and show the tone of time.

Any room that has been in use for a long time acquires a character that is inevitably its own. The colors in such rooms take on something from each other, as though there were an exchange of chemical particles. Walls and carpets, pieces of furniture, draperies and pictures, grow into an entity, and create a distinct relationship to each other. That is what I am concerned with when I am finding the furnishings for my stage rooms. I hunt and hunt, up and down Second Avenue and Third Avenue, Lexington, Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Avenues; it is good hunting, and when I track down a piece, when my eye lights on something that is just the shape and tone and color that I want, no big-game hunter ever bagged his lion with more delight. Sometimes I see something that might do, not really right but at a pinch might do — then my guardian angel holds me back. Invariably the right thing shows up. I get to know what's in a shop as soon as I have crossed the doorsill.

Then there are the property makers, those skilled and ingenious people who are stumped by nothing. Sometimes we cannot use the real thing, because it is too heavy or too costly, or no longer in

existence. They can make you a pot-bellied iron stove that you can lift with the thumb and forefinger of one hand; they can make you a library of unbelievably real-looking books; they can make you the emperor's throne and the ark of the covenant, a human skeleton, or a featherweight ball and chain.

I have worked myself into a fever of worry when on nearly the last day I have not found an important article. There is always one thing that is elusive and will cost me as many hours as all the rest together. A one-set show is in some ways more difficult than a show in many scenes, for everything that is needed for three acts must be on from the beginning. Occasionally something is added as the acts go along. I once had a play to do in one scene: *Clear All Wires*, by Sam and Bella Spewack. It was later made into the successful musical *Leave It to Me*. There was a lot of action. The set had three doors, and almost the entire back wall was a series of French windows opening on to a balcony; there was also a fireplace, which left little wall space for my furnishings. A scene in the last act, a singing lesson, needed a piano. There was no wall space for a piano, unless I could find a small old-fashioned upright that would fit in at the fireplace under the mantelpiece. It seemed foolish to look for one, but I always say that if you can think of something you can get it. The scene was in an old hotel in Moscow, and I had combed the town for furnishings: Boulle cabinets, heavily carved bulky furniture, oil paintings in ornate gold frames. I knew exactly the kind of piano I wanted — the kind you see in a Renoir painting, with brass candle sconces on each side of the music rack.

I went to all the known piano places, starting with Steinway's, hoping they would have such a relic stored away. Nobody had one. I went to the rental studios, I went to auction rooms and secondhand furniture stores in Manhattan and Brooklyn. I almost got one

at the Salvation Army depot, but it was too big and not pretty. Steinway's man, who was interested, telephoned me and told me of a warehouse in the east sixties near the river which stored nothing but pianos, from the year one, he said. It was an old brick building six stories high, bulging with every kind of piano. I found what I wanted, the exact size to fit under the mantel. It was ebony, with florid carving on the legs, and candle sconces like the Renoir painting, and behind the pierced front board was gathered a piece of faded green silk.

We telephoned for a truck and I waited for it and rode back to the Times Square Theatre beside the truck driver, my treasure safe with me. I watched it being hauled up the alley and put where it belonged. I was hot and filthy, my dress was ruined; it was a torrid day at the end of August — in fact, that day there was an eclipse of the sun. Everyone was pleased; so the director decided to go on with the singing-lesson scene. The man who played the singing professor sat down at the piano, struck a chord, and the smile came off my face. The piano did not play!

I walked out to the alley that led from the stage door to Forty-second Street and I cried. The electrician was an old friend of mine and followed me out. He put his arm across my shoulder and said, 'Here, girl, take a look at the eclipse through this, and then pianos'll make no difference.' He gave me a square of blue glass. A man standing by said to me, 'When you are finished, Mrs. Bernstein, can I have a look?' His face was familiar, but I could not place him, and I told him so. 'Oh,' he said, 'I see you while I hang around during rehearsals. I lead the orchestra in the theatre; I play the piano.' He never got the glass. I rushed him in and showed him my trouble. By the next day the piano was playing, not too perfectly, but with just the right tinny sound.

The rental studios are gold mines, each floor like a Freudian dream. Everything

that you have ever forgotten in your life is there. I have seen a plaster bust of Abe Lincoln on top of a melodion inside a sedan chair, with a pile of raw gilded harps on the roof of the chair. I've seen a couple of artificial legs draped over the horns of a stag head and dozens of papier-mâché beer steins stacked around a spinning wheel. There are hundreds of chairs and tables that look like nothing at all, unless it is just what you want; old pictures, old drapes, old carpets, frayed old pieces of rich fringe, and papier-mâché ducks.

Many managers sell their props to these studios when their plays close, but some managers have their own warehouses, where they keep their fine pieces of furniture, lamps, and so forth. I have paid a great deal of money for some pieces of furniture — as high as \$2500 for a French writing table. It was in *The Firebird*, for Gilbert Miller, starring Judith Anderson; and I have furnished a stage with authentic American antiques in the Theatre Guild's production of Sidney Howard's *Ned McCobb's Daughter*, with Alfred Lunt. Those were exceptional cases, for exceptional managements. The pieces are used again in plays, once in a while rented out to other managers.

Through the seasons I become so familiar with available props that I recognize them. When the curtain rises on a scene my eye catches the console table I used in *Camille*, for Eva Le Gallienne, at the Civic Repertory; or the old rocking chair from Elmer Rice's *We the People*, or the girandoles from Phil Barry's *Animal Kingdom* for Gilbert Miller, starring Leslie Howard; or the three gilt chairs and the Biedermeier mirror I used in the Guild's *Reunion in Vienna* for the Lunts; or the highboy from Lillian Hellman's *Children's Hour* for Herman Shumlin, or the bar furniture I designed for his *Grand Hotel*. It goes on from season to season. They are like old friends, only they have this advantage: they cannot bore you with reminiscences,

and their hair is not so gray that you get a twinge in your heart at the passage of time. About ten years ago I bought some portraits in a secondhand shop in Brooklyn for a production of Tolstoi's *Living Corpse*. They were good paintings, one rather early one, and a pair of small portraits of man and wife of about 1850. I have seen those pictures practically every year since that play closed, and the woman's portrait was recently in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

IV

This is a sample day, when I am working on one production; multiply it when I do more than one. I am on my way by nine, sometimes by eight-thirty. My first stop is at the builder's if my stuff is still there, so that, if any questions need to be settled, there is the whole day ahead. My blueprints, with their exact measurements, give all the information to the builder; still there are generally some small matters to be seen to. I always go through a stage in the building where I am afraid I have drawn up the doors too short. It is horrible, and usually wakes me up at home about 5 A.M. when I am nowhere near a blueprint.

If the building is finished, my first stop is at the painter's. That is a job that needs more supervising. When I make my color notes, close as they are to what I want, they are only a starting point for the painter. We proceed from there. If the scene is painted in a wallpaper, I have selected my pattern and had the stencils made. We do not use real wallpaper on scenery. It would be out of scale, not fireproof, and monotonous. We get a much finer and more real effect by painting the design on canvas; we can shadow the corners and carry a lovely tone up to the cornice.

The painters make large color samples for me as near like my own as possible. I watch the scene painting every day, going sometimes a second time when I want to see what certain changes will

look like. Then I worry about how it will look on the stage.

After that I call at the costumer's to look at samples, or the cut of something; then I try to get to the theatre before rehearsal begins in order to check up with the stage manager. Sometimes my assistant does this for me. I stop at the flower maker's to put in my order or see how it is coming. I go to several places that rent lamps and fixtures, to see what they have. Character lamps are growing harder to find, also chandeliers, and at times they have to be made to order. I am not satisfied with all my drapery materials, so I make the rounds of the fabric houses; then the department stores, for they often have a splendid assortment. While I am there, I go through all the departments that are likely to have any stuff I may need. I may be able to pick up a lamp, and certainly can find some of the thousand ash trays and cigarette boxes I need. Then I look in the furniture department, particularly where they keep the little tables, for halfway through rehearsals the director always needs an extra little table to hold some extra little cigarette box and ash trays.

By now it is one o'clock, and I go to the costumer's while the cast breaks up for their lunch; a couple of the men have promised to come and get in a fitting. They never mind it if they have time, and we send out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee for them. About two, I make time for some lunch, but it is more of a rest than a meal, and I have a chance to do some thinking and go over the prop list in my mind. Then out on the hunt, looking, looking, sometimes finding nothing in a whole afternoon, sometimes rounding up almost the entire setup. I've been in as many as twenty shops in an afternoon; it is tiring, but there is so much that is interesting to see that I forget I have a body and only think of aching feet when I am at home. You realize that the city of New York is an extraordinary market; it is a repository

of goods from the entire world and from all ages. In my search I have reached sections of the city I should never otherwise have seen, inhabited by all nations of the world.

I have a fitting for the leading lady at five, either at the costumer's or at the dressmaker's, and try to be there a few minutes ahead to make sure everything is ready. There is never enough time for these fittings. I have fancied an Elysian world where all the costumes would be ready so that they might be worn during rehearsal and the actors might grow into their clothes as they do into their parts. So many elements enter into the costumes: my own idea and design of the character, the author's, the actress herself, with her decided predilections and her fixed conception of her personal appearance, and the costumer, who can turn a trying occasion into a pleasure, or vice versa. We take until six or later; sometimes I have several actors at one time for fittings. Then it is a circus. I would rather do anything in the world than go through those trying hours. If the things turn out well, I am rewarded. It is the only part of my work that I dislike.

I go home tired, looking forward to a hot bath and clean clothes. I am getting into the tub, or already in it, or just getting out of it, when the telephone rings. The stage manager calls up and says the director would like me to come down to the theatre tonight; there will be a run-through of the play, and he is not quite sure if that grouping of furniture stage left is going to work out. Maybe we shall have to use something different; possibly, instead of the settee, he thinks two chairs and a small table between (for cigarette box and ash trays) might be more flexible. I've worn out a pair of shoes trying to find that settee, and it is already at the upholsterer's being covered with the only five yards in New York of just the plum-colored silk I want. While he talks I try to remember what else I have seen that will tone in

with my chintz, and who might like to use my Boston Symphony tickets for tonight.

The rehearsal drags out until midnight or later, and we find after all that the settee will do and I might have been listening to the Beethoven fourth. Only I do find that I've made a mistake in my costume colors, for I can't have the leading lady and the sweet young thing both on the stage at the same time in blue. That means getting on the telephone tomorrow by nine o'clock.

V

That is an average day. I have them much harder, when things go wrong, and I realize the fallibility of human nature. The worst are the days the scenery and props are hauled in, the scene set up, dressed, lit, and viewed by the management; worst of all is dress rehearsal.

The truck goes for scenery at eight-thirty, and if there are not many sets it is at the theatre by noon. The props are called for at the same time, and the property man has the list and checks the stuff as it arrives. The electricians hang the lights, the carpenters set the scene, and I work with the property men on the dressing — that is, placing furniture, hanging pictures, putting up the curtains, arranging the flowers, and setting out those ash trays. Then we are ready to light.

The director promises that he will not come in until we are all set, but invariably he breaks his promise and runs over to the theatre around four to have a look when all is confusion. The bare walls are just up, no door frames or windows in place, props piled up and looking awful; the set seems a horrid color without lights; the cyclorama is just hung and not stretched, and somebody has folded it up into squares like a fresh pocket handkerchief instead of rolling it on a pole like a real sky. The walls look too high, the doors too short and wide, the color too crude or too soft,

and I wonder what I have been doing all those long weeks.

It is wonderful to watch the set take shape and order come out of confusion, to see the place take on the reality that has lived with me so long in my mind's eye — the colors, the pictures on the walls, just as they should be, the fine accents of lamps and ornaments and flowers. It is hard to say how long a time we spend on the technical setup of the stage; it all depends on the amount of scenery, the number of changes, and how few things go wrong. It is my business to see that everything is so well made that nothing can go wrong. Unfortunately, things happen sometimes. The scenery is all set up at the builder's before it goes to be painted, to check up on the joints, the fit of the cornice, the working out of doors, windows, platforms, and staircases. But the surface of the stage is always different from the floor of the builder's shop. Most theatres are old, and the stage floors are worn and have sagged. Certain old theatres in cities on the road have been built with the floor raking up toward backstage a full foot. All that plays havoc with our carefully fitted joints. The staircases shake, the doors are out of plumb and will not stay shut, and the scenery trembles like an aspen leaf at every entrance; and there are other troubles almost impossible to foresee.

I have known the wrinkles *not* to come out of the cyclorama, and I have known a too tightly sewed seam to appear in the centre of the sky after three days of hanging — the painter and I worked on that seam every minute we could have the stage until eight o'clock of the opening night. Places on the scene where the spotlights hit will need toning down, and somebody's dress will look blue on one side of the stage and violet on the other; props will break or disappear, and silver trays will always make a Tinker Bell light, dancing over everything. You tone it down with soap or get a wooden tray. It all takes time,

and in the scene-designing business there are only forty-eight hours a day.

I have used the word 'magic.' It is the lights that are the touch of the wand. Lighting takes hours and infinite patience. It must be plotted ahead, but in the end is always arrived at by trial and error. We have to light the actors so that they are visible to the last row in the gallery and no action is lost, yet keep the set fine. Light is enormously valuable for creating a mood and for setting the time of day; light is the atmosphere. During the process of lighting, I have seen the most beautiful moments, effects that are lost to us forever, while the men are working at the switchboard. It is the dramatic, the casual beauty of life itself. I have seen the same thing happen with people, too, during a rehearsal. A scene will be repeated again and again, then the rehearsal will stop and the actors relax and they will fall into groups and attitudes of perfect grace. There are such extraordinary things to see on the working side of the theatre.

We have no way of judging in advance the exact amount of time it will take to light a play. No two stages light the same way, and each play has its own problems. An experienced electrician, with good flexible equipment, plenty of lamps and mediums, and an experienced designer and stage manager, can get through in a reasonable amount of time. I have often stayed up the entire night so that the stage may be ready for a dress rehearsal the following day. We can arrive at the final lighting only after the cast has gone through the play with costume and make-up. The stage may be beautifully lit, all the colors and forms of my design brought out, yet there will be areas too light or too dark, spots where we cannot seem to make light appear. It is here, at this point in the work, that the director and designer come to blows! Of course the director wins, but we try our best to agree. It is tricky, it is subtle; and no scenery, no costumes, however good, will stand up

under poor lighting. I must repeat, it is the magic of the art of scenic design.

The costumes may have looked well in the fitting rooms, I may have given them my best attention, but I always go through the same fear when the actors come on stage for their dress parade. Even when they are lovely, I go through the same nervous tension; then I wonder why I ever went into this crazy business, when I could be wrapping up packages in a store or selling goods over a counter, or sweeping up some nice lady's floors. A great deal of opinion is expressed, audibly, for and against, and with little care for anybody's feelings, and every variety of human taste is rampant. The actors feel strange; they are not used to the clothing of their characters, and sensitive to what others think. Clothes have a strange way of changing their value when they come on the stage, and I have had a shock, at times, myself. When they are right, when they are beautiful, and the characters come together and pass, and accentuate and modify each other, as I have planned, my anguish subsides and I am happy. There are usually changes to be made, some slight, occasionally a drastic one. It is hard for me to find I have made a mistake; just as hard for me to be forced to make a change against my own judgment. The director has the last word, and if he insists, I must do as he says. Another of my difficulties is to try to keep an actress satisfied with a fine, becoming costume when her husband, or her sister or her cousin or her aunt or her best friend, says she looks terrible in it.

During the days between dress rehearsal and opening, I am working over my set and costumes all the time. There are small things that may be improved, lamps changed about, lighting made finer, more flowers bought, maybe an extra bit of furniture to fill a space that looks empty (for every director, like nature, abhors a vacuum), or changes in

costume. That is what scenic and dress rehearsals are for. No matter what is wrong, if the idea is right, the fault can be remedied. We have the most wonderful people working in the technical departments of our theatre, men and women who are superb craftsmen and who never let you down. You ask the impossible of them, and the impossible is accomplished. Those sofas that never fit the actors: our wonderful upholsterers take the stuffing apart and make them as high or low, as wide or narrow, as needed, in a few hours between rehearsals. Our wonderful painters will come and add a hundred years of smoking around a fireplace, or the travel stains of a generation to the walls of a railway station in less time than it takes a Junior League miss to have a shampoo and wave. Our wonderful costumers will refit, dye, or even make an entirely new costume overnight — when they are overworked and ready to drop. Our electricians, the magicians, will try and try and try again to light that place that has defied lighting, or work to get a shadow off the wall. People all over the world have asked me if I do not meet a lot of interesting people in the theatre. I do. And the workmen I find the most interesting of all.

In the short space of time that it takes to complete a theatrical production are contained all the elements of an ordinary life — its agonies and disappointments, its pleasures and joys, its desires and creative longing, and its final accomplishment. You cannot do it unless you have the passion for it burning in your breast. Each play is a little life. There is a moment at the opening night when the house lights are down, the footlights come up and illumine the edge of the curtain. Then the curtain rises, everything is in its place, the lights bathe the scene in beauty — that moment is worth everything. I feel I have conquered the world!

THE DRIFT IN THE PACIFIC

BY HAROLD S. QUIGLEY

I

THE open-door doctrine is older than the Monroe Doctrine. When Admiral Taussig, speaking recently before the committee on naval affairs of the Senate, said that he did not 'see how we can escape being forced into an eventual war in the Far East' he was expressing an opinion formed after careful thought and scholarly study of the long history of our Far Eastern policy. He may have had in mind also the dictum of the German military historian Clausewitz, that war is but the final argument of diplomacy. The rights and interests of the United States are bound up by a century of diplomacy with an independent China, those of Japan with one or more dependent Chinese states. If two great states are to avoid war under these circumstances, one or both must give way. There is no sign at present of yielding on either side.

The 'open door' was not invented by John Hay, nor by any of his advisers, nor by those who advised his advisers. Ever since our first merchant vessels entered the port of Canton in 1784 we have insisted upon equality of rights in commercial relations with the states of Eastern Asia. In terms of treaty law we have demanded the status of most favored nation in the Orient as well as in the Occident. This phrase has a tone of superiority about it that is untrue to its real meaning. Commercial treaties which embody the clause simply guarantee that no third state shall be admitted by either party to a more favored position

than the treaty provides for the signatory states. The open-door doctrine is the most-favored-nation clause in a dress suit. The dramatic incidents of the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion have emphasized the application of the policy in relations with China, but it applies equally to Canada, to France, or to the Netherlands Indies.

In the 1890's Senator Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt persuaded President McKinley to take the Philippines. In his instructions to the American commissioners who made peace with Spain, McKinley wrote: 'Incidental to our tenure of the Philippines is the commercial opportunity to which American statesmanship cannot be indifferent. It is just to use every legitimate means for the enlargement of American trade; but we seek no advantages in the Orient which are not common to all. Asking only the open door for ourselves, we are ready to accord the open door to others.' Thereafter the term 'open door' became the vernacular for the more formal phrase 'equality of opportunity' used in Secretary Hay's famous notes and in treaty after treaty, and most completely elaborated in the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington. That it was an effective ally of American interests is apparent in the growth of our China trade to the value of \$371,454,000 (Chinese) in 1936, when it exceeded that of any other country.

The integrity of China's territory and government was recognized by the Amer-

ican government as a condition essential to the desired equality of treatment many years before the Boxer Rebellion. The necessity was underlined in 1900 because of the scramble of Japan and certain European powers for Chinese territory between 1894 and that year. 'Integrity' and 'open door' became complementary ideas; as Secretary Hughes said at the Washington Conference: 'These principles have been called coördinate, but they are, in effect, different aspects of the same principle. . . . The distinction between the two phases of this question would therefore seem to be one of relative emphasis rather than kind.'

President Taft and Secretary Knox tried seriously but ineffectually to apply the doctrine on behalf of American bankers. Their plans were foiled partly by the bankers, partly by other powers, and partly by President Wilson. Wilson, however, set a precedent for President Hoover in the non-recognition notes of 1915 challenging the iniquitous Twenty-one Demands by which Japan sought to slip her yoke over China's bent shoulders. Harding and Hughes at the Washington Conference aided China to regain Shantung and persuaded the powers to accept a charter of self-restraint, the Nine-Power Treaty. Hoover and Stimson refused to recognize the statehood of Manchukuo; Roosevelt and Hull continued that refusal and took the same line in relation to the new government of Wang Ch'ing-wei at Nanking. Republicans and Democrats in unending sequence have supported the open door.

History, then, justifies a prophecy that we will maintain this double-barreled doctrine of equality for our business relations with an independent China. As the road gets more precipitous we put on more power. This country never has fought for the open door. We have never felt the necessity of fighting. The new elements in the situation are the apparent determination of Japan to dominate the Chinese state and

the apparent power of Japan to carry out that determination. Japan's announced purpose to brook no independent relations between China and foreign states offers no visible ground for compromise.

The United States has done little more than protest Japan's conquest of a fourth of the Chinese empire. We have stood by while millions of Chinese people, combatant and civilian, have been killed, billions in property values destroyed. The principal cities and railways and the entire coast line of China are now in Japanese hands. All but a fraction of the national revenues are being collected under Japanese supervision. The National Government of China is a refugee régime in the southwest, supported by a Communist army in the northwest only because the Communist leaders have the cause of national salvation at heart. Despite these hard facts, China still stands, recognized by all powers, including Japan. Three fourths of her territory within the Great Wall is unoccupied by enemy forces. Half of her people live in the unoccupied area. The national spirit is more vigorous than ever. The ablest statesmen, military officers, scientists, and engineers are loyal to the government of the Kuomintang. The peasantry, in guerrilla armies and industrial coöperatives, is a solid mass of resistance to the invader.

A rival government claiming national scope and prerogative has been established under Japanese auspices at Nanking. Wang Ch'ing-wei, a lifetime follower of Sun Yat-sen and member of the Kuomintang, is head of this government. Wang claims that he is demanding not position only but power. He refuses to be called a puppet. If Wang fails to get power, or if, installed in office under promise of power, he is treated as a puppet, he may, if he escapes assassination, abscond or commit suicide. If he gets power, China is saved. If he remains as a puppet, or if a weaker man accepts office, the country will not sup-

port him and Japan will have to increase her military effort to reduce the people by force. At best, however, the National Government cannot hope, by itself, to do more than hang on to the remote, poverty-stricken western provinces.

II

Although the open-door doctrine and its corollary principle of an independent Chinese state provide the dominant figures in the pattern of Chinese-American relations, there are other significant motives that have been woven harmoniously into the fabric. Humanitarian ideas, spread principally by missionaries, have stimulated a unique regard for the Chinese people, particularly in the Middle West; from that region missionaries are sent out in considerable numbers, and their constant contact with the home congregations has kept the cause of Christianity in China before a stratum of the population that is normally disinterested in foreign affairs. Naïve in their attitude toward the non-humanitarian objectives of national policies, they are highly susceptible to appeals to their sympathies, particularly when these appeals come from representatives of the church. The influence of this great idealistic element, slow to comprehend the danger to its interests but moving with the power of a moral crusade when it does identify a cause, may hardly be overestimated.

Another historical motive has been the interest of the American government and people in the spread of republicanism and federalism. The United States was the first to accord recognition to the Chinese Republic, doing so in opposition to the wishes of Japan, where it was believed that the Chinese were not suited to or prepared for a republic. Hundreds of Chinese now prominent in the political and business world were educated in American colleges in China and in the United States. These men may not represent the ideas of the Chi-

nese people as a whole, but they do represent, in fact they are, the reformist China, the Kuomintang. Between them and American officials, business men, and teachers the bonds of mutual respect and regard are numerous and strong.

Americans have had an important share in China's political development during the past thirty years. Goodnow, Reinsch, Baker, Young, Cleveland, Johnson, Arnold, and Willoughby are a few of the more notable among Americans who have, either as salaried advisers or as friendly consultants, conveyed American experience and technical knowledge to the Chinese. Teachers in American universities have been more than casually interested in the thousands of Chinese students completing their training here. Not only has this relationship been a stimulus in scientific work; the personal friendships formed between teacher and student and between American and Chinese students have added a warm human interest in the subsequent careers of individuals which tends to foster a sympathetic attitude toward their country.

American enthusiasm for democracy as an exportable commodity is quite as keen as that of the Third International for the world-wide spread of Communism. This is now being challenged in China both by Communism and by Japan's 'holy war' to convert the Chinese to something resembling its own *Kodo*, the cult of the 'divine' imperial dynasty. In this country, the interest in democracy supplements appreciably the humanitarian concern for the preservation of China's integrity and her people's freedom.

Hector Bywater, an Englishman of considerable reputation as a naval strategist, said in 1935, in *Pacific Affairs*, 'It is in the last degree improbable that Japan would undertake any large offensive against the American mainland or even Hawaii. To do so would be to dissipate its forces and play right into American hands. . . . Japan would be mad to attempt any big stroke across

the Pacific.' His view is supported by American authorities. There is a popular fear in the United States, nevertheless, that if Japan brings the resources and man power of China into her empire, our western coast will be vulnerable to her resulting naval and air power. Wherefore American opinion adds to our concern for China and China's economic development a desire to maintain a balance of power in the Orient that will assure our own immunity from attack.

The implications of this motive extend beyond the assumed danger to our shores. The protection of the Philippines remains an American obligation at least until July 4, 1946, and the bill introduced into the Senate with Presidential backing early in 1939, by which the President would be authorized to enter into an executive agreement with the President of the Philippines extending the period of preferential trade relations until the end of 1960, would, if passed, extend correspondingly the duration of our political interest in the independence of the Islands. Beyond that objective lies our dependence upon the East Indies and Malaya for rubber, tin, and other essential industrial commodities.

Last but not least among the desiderata of America's Far Eastern policy is the preservation of a great nation's prestige. President Wilson was proved wrong when he said, 'We are too proud to fight.' On the contrary, a great country may be too proud not to fight. The emotional potential that is latent in our century-old open-door doctrine, our assurance of inexhaustible resources and power, our sensitiveness to slight by a smaller state's challenge to our rights, and our oft-voiced devotion to international law and order are dry tinder for the spark of appeals to national honor.

III

Until the Russo-Japanese War revealed Japan's power and continental ambitions, the American people were

more cordial and the American government more helpful toward the Japanese than toward the Chinese. The former were more like ourselves, more efficient, more pushing, and more successful in adapting our ideas to their circumstances. All the unpleasantness of the subsequent years has not extinguished that mutual admiration. And the expansion of Japanese-American trade, which has for many years shown a balance in our favor, to the point where Japan is our third-best customer, has been an effective stimulant to friendship. Though in smaller numbers, American missionaries in Japan have played the same rôle as their colleagues in China. Japanese students have sat in the same classes with Chinese in our universities.

Racial antagonism and industrial and financial competition have contributed to the development of the crisis in Japanese-American relations. Our immigration legislation and naturalization policy express an attitude which the Japanese interpret as unneighborly discrimination, if not contempt. Our tariffs on cheap textiles, rubber goods, and so forth, seem to them unfair in the light of our large favorable balance of trade with Japan. These factors seem insignificant to us, as in fact they are in terms of numbers of individuals affected and amount of trade involved. To the Japanese, however, they stand as repudiation of our democratic doctrines of equality and justice. To them the Monroe Doctrine and the open-door doctrine are self-given charters of imperialism. The former, in their eyes, controls the economic policies of Latin America, the latter that of China. They believe that Occidental capital is determined to develop China — not private capital only, but that of such governmental agencies as our Export-Import Bank. That these may be misconceptions of America is less important than that they are entertained.

Today we have no commercial treaty with Japan and have moved a little way along the road to war with that country

by official suggestion of a 'moral' embargo upon certain types of military supplies. A vigorous lobby is besieging Congress to come out openly against Japan with whatever action may be needed to frustrate her policy in China. Our navy is concentrated in the Pacific, and is being expanded rapidly. Our air force likewise is attaining wartime proportions. Between us and Japan still stands the fundamental issue of the independence of China.

The degree to which the open door, like the Monroe Doctrine, has been shielded by British sea power was revealed sharply by the heightened tension in our relations with Japan that followed the exposure of British vulnerability by the German conquest of the Netherlands. The withdrawal from Flanders placed the British Isles in the greatest peril and removed all possibility of effective British naval action in the Pacific. For the United States the immediate consequence of these events was the assumption of a new responsibility, the support of the neutrality of the Netherlands East Indies. It is well known that Japanese naval and industrial leaders have for many years regarded the wealthy Dutch islands as within their orbit of expansion. Deprived of British protection, the colony would succumb quickly to Japanese attack unless this country were prepared to guarantee its integrity. Secretary Hull's public statement of April 17, 1940, in which he said that 'intervention in the domestic affairs of the Netherlands Indies or any alteration of their *status quo* by other than peaceful processes would be prejudicial to the cause of stability, peace, and security not only in the region of the Netherlands Indies but in the entire Pacific area,' was a warning to which the location of the American fleet at Hawaii added vigor.

If any European power, or if the United States, were minded to take over the East Indies 'for the duration,' Japan would resent and oppose such action. She takes third place, following the

Netherlands and the United States, in the trade of the islands. Political prestige, strategic interests, and other considerations are as important to Japan in this connection as to any other power. Moreover, free access to the oil, rubber, and tin of the colony would be crucial to Japan if American markets should be closed to her. Whatever else her imperialists may want, however, Japan will hardly put other ambitions ahead of her primary object of forcing a satisfactory settlement in China. So long as our fleet remains in the Pacific and our markets remain open, it is unlikely that Japan will strike.

Since the outbreak of the Far Eastern war, the American government has been in a dilemma: should we aid China by an embargo on oil to Japan, thereby inviting an attack upon the Indies, or should we continue to supply Japan and thus help to assure her 'New Order in East Asia'? Neither alternative was pleasant. On the one hand, we needed Japan's trade, and on the other we could only prevent the seizure of the Indies by fighting. We have so far avoided the plunge into economic sanctions, contenting ourselves with the thought that moral and financial support to China would enable her to hold out long enough to obtain a satisfactory peace with an exhausted Japan. Greatly pleased with our moderation, Japan proceeded as rapidly as possible to close the open door into eastern China. Whereupon we countered by abrogating our commercial treaty with her, but continued to trade as though the treaty were still in force. As we were gathering courage for more effective measures the *Blitzkrieg* in Europe came to Japan's aid, compelling careful reconsideration of our position in both oceans.

IV

Japanese editors are charging that the United States is casting an imperialistic eye upon the Indies. We can refute them by pointing to our renunciation of the

Philippines. But temporary protective custody, established by 'peaceful processes,' — to use Mr. Hull's term, — would be a fateful step, since the Netherlands is now legally under German rule and the Indies share the legal status of the mother country. The American, British, and Japanese governments have declared their satisfaction with the *status quo*, but without reference to Germany's relation to it. Should Germany sign a treaty with Holland relinquishing direct rule in return for colonial territory, her legal title to the colony would be valid. To support an independence movement in the Indies or to recognize a new state there would be betting that Germany will lose the war. American concern over the Indies makes sense only on the supposition that Germany will be defeated and that Holland will be restored in Europe and in her colonies. Neither to us nor to Great Britain or France would there be any advantage in a Nazi East Indies instead of a Japanese colony there.

Our announced intention to support the *status quo* in the Indies adds appreciably to the danger of war with Japan. In relation to Germany, Japan will have the alternatives of alliance, with a promise of at least a share of the Dutch empire to bind the bargain, or an attempt to seize the islands for herself and thus to forestall such a division with a European power. It is worth noting that Japan's 'New Order' is designed for 'East Asia,' not for China only, and that the East Indies are regarded in Japan as part of East Asia. To those who are suggesting that this country should make its peace with Japan by sacrificing our China policy it may be pointed out that they are asking the impossible. Our position in the Pacific is incapable of separation into parts for bargaining purposes. If Japan is strong enough to force our capitulation respecting China, she is

strong enough to take the East Indies, the Philippines, and the remaining American territories in the western Pacific. She would not need to bargain with us. Our authority in Pacific diplomacy rests on our fleet, which must remain in the Pacific unless we are prepared to concede hegemony west of Hawaii to Japan.

Admittedly this judgment may underestimate Japanese appreciation of the importance of continued friendly relations with the United States. This country is Japan's best customer and the principal source of raw materials for her industry. It is her greatest potential supplier of capital for the economic enterprises she hopes to launch in a 'coöperative' China. The United States has no desire to thwart true Sino-Japanese coöperation or to obstruct Japan's access to markets and raw materials. Its protests against Japan's pressure upon France and Britain to close the Indo-Chinese and Burmese routes into 'Free China' are but restatements of rights, interests, and sentiments which Japan must consider. One may hope that these considerations will guide Japan. But one must doubt very strongly that they will.

With the necessities that may compel us to move the fleet into the Atlantic, I am not here concerned. The capacity of our fleet to defend our territories, rights, and interests in the Pacific is for naval experts to appraise. I may conclude only that the 'open door' is today but one aspect of our Pacific policy, destined to stand or fall according as we demonstrate or fail to demonstrate a combination of statesmanship and military strength competent to maintain the balance of power. Whether we *should* do so even if we *could* may already have been decided — in the affirmative. If not — the sands are running out.

LIFE IN A CONVENT

BY SISTER AGNES CLARE

CONVENT life to some people seems cold and austere, and they see no reason for its existence. They seek no information from reliable sources either because they are not interested or because they prefer to believe queer stories. That is too bad, for the truth is more wholesome and interesting.

Twenty years ago I entered this, a typical American convent, and am still here and very contented. These twenty years have passed with a rapidity that is startling. I sometimes wonder where I was and what I was doing while those seven thousand days went whisking by. If the next twenty years pass as quickly and pleasantly, I'm likely to be caught some day before Saint Peter trying to find a second in which to straighten my scapular before answering his questions.

I didn't enter the convent because I was lovesick; neither did I consider it the easiest way to live, fully realizing that it would be difficult to obey the will of another under the vow of obedience. I came because that was my way of showing God that I loved Him. Leaving home wasn't easy. My life had been sheltered, carefree, and content. I was what the girls of today term 'a softy.' Conscious of the fact that my absence at home would be keenly felt, and also that I had little with which to impress a large teaching community, I confided my worries to the outspoken Monsignor of our parish: 'I don't know how to sew; or clean; or cook; or how to teach. What do you suppose they will make me do?'

He smiled as he answered: 'Perhaps you can learn to feed the chickens.' I've learned, as this wise old priest inferred, that it makes little difference what work one does, for it is all Christ's work and that is the thing that counts.

I have no desire to serve God in any other way of life, but if I had I know, as every other Sister knows (has been taught), that dispensations can be and are granted to those who find out this is not their way to heaven. We are given several years of training in the novitiate before taking temporary vows, which are taken for three years. After that, perpetual vows are made. By that time one should be sufficiently acquainted with the life to know what is expected. Even after perpetual vows have been taken a Sister can be dispensed. Very few desire to be.

A blessing that comes in handy to everyone is a sense of humor. In a convent this gift is looked upon as one of the usual, not the unusual things, of life, for here, as in no other place, do trifling incidents take on a sense of the ridiculous. Most of the fun is not for public discussion. Perhaps the sophisticated world would not appreciate our naive good times, but if it could I am sure it would have a better appreciation of the human and divine in our living together for God.

Let me relate just one of many incidents. Ten of us were sent to open a new mission. The parish was under a heavy debt, and so in the Sisters' house we neither had nor expected luxuries. We

had good beds, with springs that were a joy, and enough straight-backed chairs so that we could all sit down at one time. After a few months, one of the kind parishioners donated a discarded davenport. We accepted it with outstretched arms and installed it in our community room with ceremonies befitting the return of the prodigal son. This piece of furniture was lean, long, and hungry-looking, with very little padding on its many brittle bones. Its middle had a pronounced dip, while both ends remained high up in the world. Once in a great while its muscles yearned for exercise, and our comfort was broken by a sharp, unexpected jab. We named this old friend 'Abe Lincoln,' and one of the Sisters interested in helping 'Abe' keep his figure made out a chart for the proper distribution of poundage. Alas! The chart was regularly forgotten when we raced in after our six o'clock supper for our hour of recreation before our hours of study.

'Abe' was soon to have a companion. Another member of the parish brought us a cherished antique which she did not wish to sell. It was a highly polished, short, tightly stuffed, blue-blooded settee. It forced one to sit up straight, for the incline was steep and slippery. We named this treasure 'Mrs. Abe' and placed her across from her threadbare mate. Their good and not so good qualities were frequently discussed. 'Mrs.' demanded respect. 'Abe' put one more at ease. 'Mrs.' was shown off to company, but 'Abe' was sought after a hard day in school. We held family council over their new clothes, even procured a new leg for 'Abe,' but at last had to say a sad farewell. Foolish? Childish? Perhaps it was, but it was a wholesome sort of childishness that helped create a family spirit.

There is, of course, a serious side to religious life that isn't at all humorous. Take the vow of obedience. My will has the nine lives of a cat. I keep on trying to drown them all, painfully or pain-

lessly, but I'm still, after twenty years, at the trying stage. Because I do try, I feel that blessings have come not only to me but also to my loved ones. Sorrow was surrounding my home. On the advice of others, I asked our kindly Mother Superior for a transfer from a distant mission to one of many much closer to home. She listened and then replied, 'Sister, considering such and such' (and her reasons were logical), 'I think you'd better return to Mars' (or a place that seemed to me to be about as near as Mars). The refusal was perfectly just. I realized that people in the world constantly accept like decisions as part of life's discipline. Nevertheless, it was with heavy heart that I turned to my Friend in the Tabernacle and asked Him to ease the sorrow at home. He kept me in suspense for a time, perhaps so that I'd better appreciate the answer when it came. For relief did come, and distance played a part in the accomplishment of my request.

It isn't always easy to live in harmony in a community. We are really only a very large family, each Sister with a personality different from that of every other. Members of families have their own peculiarities. No one is perfect. That so many individualities, gathered together from various environments, of different nationalities, old and young, sick and strong, and of all levels of education, can come together and live peaceably within close quarters, year after year, confirms one's belief that God in the Blessed Sacrament embraces us all.

There is a wholesome serenity about old nuns, and many live to be very old. My grade-school teacher wasn't young when she taught me. After these many years she isn't any younger, but she is still quite active — not teaching, but sewing and praying. After her day's work she settles herself with a book. Often she greets me with 'Get me a good story — not a love story, or a historical thing. When I want history I won't get it from a novel. Don't you know any

good mystery stories?' From her huge assortment of trifling treasures she recently fished out a yellowed paper, a penciled drawing of herself. Years ago she had demanded it from me, the artist, who was supposedly writing spelling at the time. She is a typical old nun, who is content to spend her remaining days praying for you and for me, and mending community pillowcases.

In community life we do many things together throughout the day. We pray, eat, and work by bells. There is a bell for rising, others calling us to Mass, to the recitation of the office, rosary, meals, and at night a bell for silence. At certain times during the day we are supposed to keep silence, not a silence that forbids any necessary conversation, but one that discourages small talk about the unnecessary trifles which often absorb much of one's time. It is queer how often happenings that seem very important at the moment dwindle down into almost nothing when just a few hours fill in the space between the event and the narration. Most of us need the slight restraint that silence holds. Then, too, there is a peace about silence that seems to bring God closer to our work. People who have sought relaxation in the vast open spaces have spoken of the feeling of being close to the Almighty. I wonder if it is the vast open space, or the calm, quiet listening in expectancy, that creates the impression.

Our meals are plain and plentiful, but not served in a fancy manner. Out-of-season dishes are not to be expected.

There is a sameness about institution meals which makes us more delighted over the little surprises of a 'feast day,' so when a festival day appears on the calendar and ushers in its special treats, we more than do our duty.

In my youth I insisted that the breast of a chicken was the only piece I could eat and not suffer untold anguish, and so I always received white meat. Now the only pang I have is one of joy when I place between my teeth any part of a chicken, tough or tender, young or old. My digestive system was, and still is, very good. It has not changed, but my demands have. Pancakes served to our large group, for instance, differ in lightness, warmth, and size from those served at your small family table; but, breakfast over and no pancakes remaining, I feel sure that both groups are equally well satisfied. Breakfast itself is soon forgotten in the preparation for the oncoming day.

My twenty years in the convent have been contented years, with many happy memories. I hope that my twenty or forty coming years will be undisturbed. Perhaps a religious persecution might rise within America. I sincerely hope not. I'd much prefer to feel sure that my last days are to be spent in my peaceful convent home, and, when my death comes, that I shall be surrounded by my Sisters singing that beautiful prayer, 'Salve Regina,' which is our 'Nunc Dimittis.' For the future I turn to God and ask for strength; for the past I turn to Him and say 'Thank You.'

TREES GROW

BY STANLEY F. HORN

I

THIRTY years ago the people of the United States woke up one morning and read in the daily papers the alarming announcement that they were standing right on the brink of a timber famine. The trees would all be gone in twenty years. Mr. Gifford Pinchot said so, and Mr. Pinchot was the Chief Forester of the United States. He was supposed to know what he was talking about, and unpleasant shivers ran up and down the spines of the American people as they pictured the cheerless life they and their children were doomed to lead in a country without trees. There was pretty general agreement that the days of the forests were definitely numbered.

Happily we have lived to discover that the outlook was not in fact quite so bleak and cheerless as depicted by the alarmists of thirty years ago. Back there about the turn of the century, however, there was hardly a newspaper reader who did not believe that by 1927, or 1932 at the latest, a tree would be just about as rare in the United States as in Iceland or China.

It was a dark prospect; but the dismal idea seemed to appeal to the popular imagination, and the furore created by this calamitous prediction did not die down for years — has not, indeed, totally died down yet. Mr. Pinchot was an able propagandist, and when he said famine he meant famine. He said it so loudly and so earnestly and so repeatedly that everybody — or nearly everybody — believed it; and some people still believe

that a timber famine is an imminent danger.

The indisputable sincerity of Mr. Pinchot's crusading fervor attracted enthusiastic and influential supporters. President Theodore Roosevelt dived headlong into the discussion with characteristic enthusiasm and abandon, swinging his Big Stick lustily in behalf of the Pinchot idea, and forest conservation overnight became a national issue. Everybody seemed to feel the necessity for getting into the argument in some way or other, whether he knew anything about the subject or not; and people began to feel that anybody who cut down a tree for any purpose was, on the face of things, a sort of malefactor.

Since every great crusade must have a personalized enemy to bear the brunt of the attack, the lumbermen of the country were by acclamation cast in the unpopular rôle of the villain in the play. They were the principal cutters down of trees, and by the chop-logic of the time they were naturally raised to the bad eminence of being the foremost enemies of the people. A man who mined coal or iron ore was merely developing and utilizing a great natural resource in the upbuilding of the nation; but a lumberman was a 'tree butcher' who was 'exploiting the forests for private gain,' and he was roundly denounced on every side. The conscienceless despoilers of the timber replaced Mark Hanna and other currently despised public enemies in the cartoons of the day; and the lumbermen of

that era occupied about the same malodorous niche in the public contumely as did the bankers a quarter of a century later.

The foresters of that time, proceeding on the easy but erroneous theory that the exhaustion of the forests was a mere matter of obvious arithmetical computation, insisted that the lumbermen and other private timber owners must be forced to do something to ensure a supply of timber for posterity; but the timber owners were frankly practical — perhaps a little callous — in their point of view. They had their capital invested in standing timber, and the only way they could liquidate their investment was to cut down the trees and convert them into marketable materials.

They were openly skeptical about forestry. Were any of the suggested conservation measures financially feasible as part of a business enterprise which must make a profit on its invested capital, they asked; but the professional foresters either evaded the issue or else admitted frankly that they hadn't thought of that. The lumbermen were insistent on emphasizing the necessity for their adherence to the profit motive in business, and shrugged off all emotional appeals to their sense of responsibility to posterity. 'Cut out and get out' was the blunt but expressive phrase describing the average lumber manufacturer's policy. It was a policy frankly devoid of vision or constructive concern for the future, but encouraged and aggravated by a system of voracious taxes and other factors which frequently made quick liquidation imperative. A forest was looked upon as a mine, to be worked out and abandoned when its merchantable material was exhausted.

Even twenty years ago, however, there were a few lumbermen who were beginning to wake up to the fact that it is unprofitable to try to make lumber out of trees below certain minimum diameters, and so they operated on the basis of taking out only the larger trees for saw logs

and leaving the young ones behind — not with any conscious idea of conservation, but solely because, from the cold-blooded dollars-and-cents standpoint, they had found that they could not make any money by cutting the small trees. In following this system of 'high grading' they were unconsciously practising a sort of primitive, elementary forestry; but it was not on account of any sense of obligation to posterity or any hope of future reward. It was simply because it seemed to be the most immediately profitable thing to do. The fact that in leaving a few seed trees standing they were unwittingly ensuring a new crop of young trees was entirely fortuitous and unpremeditated.

II

At that time the centre of lumber production was in the South; but it seemed to be generally accepted as a fact that the timber supply of that section was dwindling so rapidly that the life of the Southern lumber industry would soon be ended. This did not arouse any particular anxiety on the part of the sawmill operators, however. They were accustomed to a migratory existence; there was still a boundless supply of virgin timber out on the Pacific Coast; and some of the big Southern mills were already cutting out and moving west. Estimates as to the life expectancy of the Southern lumber manufacturing industry varied, but as the years slipped along there was pretty general agreement on the theory that the timber in the South was nearly all gone and that a great industry which had contributed so much to the wealth and prosperity of this section would soon be a thing of the past. This fatalistic view was almost universally accepted.

An occasional Southern lumberman of vision, like the pioneering Henry Hardtner down in Louisiana, began early to think seriously about forestry in its practical aspects. Lumber operators had always seemed generally agreed that it

was not possible for an investor to wait for a tree to grow — but was that true? Maybe it had been true in the North, but was it true in the South, with its strong soil, generous rainfall, and long growing season? Would a tree grow fast enough under favorable conditions to enable the owner of a big tract of timberland to treat his timber as a crop and harvest a part of it every year in a never-ending cycle?

Hard-headed skeptics hooted at the very idea, and piled up convincing figures to show that it would require a preposterously large investment in a vast number of acres of land to provide enough annual growth of timber to supply logs for a sawmill of average output. But Hardtner was skeptical of their skepticism. He noticed that on a part of his own cut-over holdings, where, by some accident, there had not been any fires for several years, there was an unusually heavy stand of thrifty young pine trees, and that they were visibly increasing in size every year. In an abandoned cotton field adjacent to his timberlands, trees had sprung up in the furrows where wind-blown seeds from the near-by pines had lodged; and in an amazingly short time they were getting saw logs from these volunteer second-growth trees in the old cotton furrows. He also discovered the interesting and important fact that the wild hogs had a keenly developed taste for the succulent roots of the longleaf pine, and that — so far as longleaf pine was concerned — the hogs were just about as destructive as fires.

Hardtner measured off some experimental plots of ground — fencing some in to protect them from hogs and cattle, and leaving others unfenced; burning some every year and protecting others from fire. In this crude outdoor laboratory he studied the effects of ground fires and grazing, and measured the growth of the trees. Gradually he began to see daylight, and foresters beat a path to his door.

Here and there in the South a few

other lumber manufacturers were carrying on similar studies and practical experiments — and were being agreeably surprised at their findings. But all this took years. Back there at the turn of the century most lumbermen never gave a serious thought to forestry.

Then, shortly after the World War, something happened that started people — especially timberland owners — thinking. Several of the Southern states, which were supposed to have cut out all their timber years ago, began to show up in the lumber statistics with figures showing greatly increased production. Everybody knew in a vague sort of way that a part of this was coming from new, small mills which had sprung up all over the South, generally referred to contemptuously as ‘peckerwood’ or ‘coffeepot’ mills; but where were these mills getting their timber supply? How could these supposedly cut-out states possibly produce so much lumber?

The question seemed unanswerable, but the answer was simple: Trees grow. Trees grow, and they had been growing right along through the years since the big mills had exhausted the then available supply of saw timber and had moved on. When an increased demand for lumber made sawmilling again attractive, new mills popped up in this second-growth timber and began to produce lumber from trees which had grown up to saw-timber size while nobody was looking.

Then it began to dawn on foresters and lumbermen alike that in their consideration of the problems involved in the question of the future timber supply they had been overlooking that one big outstanding fact. It was so obvious that they hadn’t been able to see it. As the professional foresters expressed it in their ponderous terminology: ‘The one, unique, inherent quality which distinguishes the forests from all other natural resources is their capacity for self-perpetuation’ — which,

reduced to words of one syllable, simply means: 'Trees grow.'

Everybody, of course, knows that trees grow. The lumbermen knew it. The foresters knew it. But they all seemed to lose sight of this simple but deeply significant fact while they were arguing the abstract problems associated with the theory of forestry and conservation. Or, if they did happen to think about it at all, they generally dismissed it with the conclusion that tree growth was too slow to have any practical or commercial significance.

But now they began to ask themselves searching questions. Just how much did they really know about trees and forestry anyhow? Especially, how much did they know about the vital factors of timber supply and the rate of growth? It had to be admitted that up to that time all estimates of how long the timber supply of the United States would last were but little more than rough approximations based on more or less accurate guesses as to how much timber there was standing in the country. Census Bureau figures showed exactly how much lumber was being cut and used every year; but there had never been any official or reliable figures regarding the total supply of timber and its yearly rate of growth. Without such figures it was manifestly impossible to make anything like an accurate estimate of how long the supply would last, but the alarmists had got over that hurdle by boldly making the glib assertion that we were using our timber five times as fast as it was growing; and for a long time this was accepted at face value and freely repeated without any embarrassing questions as to how they knew how fast it was growing.

The more people thought about it, however, the stranger it seemed that nothing had ever been done in the direction of finding out exactly how much timber there was in the United States, how fast it was growing, and how the rate of growth compared with the rate

of consumption of forest products. Sentiment began to develop in favor of some sort of nation-wide inventory of our timber resources, a kind of tree census that would provide a sound taking-off point for a practical policy of forestry. Support for this sensible proposal finally grew to the point where in 1928 Congress was prevailed upon to make the necessary appropriation, and in 1932 the official Federal Forest Survey finally got under way in the principal timber-growing areas of the United States.

III

As is easy to realize, such a survey was an undertaking of staggering proportions. In the first place, there were no past records to go by, no precedents by which to be guided. It was a new kind of endeavor, and methods had to be devised as it progressed. Furthermore, the very nature of the work — a veritable counting of the noses of the trees — precluded the possibility of speed. In the South the field work alone required more than three years, as groups of timber cruisers with compass and chain trudged painfully over the hills and through the swamps gathering the tremendous volume of information which was dumped into the statistical hoppers of the district offices of the United States Forest Service, under whose direction the Survey was conducted. The Survey for the entire country has not yet been completed; but in the lower South the work has just about been finished, and it is now possible to make some enlightening — and surprising — deductions.

The area included in what the forestry officials call 'the lower South' does not embrace the entire South by any means, but is an arbitrarily selected area comprising the states of Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, the timbered region of eastern Texas and Oklahoma, three quarters of Arkansas, and that very small strip of

Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri immediately adjacent to the Mississippi River. This, it will be noticed, excludes all of North and South Carolina and Virginia, as well as the greater portion of the territory of the other states partially covered. These states, however, are now being surveyed, and the results will be announced later. The total area embraced in this 'lower South' is 213 million acres, of which 122 million are classified as productive forest land. The entire region south of the Mason-Dixon line, the section usually referred to as 'the South,' includes 380 million acres, of which about 238 million are forested. The forest figures for the entire South, therefore, may be roughly computed as correspondingly greater than the Survey statistics here discussed.

Probably the most surprising fact developed by the Survey is the extent to which the lands of the South are now covered with growing timber. Although the South is generally considered to be an agrarian region, almost 60 per cent of the land surface of this section of the country is still in forest growth and less than 30 per cent of it is cultivated. Furthermore, it appears from the Survey that the area under forest in the South is expanding rather than contracting; and Survey officials say it is reasonable to believe that at least 60 per cent of the land surface of the South will be devoted to the growing of timber for generations to come.

Within this 'lower South' area, the Survey reveals, there is now standing the enormous total of 264 billion board feet of saw timber (trees thirteen inches and up in diameter in hardwoods, nine inches and up in pine), not to mention the stand of trees of under-saw-timber size to the extent of 454 million cords, the saw timber of tomorrow — or a total of about 1333 million cords in all trees five inches and up in diameter. (The trees under five inches in diameter are not considered at all, although they are

the potential growing stock — the backlog of the supply.) This astonishingly huge amount of standing timber, it should be borne in mind, is the natural residue after more than a century of unrestrained use of the forests, with little or no thought of the future, and with a minimum of protection from the destructive effect of annual fires.

What is even more eye-opening and encouraging is the information developed regarding the rate at which the South's forests are reproducing themselves, and the relation of growth to use. Compilation of these Survey figures shows that in saw timber alone the rate of growth is now almost if not quite equal to the drain; and when all of the growing timber and all of the drain are taken into consideration the situation changes for the better, with a total annual increment of 3,370,060 cubic feet and drain of 2,962,510 cubic feet.

In short, in the South as a whole, right now the trees are growing faster than they are being used.

It should be explained that the Forest Survey uses the word 'drain' to include all forms of forest depletion, not merely commercial utilization. For example, in 1936 the total growth of saw timber in the entire South was 20,403 million board feet. The total saw timber cut for lumber amounted to only 13,277 million board feet; but there was sufficient additional 'drain' — including fire and insect destruction — to bring the total depletion up to a point that left a slight deficit between growth and drain. With improvement in fire protection and in forest management, the total annual growth of saw timber in the South could easily be made to exceed the drain, leaving a substantial surplus annual increment for the support of new forest-products industries. In fact, the Forest Service estimates that the Southern pine lands alone are capable of growing double the amount of wood that is now being cut from them.

Stripped of technicalities, and with the

living kernel of significance dug out of its dry, statistical husk, all this means simply that in the South the manufacture of lumber and other forest products may be maintained at the current rate of production indefinitely. It means that, contrary to general belief, the Southern lumber industry is not an industry doomed to early extinction, but is in process of being transformed into a permanent part of the nation's industrial fabric. It can be a permanent source of wealth; a permanent provider of employment for labor; a permanent producer of profits for investors; a permanent source of tonnage for the railroads and other carriers; a permanent payer of taxes to the states and local communities.

The Southern forests need not be regarded as a mine, to be exhausted and abandoned; their annual increment may be harvested on the basis of a renewable crop, year after year.

The far-reaching significance of this and its great importance to the country as a whole will be realized when we remember that the South leads all other sections of the United States in the area of its privately owned commercial forest land, with 44 per cent of the nation's total and with 58 per cent of the stand of growing timber. In 1938 the South produced 70 per cent of all the nation's hardwood lumber and 41 per cent of its softwood. As an industry, the forests of the South rank second only to agriculture in importance; and Southern farmers have an annual income of 82 million dollars from their timber. The forest industries of the South support close to a million people, employing 24 per cent of all persons employed in manufacturing, and pay 19 per cent of all wages paid in manufacturing industries in the South. With the development of the pulp and paper industry in this section these totals will be measurably increased — and the South contains 42 per cent of the volume of all pulpwood species in the United States, a volume

which is increasing through natural growth more rapidly there than in any other region.

The prospect of losing all this was a tragedy affecting not merely the South but the whole country. The prospect of its permanence is good news, — front-page news, — although so far it has remained buried in statistical reports.

Nor is it all just a dream or a theory — something to be attained in the future, maybe. Already there is to be seen rapidly increasing evidence of an actual realization of this idea of permanence in the operations of Southern lumber manufacturing companies. 'Cut out and get out' has become as antiquated a slogan as 'Fifty-four forty or fight.' Lumber manufacturers in the South are changing their whole point of view. Their eyes have been opened to the fact that trees grow, and they are beginning to cash in on it. Already there are a number of big operators who are working strictly on a 'sustained yield' basis — that is, they have balanced their rate of lumber production with the rate of growth of their timber, achieving an equilibrium which will provide them with a never-ending supply of raw material. Today 85.8 per cent of the commercial timberland of the South is rated by the foresters as being 'in productive condition,' and more and more of the timber owners are exercising some degree of control over cutting practices, with sustained yield as their goal.

Foresters, too, have swung around to a new and broader point of view. Most of them are no longer so much inclined to scold the lumbermen and private timber owners for their sins of commission and omission. Their discussions of forestry have taken on a new note of practicality. A typical article by a government forester in a lumber trade paper recently stated, 'The crucial question in the commercial application of any constructive forestry program is "Will it pay?"' and went on to outline a program which 'may be expected to yield an annual profit of one

dollar per acre.' When a forester starts talking about profits, that's news; and when he starts speaking in terms of dollars and cents he attracts the attention of the lumberman who was looking out the window while he was talking about æsthetics and the duty to posterity.

A new and acute angle to the forestry problem has been created recently by the suddenly increased development of the pulp and paper industry in the South. This is a spectacular and widely acclaimed accession to its manufacturing and industrial resources, and correspondingly welcome; but the South's timber supply, although abundant, is not inexhaustible, and it cannot support an unlimited increase in the present drain. Fortunately, Southern paper and pulp manufacturers are taking steps in the direction of conservation which are very promising. Their plant investments are too big for any cut-out-and-get-out plan of operation. They mean to be there from now on. Last year they organized the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Association, which has formulated a defi-

nite and comprehensive program of conservative practices; and the members of this association have pledged themselves to use the South's timber supply in such a way that the supply will be perpetuated rather than depleted.

If they do operate on this basis, and if there is more effective fire protection and less proscriptive taxation, it can be said positively that there is enough timber in the South today, properly managed, to maintain these new paper mills and the old lumber companies, too, at their present rate of production. There are problems to be met and solved, to be sure; but these problems are not insurmountable difficulties. What has been done already shows what can be done in the future. The billion-dollar forest-products industries of the South need not dwindle and fade away to the vanishing point, leaving behind them a tragic trail of monumental sawdust piles, gaunt skeletons of deserted villages, and a stranded population. They *can* eat their cake and have it too — a paradox which can be simply explained: Trees grow.

FOR ATLANTIC READERS AND WRITERS

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, in association with the Moses Kimball Fund of Boston, announces a prize of \$500 which will be awarded to the author of the best essay on 'Citizenship, Its Privileges and Responsibilities,' submitted on or before August 25, 1940. The essays are limited to 1500 words; they will be judged by a committee consisting of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* and a Trustee of the Moses Kimball Fund. The judges reserve the right to reject any or all manuscripts, but it is hoped that the prize-winning paper will be available for publication in the October issue. All rights to the winning manuscript will revert to the Moses Kimball Fund for the Promotion of Good Citizenship.

THE CHINK

BY WALLACE STEGNER

I

IT is an odd trick of memory that after almost a quarter of a century I still remember Mah Li better than I can remember anyone else in that town. The people I grew up among, many of the children I played with every day, are vague names without faces, or faces without names. Maybe I remember him well because he was so ambiguous a figure in the town's life. He and his brother Mah Jim, who ran the restaurant, were the only Chinese in town, and though Mah Li did our laundry, worked for us, delivered our vegetables punctually at seven in the morning three days a week, he was as much outside human society as an animal would have been. Sometimes I catch myself remembering him in the same way I remember the black colt my father gave me when I was nine. I loved Mah Li as I loved the colt, but neither was part of the life that seemed meaningful at the time.

He called me O-Fi', because O-5, our laundry mark, was easier for him to say than Lederer. Every Monday morning he appeared at the back door with his basket, got the laundry, grinned and bobbed so that his pigtail twitched like a limber black snake, and said, 'Velly good, O-Fi'. Leddy Fliday.' I have a picture of him in my mind, shuffling up the worn path along the irrigation ditch, dogtrotting in his hurry as if daylight were going out on him while he still had a lot to do, and his black baggy pants and loose blouse blowing against his body.

I have other pictures, too. Whenever

I think of him a swarm of things come up: Mah Li and Mah Jim sitting in the bare kitchen of the restaurant, a candle between them on the table with its flame as straight as a blade, playing fan-tan in intent, serious, interminable silence. Somehow that picture seems sad now, like a symbol of their homelessness. They had no women, no friends, no intercourse with the townspeople except when men kidded them along in the way they kid half-wits, condescendingly, with an edge of malice in their jokes.

I remember Mah Li meeting someone on the street in winter, the white man stopping him to say hello, rubbing his stomach and saying 'Belly cold today,' and Mah Li beaming his wide smile, jabbering, and the white man saying, 'Put your shirt inside your pants and your belly won't be cold,' and slapping Mah Li on the back and guffawing. Old jokes like that, always the same ones. And the kids who hung around Mah Jim's restaurant jerking the Chinks' pigtails and asking them if it was true that they kneaded their bread in big tubs with their bare feet, or if they really spit in the soup of people they didn't like.

The town accepted them, worked them like slaves for little pay, I suppose even liked them after a fashion, but it never adopted them, just as Mah Jim and Mah Li never adopted white man's clothes, but always wore their black baggy pants and blouses. They never got the white man's habit of loafing, either. Mah Li, for instance, when he worked for us in

summers down at the potato field, tended his own garden from daylight till about seven, worked our potatoes till almost dark, and then came into town to wash and iron till midnight on the laundry Mah Jim had taken in for him during the day. Maybe they liked to work that hard; maybe it helped them against their loneliness. My father always said that a Chinaman would outwork a white man two to one, and do it on a cupful of rice a day.

It is around the potato field and the garden that most of my recollections of the Chink centre. The second year he worked for us he asked my father if he could rent a little piece of land to put in vegetables, and father let him have the ground free. Mah Li never thanked him — I don't think he ever knew what the word for thanks was. He just looked at him a minute with impassive slant eyes, bobbed his pigtail, and went dogtrotting down to go to work. But in July of that summer he appeared at our back door one morning just after I'd brought the milk in from the barn. He had a basket over his arm.

'Nice day, O-Fi,' he said. 'Velly fine day!'

'It's a swell day,' I said, 'but you've got your dates mixed. It isn't laundry day.'

'No laundly,' he said, grinning, and passed me the basket. It was full of leaf lettuce and carrots and string beans and green peas, with two bunches of white icicle radishes sticking up in it like bouquets.

After that he came three times a week, regular as sunrise, with vegetables that were the envy of every gardener in town. And when Mother tried to pay him for them he beamed and bobbed and shook his head. I remember her saying finally, in a kind of despair, that she wouldn't take his baskets free any more, but he always came, and we always took them. It would have hurt his feelings if we hadn't, and I suppose too he felt that he was paying off his debt.

It was Mother who suggested that I give the Chinese the suckers I caught in the river. We never ate them, because suckers are full of little needle-bones and don't taste very good. I just fished for the fun of it. So one afternoon I went down to the potato field in the river bottom, near the flume, with four big suckers on a willow crotch. Mah Li was moving down the field with a hoe, loosening the ground around the vines. When I gave him the fish he looked surprised, beamed, nodded, trotted down to the riverbank and packed them in grass, and rolled them up in a big handkerchief.

'Nice, O-Fi!' he said. I guess that was the way he said thanks.

That afternoon I hung around and helped him a little in the field, and went over with him to see his own garden. I remember him stooping among his tomato vines feeling the fruit till he found a big, red, firm one, and rubbing it off on his blouse and handing it to me. And I remember how heavy and sun-warmed that tomato was, and how I had to jump backward and stick out my face because the juice spurted and ran down my chin when I bit into it. We stood in the plant-smelling garden, under the yellow summer hills, with the sun heavy and hot on our heads, and laughed at each other, and I think that's where I first found out that Mah Li was human.

After that I was around the field a good deal. Whenever I didn't have anything else to do I'd go down and help him, or sit on the riverbank and fish while he worked. Just to watch him in a garden made you know he loved it. I used to watch him to see how long he'd swing the hoe without taking a rest, and sometimes I'd fish for two hours before he'd pause. Then he'd sit down on his heels, the way I've seen Chinese squat on the rails when they work on a section gang, and stay perfectly still for about ten minutes. He was so quiet then that bumblebees would blunder into him and crawl around and fly away again, and butterflies would light on his face. He

let them sit there with their wings breathing in and out, and never made so much as the flicker of an eyelash that would disturb them. When he was ready to go to work again his hand would come up slowly, to pick them off so gently that they never knew he touched them.

His yellow hands were very gentle with everything they touched, even with the potato bugs we picked into tin cans and burned. Many afternoons in August I worked down the rows with him while he went bent-kneed along, his face placid and contented and his eyes sharp for bugs. He could do it three times as fast as I could, and cleaner too. We'd meet at the ends of rows every now and again, and dump the striped bugs out into piles, and Mah Li would pour kerosene over them and touch a match to it. Then we'd go down the rows again while the stinking smudge went up behind.

And then there was the magpie that I ran across in the brush one day when I was coming up from fishing. It was a young one, with a hurt wing so that it couldn't fly, but it ran like a pheasant with that one wing trailing, and I had a chase before I caught it. It was still pecking at my fingers and flapping to get away when I brought it up to show Mah Li.

The Chink's face looked as if a lamp had gone on behind it. He chirped with his lips, quietly, and put out a dry hand to stroke the feathers on the bird's head. After a minute he lifted it out of my hands and held its body cradled in his palm, stroking its head, chirping at it. And it lay in his hand quietly as if it were on a nest; it made no attempt to peck him or to get away.

'He likes you,' I said.

Mah Li's shaved head nodded very slowly, his lips going in a singsong lullaby and his finger moving gently on the magpie's head.

'Think his wing is broken?'

He nodded again; his pigtail crawled up his back with the bend of his head, and then crawled down.

'You better keep him,' I said. 'Maybe you can fix his wing.'

Mah Li fixed his narrow black eyes on me. I was always being surprised by his eyes, because just talking to him, working with him, I thought of him as another person, like anybody else. Then every once in a while I'd see those eyes, flat on his face, with scarcely any sockets for them to sink back into, and so narrow that it looked as if the skin had grown over and almost covered them.

'Slicee tongue,' Mah Li said. 'Talkee.'

And that night he carried the magpie home. A month later, when I saw it perched on the back of a chair in Mah Jim's kitchen, glossy and full of life, it opened its mouth and made squawking noises that sounded almost like words. By the middle of October he had it so tame that it rode around on his shoulder, balancing with its tail and squawking if he moved too fast and disturbed its footing, and whenever he chirped at it it squawked and jabbered. I laughed like anything when I heard what it said. It said 'O-Fi! O-Fi! Nice, O-Fi!'

II

So that's the way we were, friends, — very good friends, in a way, — even though Mah Li touched my life only on one of its outside edges. He was like a book I went back to read when there was nothing else doing. And I suppose it was that quality of unreality about our friendship, the strange and foreign things about him, — pigtail and singsong and slant eyes, — that made me think of him always in a special way, and forced me into the wrong loyalty that night at the end of October in 1918.

I came downtown that night about eight o'clock to join the gang and pull off some Hallowe'en tricks. You were everybody's enemy on Hallowe'en. You hauled your own father's buggy up on somebody's barn, and pushed over your own outhouse along with everybody else's. I say that to explain, in a way,

how I came to be lined up against the Chinks that night. Things like that were automatic on Hallowe'en.

We had planned to meet at Mah Jim's, but I found the crowd gathered a block up the street. They were all sore. I didn't get the picture very clearly then, but I gathered that they'd been fooling in the restaurant and Tad McGovern had hooked a handful of bars from the candy counter. Mah Jim saw him, and raised a fuss, but Tad wouldn't give them back. He challenged Mah Jim to wrestle for them. The Chink got excited, and jabbered, and the kids all ragged him, and finally Mah Jim got really mad. I never saw him that way, but he must have been, because he jumped on Tad and took the bars away from him, and when three or four other kids took hold of him to put him down he shook them off and grabbed up the poker from the stove and ran the whole crowd out. So now they were just on the verge of getting even. They were going to tip over the Chinks' privy first, and then put the hospital sign on their front door, and then pour water down their chimney and put their fire out, and some other things.

I joined in and we went sneaking back through the alley toward Mah Jim's. It was a cold night, with a light snow that didn't quite cover the ground. In the dark it was just possible to see the pale patches where the snow lay. We crept up behind the laundry, just a couple of rods from the outhouse. Mah Jim must have closed up his restaurant after the ruckus with the gang, because there wasn't a light. The privy was just a vague blob of shadow in the dark.

We gathered behind Tad, waiting for the signal. Sometimes people stood guard on their privies, and we had developed a raiding technique that didn't give them a chance to do anything. When Tad whistled we rushed out pell-mell, about a dozen of us. Our hands found the front of the privy and we heaved hard, all in one hard running push. There was a startled yelp from inside, a yelp almost

like a dog's, as the privy lifted and tottered and went over with a crash.

Tad let out a whoop. 'Gee, the Chink's in there!'

'Let's lock him in!' somebody said, and a half-dozen boys dived for the door to hold it down. Someone found a nail, and they hammered it in with a rock.

I stood back, because I didn't quite like the idea of the Chink's being locked in there in the cold, and because I was a little scared at the silence from inside. After that one yelp there hadn't been a sound. Even when Tad put his face down close to the boards and said, 'Hey there, you Chink Mah Jim!' there was no answer. Tad laughed right out loud. 'Gee, he's so mad he can't speak,' he said. He put his face down again. 'When you get tired you can come out the hole,' he said.

Then one of the scouts stationed at the back of the laundry jiggered us and we scattered. I ducked behind a shed in the back lot and listened. Someone was calling from the side of the restaurant. 'Boys!' he said. 'Boys, come out. I want to talk to you.'

In the dark somebody made a spluttering noise with his mouth. 'Try and catch us,' he said. But the voice went right on. I recognized it as belonging to Mr. Menefee, the principal of the school. 'I don't want to catch you. I want to talk to you.'

'What do you want to talk about?' I yelled, and felt big and brave for coming right back at Mr. Menefee that way. But Tad McGovern, over behind the hardware store, shouted at me: 'Shut up! It's a trick.'

'No, it isn't a trick,' Mr. Menefee said. 'Word of honor, boys. I just want to speak to you a minute.'

There was such an anxious, worried tone in his voice that I stepped out from behind the shed and into the open. I could hear others coming too, cautiously, ready to break and run, but Mr. Menefee didn't make a move, and soon we were all around him where he stood in

the faint light from the street with his overcoat up around his ears and his hands in his pockets.

'I just wanted to tell you,' he said, 'that it wouldn't be quite decent to pull any pranks tonight. Three people are down sick and Doctor Carroll says it's the flu.'

His voice was so solemn, and the thought of the flu was so awful, that we stood there shuffling our feet without being able to say anything. We'd heard plenty about the flu. It killed you off in twenty-four hours, and you died in delirium, and after you were dead you turned black and shriveled. I felt it then like a great shadowy Fear in the dark all around me, while Mr. Menefee stood and looked at us and waited for his words to sink in.

'We're all going to have to help,' he said finally. 'I hate to take you away from your fun. You're entitled to it on Hallowe'en. But this is a time when everybody has to pitch in. Are you willing to help?'

That gave us our tongues, like a chorus of dogs after a porcupine. 'Sure,' we said. 'Sure, Mr. Menefee!'

He lined it up for us. We were to go to the drugstore and get bundles of flu masks and bottles of eucalyptus oil, which we were to distribute to every house in town, warning people not to come out without their masks, and not to come out at all except when they had to. The town was going to be quarantined and nobody could leave it.

It was like being Paul Revere, and in the excitement of hearing all that I forgot for a minute about Mah Jim locked in the overturned privy. Then I caught myself listening, and all at once I remembered what I was listening for. I was expecting the Chink to hammer on the door and yell to get out. But there wasn't a sound from out in back.

Mr. Menefee snapped to attention the way he did when we were having fire drill in school. 'All right, men! What are we standing around for?'

The crowd shuffled their feet, and I knew most of them were thinking, just as I was, of the privy out behind with the Chink in it.

'Mr. Menefee,' I said, and stopped.

'What?' I could see him bend over and stare around at us sharply. 'You haven't started anything already, have you?' he said.

The silence came down again. Every one of us was ashamed of what we'd just done, I imagine, except Tad McGovern. But none of us dared admit we'd done anything. It would have been a kind of treason. We were soldiers in the army, helping protect the town against the plague. We couldn't just stand there and admit we'd done something pretty raw, something we shouldn't have dared do to a white man. It made us look small and mean and vicious, and we wanted to look heroic.

Tad McGovern was right at my elbow. 'Naw,' he said. 'We were just getting ready to start.'

Mr. Menefee snapped to attention again. 'Good!' he said. 'All right, on the jump now. Divide up into squads, half of you into each end of town. And remember to put on your own masks and keep them on.'

Some of the boys jumped and ran, and in a second we were all running for the drugstore. All the time I wanted to turn around and go back and say, 'Mr. Menefee, we pushed over the Chinks' privy and Mah Jim's in there.' But I kept on running, and got my bundle of masks in the drugstore, and my package of eucalyptus oil bottles, and opened one and soused a mask with it and put it on, and gathered with the others outside, where we split.

The eucalyptus oil smelled so bad, and came so strong into my mouth and nose through the mask, that I almost gagged, and that made me think about myself for a while. But while we were running from door to door up in the Poverty Lane end of town I got thinking more and more about how the Chinks didn't ever

wear very heavy clothes, and how Mah Jim might be freezing out there, catching the flu, and how he'd be too big to crawl out through the hole. I mentioned it to the boy I was with, but he said he was sure a grown man could kick that nail loose with one kick. The Chink was already out, he said. He'd be sitting by his fire right now, cussing us in Chinese, but perfectly safe.

Still I wasn't satisfied. Suppose he was hurt? Everything had been dark when we pushed the privy over. That meant that if Mah Li had gone to bed in his laundry room he wouldn't know Mah Jim was still out. And if Mah Jim was hurt he'd lie there all night.

It gnawed at me until, after we had raised Orullians' house, I was ready to quit the army and go back to see if the Chink was all right. The excitement had worn off completely. I was cold, my nose was running into my mask, the stink of the oil made my stomach roll every time I took a breath. And so the first chance I got I stuck the remaining masks and bottles into my mackinaw pocket and cut out across the irrigation ditch toward town.

Everything was quiet when I slipped into the black back yard. Probably everything's all right, I thought. Probably he did kick the door out and get loose. But when I felt for the door and tried to open it, it was still nailed down.

'Mah Jim!' I said. I knocked on the boards and listened. Not a sound. I could feel sweat start out all over me, and my hands shook as I groped around in the dark for a stone. What if he was dead? What if we'd killed him?

With the rock I hammered and pulped the edge of the board where the nail was, until I could spring the door past. And when I scratched a match and looked down inside, into the overturned privy that looked like a big coffin, I saw not Mah Jim, but Mah Li, and he was sprawled back against the downward wall with his legs across the seat, abso-

lutely quiet, and his pigtail hanging across the bend of his arm.

It took me five minutes to rouse Mah Jim. I could hear him moving inside, and I yelled and cried that Mah Li was hurt, but he didn't open the door for a long time, and then only a crack. I suppose he thought it was another trick. My flu mask had slipped down over my chin, and I was crying. 'Help me get him out,' I said. 'He's back here. He's hurt. Come on.'

Finally he came, and we got Mah Li out and carried him into the kitchen. He lay perfectly still, his face like a mask, every line smoothed out of it and his eyes shut. His breathing sounded too loud in the bare room. I couldn't take my eyes off his face, and while Mah Jim was squatting and feeling over his body I thought of the butterflies that used to crawl on Mah Li's face when he was resting. This was a different kind of stillness, and it scared me.

For five minutes Mah Jim squatted there, his pigtail hanging, and didn't say a word. I could feel the silence in the kitchen swell up around me; the only audible sound was the slow loud breathing of Mah Li, each breath coming with a hard finality, as if it were the last one he'd ever breathe. My nose kept running, and I'd lost my handkerchief, so that I had to sniffle every minute or so. I hated it, because it sounded as if I were crying, and I didn't want to seem to cry.

I kept thinking how I could have done something when the privy went over and I heard the yell from inside, how I'd had the chance to tell Mr. Menefee and get Mah Li out, but hadn't taken it. And I stood there thinking, 'What if I'd hauled off and socked Tad McGovern when he first jumped on that door to hold it down?' I had just come up, not knowing anything about the privy tipping, and I said loudly, 'What's going on here?' and then I hit Tad and he fell down and I felt the jar in my wrist from the blow, and then three or four others jumped me, and I tossed them off and

punched them in the nose until they all stood around me in an amazed ring, and I stood there with my fists up and said, 'Come on, you cowards! You're so brave, picking on a poor harmless old Chink. Come on and get a taste of knuckles, any three of you at a time!'

But all the time while I was doing that in my mind I heard that rough slow breathing, and saw Mah Jim in the lamplight squatting by Mah Li's body, and I was sick with shame, and sniffled, and hated the smell of eucalyptus hanging under my nose.

'Is he hurt bad?' I said. 'Can you tell what's the matter?'

I almost whispered it, afraid to talk right out loud. Mah Jim rose, and his eyes glittered. His face, like a slotted mask the color of dry lemon peel, made me swallow. I began to remember all the stories I'd heard about Chinks — how if they ever got it in for you, or if you did them an injustice, they'd slice your eyeballs and cut off your ears and split your nostrils and pierce your eardrums and pull out your toenails by the roots. Staring into his glittering slit eyes, I thought sure he was going for me, and my knees went weak. A kind of black fog came up in front of me; I lost Mah Jim's face, the room rocked, I could feel myself falling. Then the fog cleared again, and I was still on my feet, Mah Jim was staring at me, Mah Li was unconscious on the floor.

My shame was greater than my fear, and I didn't run, but I couldn't meet Mah Jim's eyes. I looked away to where the magpie was sitting on a chair back, with his white wing feathers almost hidden and his eyes as black and glittering as Mah Jim's.

'I better get the doctor,' I said, and swallowed. The moment I said it I wondered why I hadn't done it already. I was starting for the door, full of relief at being able to do something, glad to get away, when I took a last look at Mah Jim, hoping he'd look kinder, hoping perhaps that he'd give me a word that

would make me feel better about my own shame. And I stood there, half turned, staring at him. He hadn't moved, hadn't raised a hand, hadn't spoken, but I knew exactly what he meant. He meant no. He didn't want the doctor, even to save Mah Li's life. He didn't want any white man around, didn't want anything to do with us any more. There was bitterness, and anger, and a strange unreachable patience in his look that stopped me cold in the doorway.

And after a minute, in the face of Mah Jim's bitter dignity, I mumbled that I hoped Mah Li would be all right, that I'd come to see him tomorrow, and sneaked out. As I shut the door and stood shivering on the step I heard the magpie croaking and jawing inside. 'Nice!' it said. 'Nice, O-Fi!'

III

Later, when I lay in bed at home with my head under the covers, shivering between the cold sheets and breathing hard with my mouth open to warm the bed, I resolved that next morning I would take the doctor down, Mah Jim or no Mah Jim. 'You can't just lock the doors when somebody's sick or hurt,' I'd tell him. 'You have to have help, and I'm the one that's going to see you get it.'

But I never did wake up to do what I planned. My sleep was haunted by wild dreams, flashes, streamers of insane color that went like northern lights across my nightmares. Once I woke up and discovered that I had been vomiting in my bed, but before I could do more than gag and gasp for somebody to come I was out again. I remember a hand on my head, and a face over me, and once a feeling of floating. I opened my eyes then, to see the stair rails writhing by me like snakes, and I shut my eyes again to keep from dying. When I woke up it was a week later; I was in bed with my mother in the sixth-grade room of the schoolhouse, and my nose was bleeding.

They kept us in the schoolhouse ten more days. After I was home, lying in bed in the dining room where it was warm, I felt good, full of the tired quietness that comes after sickness, and sleepy all the time, and pleased that I was getting well. Once or twice a day I got up in a bathrobe and tottered a few steps on crazy knees so that everybody laughed at me as if I were a child just taking his first steps.

On the fourth morning at home I felt perfectly well. When I woke up the sun was shining in the dining-room windows, and outside I could see the clean snow and the tracked path that led up past Shawn's house. Then I realized that something had awakened me, and listened. There was a mild, light tapping on the kitchen door. For a minute I forgot I was still weak, and jumped out of bed so fast that I sprawled on hands and knees, but laughing at myself, still feeling well and full of life. I got up and found my slippers and tottered into the kitchen, hanging to walls and doorjambs. On the back step Mah Jim was standing, with a basket on his arm.

'Nice day, O-Fi,' he said, just the way Mah Li used to say it when he brought the vegetables. All in a rush the memory of that Hallowe'en night came back to me. I'd forgotten it completely during my sickness. I pulled Mah Jim inside and shut the door. 'How's Mah Li?' I said.

His face perfectly blank, Mah Jim passed me the basket, covered with a clean dish towel. I lifted the cover and there was the magpie, looking ruffled and mad. I didn't understand. 'You mean he's giving me the magpie?' I said.

Mah Jim nodded.

'Is he all right now?'

Like a wooden man, full of ancient and inscrutable patience, Mah Jim stood with his hands in the sleeves of his blouse. 'All lightee now,' he said.

The magpie shook its feathers, snapped its long tail, opened its beak, and its harsh squawk cut in. 'O-Fi! O-Fi!'

Nice, O-Fi!' I put out a finger to stroke its head the way Mah Li did, and it pecked me a sharp dig on the hand. I was so relieved about Mah Li, and so bursting with the feeling of being well, that I laughed out loud.

'That's swell,' I said. 'Tell him thanks very much. Tell him I sure appreciate having it, Mah Jim. And tell him I'm glad he's well again.'

He stood silently, and I began to remember how sinister he'd looked in the kitchen that night, and how he'd scared me then. To keep the silence from getting too thick I kept on talking. 'I've been sick myself,' I said. 'I got sick that same night, or I'd have been over to see him.' The sunlight flashed on the windshield of a car turning around in the road, and the light was so bright and gay that I wanted to yell for just feeling good. I bragged. 'They thought I was going to die. I had a fever of a hundred and three, and was unconscious for a week, and my nose bled like anything.'

I stopped. Mah Jim had not moved; his face was yellow parchment with the slit eyes bright and still in it. 'So you tell Mah Li I'll be down to see him soon as I get on my feet,' I said.

Something in the way he looked stopped me. Why did Mah Li send him with the magpie? I wondered. Why didn't he come himself? Mah Jim took his hands out of his sleeves and made a short, stiff little bow.

'Mah Li dead,' he said. 'We go back China. Bye, O-Fi'. Nice day.'

He opened the door and shuffled out, and I sat still in the kitchen chair too shocked to feel anything really, except just the things around me. I felt the cold draft on my bare ankles, and I felt the sun warm on my arm and shoulder, but I couldn't feel anything about Mah Li. I didn't really feel anything yet when I started to cry. The tears just came up slowly the way a spring fills, and hung, and brimmed over, and the first ones ran down my face and splashed warm on the back of my hand.

A JOB FOR THE GAS TAX

BY SENATOR CHARLES L. McNARY

THE gasoline tax, to most people, typifies the disagreeable and unpopular in tax methods. In my state, Oregon, which originated the tax twenty-one years ago, it has had to carry the handicap of all the things which the word 'tax' has come to symbolize. But this useful, beneficial law overcame even that handicap and ranked as the most popular tax measure ever devised until recent abuses, disguised as economic necessities, turned it to uses its originators never contemplated.

Through the wise and sane administration of the gasoline tax law during most of the past twenty-one years, the motorists have provided funds for the gradual expansion of highway transportation facilities — without imposing hardship on any class of road users. But now misuse of the gas tax law threatens its deserved popularity — even jeopardizes the orderly development of state highway systems to meet modern traffic needs.

If America is going to protect its past investment in highways, reduce the staggering annual cost of traffic accidents, and give the motorists the freedom, economy, and safety of travel for which they have always been willing to pay, the gas tax must be restored to its original purpose. Diversion of highway revenues both from gasoline taxes and from motor license fees must be checked. If state legislatures will not halt the practice of their own accord, the people who pay the gasoline taxes and motor license fees can stop it with ballots.

Seven states have constitutional amendments prohibiting diversion, and three more are scheduled to vote on similar measures during 1940. Except in instances where anti-diversion amendments have been combined with other proposals, the popular vote of the people has always approved measures to outlaw diversion. States which have rejected anti-diversion legislation have not put it up to the people as a clear-cut issue.

A better idea of the evils of diversion may be gained by a clear understanding of what the gasoline tax law is. Perhaps the handicap of the name — gasoline tax — has made citizens feel that it is a dull subject, that they can't do anything about it anyway. But those who have that feeling are wrong on both counts. It isn't a dull subject, and they can do something about it. But first they must understand its history and its original purpose, and learn how and why it has been misdirected from its original aim.

The practice of measuring road use by gasoline consumption, and adding a few cents to the price of each gallon as the highway fare or road toll, need not have been called a tax at all. It is not a tax in the usual sense. It was termed a tax because that was what the lawmakers who originated the idea in Oregon called it at first, and nobody has since bothered to name it more accurately.

Actually the so-called gasoline tax is not a charge against gasoline at all. It is the per-mile fare which motorists pay for the tracks on which to run their

cars. It merely happens that gasoline is a fair measure of road use and it is convenient for the motorist to pay his fare as he buys his gasoline.

The tax paid on a tankful of gasoline is virtually a ticket entitling the motorist to travel whatever distance that amount of motor fuel will propel his car. He pays only according to the distance he travels, and he doesn't pay when he doesn't travel. And the average amount a motorist pays each year for the use of the roads is only \$36 — about 8 per cent of his annual car-driving costs.

Railroad fares can just as properly be designated a travel tax as highway fares can be called a gasoline tax. In fact, the Interstate Commerce Commission refers to passenger and freight charges on railroads as 'tariffs,' which is another word for tax. The Commission also fixes the amounts per mile which railroads may charge for the use of their facilities, under the title of 'tariffs,' just as each state fixes the amount per gallon needed to meet the costs for construction and maintenance of safe and adequate highways.

Actually, paying a gasoline tax for the use of roads and streets is not much different from paying fare to ride on a steam railroad. The fare you pay on a train is so much a mile, and includes the use of the tracks, cars, and other facilities owned by the railroad company. The amount you pay for highway travel is based on the use of the tracks or road only, and assumes that you provide your own car.

Once steam trains ran on wooden rails. The transition to the present carefully engineered roadbed and rails paralleled the development of high-speed locomotives and heavier and more comfortable coaches.

Primitive roads surfaced with gravel or stone thick enough to keep vehicles out of the mud were satisfactory for horse-drawn traffic, but roadbuilding standards had to be changed to fit the automobile. The roads which are the

most economical, comfortable, and safe for automobiles are designed for motor traffic just as modern rails and roadbed are engineered to carry modern railway coaches and locomotives.

The railroad fares and freight rates have to be high enough to pay for adequate tracks and equipment and to maintain them in a safe condition. The fares people pay for the use of highways, in the form of gasoline taxes and automobile license fees, have to be high enough to provide roads that fit the volume and speed of modern motor traffic and to maintain them in a safe condition the year round. Otherwise traffic outgrows the highways, roads become congested, accidents are frequent, and motorists cannot travel with the safety and convenience to which they are entitled.

Even if all the railroads were publicly owned, as are the highways, passengers would still have to pay fares based on the distance they traveled. Or if all the highways were privately owned, as are the railroads, people would pay a toll or tariff according to the distance they traveled. Indeed, toll roads were once common in this country, but the gasoline tax is a more convenient and equitable method of financing highway travel.

Measuring road use by motor-fuel consumption is about as simple a method as could be devised. Think how annoyingly complicated it would be if motorists had to buy tickets for the distance they expected to travel before starting on an automobile trip. Or think how bothersome it would be if their speedometers were sealed and an inspector collected a certain rate per mile for what the speedometer registered each week.

Whether gasoline taxes are too high or too low in various states (the average state tax is 3.96 cents) depends on the kind and extent of the highway system which the motorists of each state need and can afford to build and maintain. Certainly no one can seriously contend

that we have good enough roads or enough good roads. And it should be remembered that the roads composing our present state highway systems, during the past twenty years, were improved to their present condition chiefly out of road-user taxes, leaving revenues from general property taxes for other purposes.

With traffic accidents still taking more than 30,000 lives a year, injuring a million or more people, and causing an economic loss of more than a billion and a half dollars, can anyone say that too much money is being raised for roads?

Public welfare demands that accidents be built out of highways. Traffic necessity calls for relief of overcrowded roads. No one has yet suggested as fair and equitable a method of financing such an urgent task as by a reasonable tariff on travel paid at the motor-fuel pump.

Officials of the Public Roads Administration have pointed out that the biggest job ahead of America today is to provide a system of highways adequate and safe, not only for the present thirty million motor vehicles, but for the fifty per cent increase in motor-vehicle traffic anticipated in the next quarter of a century. The size of the task in money and miles has been fairly well determined by traffic counts, road-use surveys, highway inventories, and economic studies nearing completion in most of the states. It is obvious that, within reasonable limits, gasoline tax and license fee revenues must be high enough to provide urgently needed new highway construction, to maintain the roads in a safe condition, and to build additional facilities as traffic increases. And that means devoting all of the special road-user taxes to highway purposes and to nothing else.

It is not easy for the average citizen to form a correct picture of highway needs. And unless he can obtain a true view he is as likely to condone as to condemn diversion. People who live in sections of the country where a high per-

centage of the roads are improved to modern standards, and who drive mainly on boulevards and parkways, are unlikely to be disturbed even by large diversions of highway revenues in their states. They do not realize the facts any more than do the people who live on back roads in thinly populated areas and who oppose programs for improving main state highways because they do not have a paved road at their doors.

The facts about highway needs lie somewhere between these two extremes. They were reported to the Seventy-fifth Congress by W. C. Markham, executive secretary of the American Association of State Highway Officials. His report, based on facts compiled by the forty-eight state highway departments, revealed urgent needs totaling \$3,664,296,000. The report showed that more than 98,000 miles of main or principal state highways require rebuilding, widening, or relocation in the interest of safety and for relief of traffic congestion. In addition, the various states reported more than 19,000 highway bridges on main roads to be either too narrow or too light to carry modern traffic safely. A number of these bridges in various states actually have collapsed under traffic in recent months.

An examination of highway income shows that a total of about \$1,300,000,000 is collected annually by the states presumably for highway purposes. Ninety per cent of this income is derived from gasoline taxes, motor registration fees, and motor-carrier taxes. But in the face of these urgent needs we see some \$160,000,000 of highway revenues diverted annually to uses in no way related to roads.

This practice of diverting highway revenues away from roads was spawned in the deepest swamps of the depression, when ordinary tax revenues were greatly reduced. It has since spread like a plague over the land, with disastrous results. Money was 'borrowed' from highway funds, ostensibly as a temporary emer-

gency expedient. It was done so easily, without eliciting complaints from taxpayers, that many states took diversion as the easiest way out of financial trouble. Then, seeing that motorists as a whole made no loud outcry over being thus short-changed, some states began the bolder and more open expedient of adding a cent or two to the gasoline tax without even the pretense that the money was ever to be used for roads. So long as the motorists were willing to put up with this kind of high-handed financing, there was no need for legislators to rack their brains to devise more fair methods of raising public money.

Now apparently many of the states are in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice in Goethe's poem. By observing his master, the apprentice boy had learned a few magic words. One day, during the absence of his master, the lad decided to get out of the daily task of carrying water for the needs of a large household. He commanded the kitchen broom to fetch water, using the magic words he had heard his master utter. The trick worked. The broom carried water until every receptacle in the house was filled. The lad then commanded the broom to stop, but his commands went unheeded. He didn't know the right words. Frightened because the water was beginning to overflow and damage the house, the boy broke the broom in two. The two pieces continued to carry water — twice as much water as before. By the time the master returned, the house was all but floating away.

Many of the states have found it easier to start diversion than to stop it. It is beginning to dawn on them that even if they enact laws stopping diversion it will require increasingly large expenditures to catch up to the lag in construction and maintenance of their highways caused by diverting road revenues for years. Each year that state highway departments are deprived of needed

funds, the task of bringing highway systems up to requirements becomes that much more costly.

The power to stop diversion is lying unrecognized in the hands of the people who use the roads. The highways belong to them. In some states they have paid enough to have more and better roads than they now enjoy. But not until the people in general understand the operation of the gasoline tax, and the direct damage done to highway development by diversion, are they likely to be aroused sufficiently to force action.

Right now, in 1940, when the condition of state highways in the national-defense network is a matter of concern, one effect of diversion is being felt. Some of the states are pleading lack of highway funds to explain why roads which the Army has designated as of vital importance to national-defense plans have not yet been brought up to the standard of strength, width, or alignment advocated by the Army General Staff and the Public Roads Administration. This is significant, perhaps, when it is realized that the amount of highway revenues diverted in any single year for the past decade would modernize hundreds of miles of roads which are important to America's system of highway transportation.

So the first step toward stopping diversion is for the state officials to make public, in layman's language, all the facts as to highway needs revealed by the highway planning surveys. Then the citizens will see why all highway revenues should be devoted to roads — will realize why in some states present gasoline tax rates are not adequate to do the required job of highway improvement. Then they will insist that the gasoline tax law be allowed to operate as its originators intended — as a means of financing highway construction and maintenance. Really a simple remedy for a complicated problem. But it will work.

CLEO FOR SHORT

BY BROOKS ATKINSON

SHE was not an accomplished dog. No tricks, no spectacular rescues, no brilliant achievements — nothing to confound incredulous men. But she was a beautiful and joyous German shepherd dog, and she was infectiously happy. In the course of time she came to be a vital part of our family life. Now that she is gone, our home seems partly desolated. The corners in which she used to doze, smudging the baseboards, look gray and empty; the streets and waste lots where she used to frisk in the morning look dull. When we go to the country the fields seem deserted without her. For the places she most enjoyed took on some of the radiance of her personality and reflected her eagerness and good will.

Since dogs are relatively unimportant in the adult world, it is probably foolish to grieve when they go. But people do grieve, inconsolably for a time, and feel restless, lonely, and poor. An epoch in our lives was finished when Cleo (short for Cleopatra) died. Our relationship to the world was perceptibly altered. Nothing else can give us her exultant response to the common affairs of the day. Nothing can quite replace the happy good nature that was always greeting us when we came home or that was mischievously waking us up in the morning, hurrying us out of doors after breakfast, or innocently urging us to go to the country where we all wanted to be.

The place she made for herself in our world was of her own doing. I had no

active part in it, particularly in the beginning. Although I am guilty of grieving now, I was innocent of hospitality in her first days among us. One Sunday morning in June when we were living on the farm, my brother called on the telephone. 'How would you like to have a puppy?' he casually inquired. 'Fine,' I said with the heartiness of a man who had never had a dog but was willing to experiment. As an afterthought, 'What kind?' I asked. 'A police pup,' he replied. 'She's a stray dog. Been here a week. We don't know what to do with her.' 'Bring her along,' I said, since I was already committed. After all, there could be no harm in a puppy.

About two hours later he drove into the dooryard. A huge, wild animal bounded out of the car and jumped up on me before I could recover my breath. A puppy? Good God, she was alarming! Someone put a pan of water down for her. She lashed into it like a tiger. Someone opened a can of beef. She took the whole canful in two gulps, looking a little hungrily at the arm that fed her. To me she looked savage, and as she ran helter-skelter around the farm all afternoon — about seventy pounds of lightning — I was depressed. 'I don't know about this animal,' I said mournfully. 'After all, I'm no lion tamer.'

After her harrowing experience of being a lost dog Cleo had taken in the situation at a glance, and was eager to settle down in a country household. Our first struggle came at bedtime. Like

any other civilized man, I scorned dog-ridden homes, and I proposed to tie her on the porch at night until I could build her a doghouse. But that was far from being her idea of the way things were to be. Even while I was tying her, half expecting her to bite me or take me by the throat, she cried with more pathos than I liked, and she bellowed like a heartbroken baby when I put out the lights and went upstairs. Well, a man cannot be mean indefinitely. After a miserable quarter of an hour I shuffled downstairs in my slippers to release her, as no doubt she knew I would. As soon as she was free she shot into the house, raced upstairs, and leaped on my bed. That settled our relationship permanently, about twelve hours after we had met. In time I was able to persuade her to sleep in the armchair near my bed or in a bed of her own, but no one ever again proposed to exclude her from any of the privileges of family.

Since we live in New York most of the year, there was, of course, one other preliminary crisis. We had seen it coming and dreaded it, and no doubt she, too, knew something was in the air. We had intended boarding her with friends and neighbors for the winter; they liked her and would have taken good care of her in the broad country where any sensible dog would want to be. But when at length we started to pack the car one morning to go back to the city, Cleo flew into the back seat and stubbornly stayed there — partly in panic, partly in determination. She could not be expelled without more of a tussle than I had the will to provide. By this time I was more than half on her side. 'Let's try her for a few days,' I said with some misgivings, and our unwieldy caravan started to roll. Cleo liked the ride home. Cleo liked our apartment; she expanded as soon as she set four feet inside. She was so big and active that she appeared to occupy the whole of it. All evening she was delighted, and before we got up the next morning we heard her scampering and

rushing around the living room with the clatter of a happy horse. When we finally emerged from the bedroom the sight was fairly dismaying. She had torn the stuffing out of an upholstered footstool and torn the pages out of a new novel that had been affectionately inscribed by the author. But she raised no objections to a little explanatory discipline, and during the rest of her life she never destroyed property again. Although apartment living was confining, she clearly preferred to be with us in any circumstances, and, enormous though she was, she settled down to a city existence like a lady.

Make no mistake about it: the association was intimate. Cleo curled up on her own bed or slyly creeping up on mine on cold nights; Cleo under the breakfast table; Cleo under the writing table when I was working, joggling my elbow when she concluded that I had worked long enough; Cleo impatiently batting the Sunday newspaper out of my hands when I had been reading too long at a stretch; Cleo affectionately greeting the maid in the morning, barking at all the tradesmen in turn, teasing my son or brother to take her to walk at inconvenient moments, going wild with excitement when I picked up the bag that we always took to the country — she absorbed, approved, and elaborated on every aspect of family life.

'Like man, like dog,' was her motto. Her determination not to be discriminated against amounted to an obsession. She insisted on being in the bedroom when we slept and in the dining room when we ate. If we went swimming, so did she, ruining peaceful enjoyment. If we shut her in the next room when friends dropped in for the evening she threw herself impatiently against the door until, for the sake of quiet, we released her. Fair enough: that was all that she wanted. After politely greeting every guest in turn she would then lie quietly in a corner. 'You're a pest,' I used to say, generally patting her at the same

time. 'Go and read a good book,' my wife would say with vexation. 'What this dog needs is discipline,' my mother used to say with tolerant disapproval. To be candid about it, the discipline was easy. Excepting for the essentials, there was none. Cleo could be trusted to do nothing treacherous or mean.

If she had had no personal charm, this close physical association would have been more annoying than endearing. But she was beautiful. Her head, which came up to my waist, was long and finely tapered. Her eyes were bright. Her ears were sharply pointed. By holding them proudly erect or letting them droop to one side she indicated whether she was eager or coquettish. In her best days she had a handsome coat and a patrician ruff at the neck. She stood well and held her tail trimly. Her vanity was one of the most disarming things about her. Praise her mawkishly and she fairly melted with gratitude. She was an insufferable poseur. When I came home from work late at night and lounged for a few moments before going to bed, she would sit up erect on the couch, throw out her chest grandly, and draw her breath in short gasps to attract attention. When everyone in the room was praising her — although with tongue in cheek — she would alternate the profile with the full face to display all her glory. 'The duchess,' we used to call her when she was posing regally in the back seat of the open car. But she was no fool. She knew just how much irony we were mixing with the praise and she did not like to be laughed at. If she felt that the laughter was against her, she would crowd herself into a corner some distance away and stare at us with polite disapproval.

Not that my regard for her was based exclusively on her beauty and amusing personality. She had more than that to contribute; she had a positive value in the sphere of human relations. As soon as she came to the city the orbit of my life widened enormously and my ac-

quaintance also broadened. To give Cleo the proper exercise and a little fun, it was necessary to find a place where she could run loose for an hour. That is how we came to frequent the open piers along the Hudson River. Before she joined our household I had often walked there with a kind of detached enjoyment of a pungent neighborhood. No one ever so much as acknowledged my existence on the piers. But with a big, affable dog as companion, I began to acquire prestige. It was astonishing; it was even exciting. Truck drivers liked to discuss her. Some of the longshoremen warmed up. Policemen took her seriously. The crews of the tugboats took a particular fancy to her. In the course of time they came to expect us around noon, and some of them saved bones and pieces of meat for her refreshment. She was all too eager to jump aboard and trot into the galley, and that delighted them. Eventually Cleo must have had fifty friends along the waterfront, and I had five or six. It was through Cleo that I came to meet Charley, who is one of my best friends, and is always ready for a crack of conversation in the warm office where he dispatches tugboats and distributes the gossip of the river.

On Saturdays and Sundays we explored deeper territory down to the Battery and around South Street, where barges lie up for the winter, or across the river to Hoboken, where ocean vessels dock. When Cleo trotted ahead as a sign of friendly intentions, I discovered that even in these distant quarters I, too, was cordially received, and we had great times together. On week-ends we were thus in close touch with important affairs. Hardly a ship could dock or sail without our assistance. Sometimes when we were off our regular beat a tugboat we knew would toot us a greeting as she steamed by. 'Hello, Cleo,' the skipper would bellow pleasantly from the wheelhouse. A man, as well as a dog, could hold up his head on an occasion like that. Thus, Cleo opened up a new

life for me, and it was vastly enjoyable for both of us.

There is no moral to be drawn from this tale of Cleo. Although the misanthrope says that the more he sees of men the better he likes dogs, the circumstances are unequal. If Cleo never did a mean thing in her life, there was no reason why she should. Her requirements in life were simple and continuously fulfilled. She was as secure as any dog could be. But men live insecure lives; food and shelter are necessities they work for with considerable anxiety. In a complicated existence, which cannot be wholly understood, they have to use not only their instincts but their minds, and make frequent decisions. They have to acquire knowledge by persistent industry. Their family associations are not casual, but based on standards of permanence that result in an elaborate system of responsibilities. It takes varying degrees of heroism to meet all these problems squarely and lead a

noble life. Living a life honorably in the adult world is not a passive but a creative job.

For Cleo it was much simpler. As far as I could see, there was nothing creative about it. The food was good; it appeared in the kitchen on time. The house was warm, dry, and comfortable. Her winter and summer clothes came without effort. Her associations were agreeable, including three dogs — all male — of whom she was especially fond. It was easy to maintain a sunny disposition in circumstances like that. But it would be unfair to deny Cleo her personal sweetness and patience. Whether her life was simple or not, she did represent a standard of good conduct. Her instincts were fine. She was loyal and forgiving. She loved everyone in the home. She constantly lighted it with good will. Beyond that, she was joyous and beautiful and a constant symbol of happiness. Although she obviously emulated us, sometimes I wonder. Shouldn't I have emulated her?

BIRD OF GLASS

BY MAY SARTON

For you Imagination, this wild bird,
Not in the hand is he yet captured fast
Who has escaped the lightest, subtlest word,
But he has come to brood and sit at last.

His motion is not flight, nor song his sound.
Suspended among silences and stillness,
This bird that you have held within your hand
Is now transformed after a mortal illness.

And turned to glass so he will never die,
But through transparent walls his joy discover,
So proud a stance, so delicate an eye
Forever praise, forever be your lover.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

BY WALLACE BRETT DONHAM

I

'Knowest thou not,' asked Pilate of Christ, 'that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?' We know today that science has the power to crucify society but that, acting alone, it cannot release it. Science means the discovery of easier and easier ways to control and harness the powers of nature. As such, it constitutes the basis of material progress. Today we know that it can also become the agency of individual and social destruction. Change does not assure wisdom. Mankind is not attuned to easy control over nature.

We know the slow beginnings, and how century followed century without bringing perceptible change. It is only during the last century and a half that steam, gas, oil, and electricity have made possible the tools which increase so tremendously man's productive capacity. Now our laboratories are developing such marvels as the uranium isotope, U-235, with its dream of controlled power, theoretically millions of times more powerful than gasoline. But science pays little attention to human consequences of such astounding changes. Indeed, it is not in position to control the consequences of its own activities.

Science and change, these are the keynotes. On the one hand, science a beneficent god, releasing men from drudgery, producing new wealth and high achievements. On the other hand, science a shapeless and overwhelming force, an irresponsible agent bringing cumulative

and accelerating change in our community and national life; destroying countless little ways of living, and introducing uncertainty into all social activities.

In America, scientific progress has in recent years changed industrial units from a few employees known intimately by the boss to vast armies of employees unknown by any but the foreman. In the process, impersonal hostility is too often substituted for personal acquaintance. By the invention of the cotton gin, science made cotton king in the South, and now, by rayon, it is in process of destroying both the king and his kingdom. Science changed agriculture from a way of life to an uncertain business and tangled it in the maze of international trade.

It induced the immigration of many races. It has done little to assimilate them into the community or to establish social conditions leading to happiness. It built great cities like New York, Chicago, and Detroit, where millions make a living but have no settled way of life, and where loneliness and discontent afflict multitudes. It weakened or destroyed the neighborhood, with its sense of responsibility, of partnership, and its habits of working together. Science brought on the paradox of unemployment, for while new products and new processes mean new jobs for many, for too many others they mean the destruction both of jobs and of hard-won skills.

Science has weakened or destroyed the religious faith of millions. For the toughness that comes from constant struggle it has substituted the illusion of ease, and ease too often means softness. Material ease is no substitute for God. Small wonder that, along with material progress, these changes involve widespread discontent and isolation and the collapse of spiritual values.

Our capacity to produce new and potentially destructive instruments of power has clearly outrun our demonstrated capacity to control and direct them for constructive community ends. This is not surprising. We forget the limitations on human capacity; that the emotions and the sentiments which enable men to live together in communities do not change in any such moment of time as one hundred and fifty years. I do not know that human nature ever changes. These new forces have their impact on a race still dominated by fear of the unknown, as were the children in *Grimm's Fairy Tales*; by deep-seated instincts, loves and hates, hunger and thirst. In the political field, applications of science have brought on an explosive international situation. Unless the opportunities offered by science are handled with more skill and wisdom, the widespread changes resulting from applications of science to industry threaten an explosive human situation. This threat is not the result, it is nearer to the cause, of the war in Europe. The growing instability of American society disturbed thoughtful observers long before the crisis abroad.

The real problem is whether intelligent administrative effort based on understanding of the structure of society and the nature of human beings can re-create stability before it is too late. In our pride of material progress, we have paid too little attention to the human side of the balance sheet of progress. Again, as in the third chapter of Genesis, mankind eats of the tree of knowledge. Shall we again be sent forth

from the garden of opportunity to till the ground from which we sprung? Or shall we, by wise use of the enormous powers placed in our hands, free mankind from great consuming fears which have obsessed it since the dawn of consciousness?

Obviously, such questions call for greatly increased understanding of human and social problems. This requires research. The type of research needed involves field work in direct contact with men as they live and move. Libraries and laboratories, important as they are, are not enough. Such research is expensive and requires large resources not now in the possession of universities. Its results are not easily measured in dollars, as with technological research, and business rarely undertakes or supports it.

Science could do more than it does by directing its research in fields already well recognized. Intellectual freedom should not connote irresponsibility. Science has directed its work most effectively in medicine, with amazing results. Now, more individuals and university scientists should consciously turn their thought to scientific work which will tend to lessen the impact of social change.

Perhaps the biggest business job ahead of this country, other than national defense, is the restoration of the business of agriculture to a decent and proper relationship to the national life. The current necessity for major industrial effort in national defense will almost inevitably lessen the agricultural problem temporarily, both by drawing labor from the farms and by efforts to meet temporary European needs arising out of this year's crop failure abroad. Famine in Europe may well absorb all our surplus food temporarily, but we shall surely in the near future lose once more our export markets for wheat and for corn-fattened pork products. We are no longer the principal source of cheap food of the world. Cotton also is more and more displaced by cheaper foreign sources of supply, and simultaneously

the demand for cotton is radically affected by rayon and other synthetic fibres.

To restore equilibrium in the United States, agriculture must be more closely related to other industry, and this cannot be done without active aid from science. Industry should coöperate with science in the search for sun-grown raw materials. Now the emphasis in the search for industrial raw materials is largely concentrated on oil and coal and other earthy materials as sources both of energy and of new synthetic products. More attention to the biological possibilities of the land as sources of raw materials would pay large social dividends. Industry alone cannot solve these problems. A widespread effort should be made by scientists to find alternative uses for land now used in peacetimes to produce food in quantities exceeding the effective demand. We need new crops adapted to the needs of industry, new industrial uses for crops already grown, domestic supplies of foods and other agricultural raw materials now imported. For the long run, such solutions of our agricultural problems are far more hopeful than rear-guard actions like killing little pigs, ploughing up crops, or gifts of government money, and more permanent than famine in Europe. The reëstablishment of our farmers on a self-respecting basis may depend on such research. Much can be done if industry and science work together.

Business still has a critical lack of understanding of the lives lived by workmen in the great industrial organizations of the country. How many business administrators are aware that every well-established factory and room in a factory has a complex social organization with its tacitly recognized leaders never appearing in any organization chart? How many realize that these social groupings are easily disturbed by physical changes, and require time for reëstablishment after every important

change? Yet the imposing results of research at the Western Electric Company over the last fifteen years leave no doubt of the importance of such facts. Production in a well-organized group, each member of which is doing independent piecework, can be seriously disrupted by such a simple thing as a change in the seating arrangement in a room. Technology is constantly changing conditions surrounding work. Can there be any doubt of the importance of having these informal social groups happy and contented instead of unhappy and discontented? Again the Western Electric Company studies point the way toward methods of finding and removing causes of discontent and emphasize the need for thoughtful, understanding care in introducing changes. Here is an important example of collaboration between a great industry and a group of university scientists trained in this new field of research in social groups.

Technological progress may depend on more attention to such facts. Now the engineering department, the chief executive, and the plant manager work out and agree upon a new technological gadget. Too often it is installed with almost no attempt to consider its impact on the individuals affected by it, and with no understanding of its disrupting effect on the social organization which dominates the morale of the plant. We need more young men well equipped scientifically to study normal men as they go about the business of living, and we need the resources to train them. There is no more important and no more neglected subject for study than the behavior of normal human beings as social animals.

II

But research alone is not enough. We need action. As we apply science in our daily life, someone decides what to do, and then acts. Whatever is done is determined by men and carried out by men. No matter what is done, the re-

sults affect the life and happiness of many human beings. The men who do these things are the administrators, — men who determine policies and act, — realizing if they do their jobs that they must act through human beings, and that their decisions affect large groups; realizing that they themselves are human and fallible. It is not enough that they bring into their decisions the immediate situation with all known facts pertinent to it. More often than not, they must act on insufficient premises because they cannot know everything. They must always guard against the unknown. Generally the most important things they should take into account are the direct and indirect consequences of science and the community changes they force. All these things have their impact on human emotions. Science has neglected the effect of material progress on human emotions. If the opportunities offered by science are to be fitted into our human complex of emotions, instincts, desires, and reason, we need both scientific emphasis on this neglected subject and men of action to apply the results of research.

The primary responsibility for action inevitably rests on administrators, both public and private. The scientist is ill equipped and science is ill organized to be of service here. When the scientist approaches such problems, he suffers from his habitual methods of thinking, methods inadequate and misleading in the study of human behavior. He is accustomed to material things which always behave in the same ways under the same conditions. Emotional conditions cannot be fixed. Moreover, age limitations generally prevent his acquiring a useful mastery of another specialty. Shall the social scientist attempt to make himself a physicist or an astronomer?

Administrative action need not, however, halt completely for research to do its part. Surely we need not wait for research to know that fear and loneliness and insecurity are close to the heart of

the human problem. Much can be done now by administrators to relieve this situation. Much more can be done if public and private administrators learn to work closely together. This is no time for experiments not related to immediate problems. The questions do not involve distant Utopias. We must stabilize our community now. We should follow the Bellman's injunction for hunting the Snark, to 'do all that you know'; but the rest of his advice, 'try all that you don't,' looks toward increased social instability rather than toward relieving fear. It is a time for sober thought and responsible action.

We already know much about labor relations, although not nearly enough. Unfortunately we are hampered in translating into action well-understood facts about labor. The human race tends to fight for the maintenance or restoration of what it has had. Collective bargaining in some form is here to stay, yet many business men hesitate to act on this knowledge. Business must learn to adjust itself to the new condition and to work out values leading to better and more continuous production before it is too late. The defense emergency may well give an opportunity for this. There are no heavier responsibilities and I believe few greater rewards open to business than are offered by the sympathetic studies now going on in many industries to find ways of making collective bargaining work.

Government administrators must assume heavy responsibilities for economic, social, and military national defense, none of which can be initiated by anyone else. All require speedy decisions and wise, farsighted action. The problem is the aggressive defense of this nation as this nation is related to the world situation. Social reform must be deferred to defense, or our old gains may well be lost. Moreover, if the long struggle of the English-speaking world to limit the scope and even the efficiency of government, to substitute government

by law for government by man, is not to be lost for centuries, the scope of political action must be clearly defined.

Direct government competition with private initiative stultifies and stunts industry. It produces unemployment and adds to fear. Detailed control of human and business practices is unnecessary and unwise, except for national defense. Such controls build great bureaucracies and upset established routines. Great bureaucracies ultimately require dictators, for in the last analysis someone must have power to break through the coils of red tape and meet new situations. Yet the defense program will require centralized responsibility. It is essential to the restoration of freedom to the people that those exercising this authority realize its temporary nature and be prepared to limit their own power as rapidly as possible.

Labor leaders have social responsibilities which cannot be discharged today merely by tactical skirmishes to secure temporary advantage for one group at the expense of others. Far more can be gained by coöperation than by strife. This country is the country of labor as well as of other groups, and all groups share the responsibility for its future. Nor will these responsibilities be discharged by blind opposition to technological progress, which alone gives a basis for higher standards of living. Labor will do well to recognize that revolt against technological progress is a sure way to close the economy and to open the door to dictators. Our long-time stability requires in the future, as our material progress has required in the past, the continuous search for new ways of getting more results per hour of human labor. We need to fit material progress into the social situation, not to destroy it. For the immediate future, labor will do well to survey Germany and France and realize that labor progress can easily be lost by too great insistence on short hours and leisure. The world situation has suffered beyond all com-

prehension by emphasis on the forty-hour week and one shift. A nation taught to work can surely outdo in combat a nation attuned to ease. Business administrators, on the other hand, should realize that labor has a case against relative overemphasis on technological progress, against bad timing and hasty action, too often involving human insecurity and human unhappiness — a case that reflects a situation so unbalanced as to call for immediate and concerted action. Herein lies one of the dilemmas of material progress.

The heaviest responsibility and the greatest social opportunity of all rest, I conceive, on business administrators. They have an obligation to support and apply the results of scientific work in the alleviation or cure of the unemployment problem, and in a new and constructive attack on our distressed agriculture. They have a heavy burden in national defense. They must invent new jobs and methods to establish our youth and reestablish our unemployed on a self-respecting basis in spite of the lapse in training skilled labor for the last dozen years. They must collaborate in training men to catch up on all critical labor shortages. These things involve willingness to take risks, but the risks are trivial compared with the risks of unemployment in our cities, pauperism on our farms, and above all, the risk of failure in our defense program.

Business administrators must realize that it is no longer enough to finance, produce, and sell material products. They must as never before study their employees and the conditions they face both individually and in their ways of life. They must in every possible way build up a sense of security and relieve fear, and they must do this without paternalism. I note with sincere appreciation their strides in this direction in the last ten years. Human relations are always close to the core of administrative problems. The task is to give the workman a better basis for joy on the

job and in his community — for loyalty to his employer and to his nation.

We need to study methods of communicating with labor and of making them feel a share of the responsibility for results and the thrill of accomplishment. I have seen and experienced the effect of nagging conflict with a recently established union, the inefficiency and loss resulting from continued efforts to turn back the leaves of history and restore the old conditions, although everyone knew such restoration was impossible. I have seen and experienced the growth of mutual confidence and of mutual responsibility when management changed its policy and used the new union mechanisms as a means of communication and understanding. Unionized business must make this transition, and when it is done the workman may get a better basis for joy on his job. High wages are not enough.

III

There remain vital questions of co-ordination and balance between business and government. We hear much of the need for coöperation between government and business, but the need will not be met until business recognizes that government is only doing its job when it sets appropriate minimum controls. The problems are new. It is not strange that government, pressed by widespread discontent and the obligation to give a greater sense of security, sometimes sets rules which make it difficult for business to do its essential part. Here is a dilemma which requires close and sympathetic coöperation. The time is past when business can expect to dominate government. For this reason the responsibility for coöperation lies most heavily on business. But government adds immensely to the difficulties facing the nation if it does not meet real business coöperation halfway. The defense program will fail if government considers coöperation a one-way street.

Universities have a major part in

carrying out the necessary research in human problems affecting our social stability. They too must work in co-operation both with business and with government. Partly for historic reasons, but mainly for lack of funds in this new field, the relative overemphasis on scientific as compared with social research goes through our universities as well as through our industry.

Let us examine this question of emphasis in research and pose the question whether research directed toward new products and processes is enough.

In 1939, American industry spent an estimated 215 million dollars for technological research in pure and applied science, and a much greater sum studying and creating customer demand for new and improved products resulting from scientific research. Universities and technical schools added their effective efforts. The purpose of these expenditures was to change individual habits and customs on a mass scale — to stimulate and accelerate changes affecting not only consumers but producers as well. Not counting advertising expenses, industry spent perhaps 300 million dollars in translating technological research into action.

In contrast, I believe that our universities and industries combined spent less than a million dollars in first-hand research to find how the rapid material and social changes resulting from the advance of science and technology affect the stability of a democracy and the happiness of individuals and groups composing it. They spent almost nothing studying the human biology of normal men as they live and move. This estimate of a million dollars does not include expenditures on labor relations at the level of controversy.

Yet in 1939, and for ten years preceding, the major problems of industry were not technological. They were and will continue to be concerned with human relations, government relations, public opinion, and widespread discontent;

with the breakdown of capacity to coöperate; with the maladjustments of human beings to changes which affect seriously the lives of most of our city folk and all of our farmers. To these we must now add the urgent problems of national defense.

Over half a billion dollars to accelerate change, less than a million in studying the effects of change on human beings! How long, in face of the new totalitarian challenge, can modern industry, modern democracy, and even science itself stand this relative scale of expenditures?

If, in spite of the new horizons opened by science, our economy is closed and our democracy thereby destroyed, it will be because our business, labor, and political administrators — yes, and our educators — fail for lack of foresight and courage to solve these problems in time. They cannot be solved without adequate research, and this can flourish only in an atmosphere of freedom. It flourishes best in well-supported universities, but in this new area no university is well financed. We may win the struggle for stability through effective military defense against aggressors — and lose it through internal stresses and strains resulting from our failure to rebuild and strengthen our own national ideals, to find a new basis for effective social collaboration, and thereby to restore a sense of purpose and solidarity to the nation. These problems are human problems.

The trouble is that in a democracy everybody's business is nobody's business. Here, in the study of man as he goes about the business of living, are both a responsibility for business and an opportunity for philanthropists — for those who, as the dictionary says, have the desire and readiness to do good to all men. I know of no area in which their intelligent support is more urgently needed.

An Austrian, most of whose life has been unhappy, lonely, and isolated, who perhaps never had normal contacts with

his fellow human beings, now threatens western civilization with destruction. Right here in America, countless men are unhappy, lonely, and isolated. But we must not forget that this Austrian has supplied an ideal, a driving force, and a basis for social collaboration to his nation. The fact that we do not like what he does and thinks, that we believe his ideals are idols, should not blind us to the importance of ideals, driving force, and collaboration. We need a fresh stock of ideals in this country. Our need for immediate national defense may help us to redefine and appreciate the values in our national life; may lead a nation which has been operating part time for a dozen years to feel again the satisfaction of stretching itself to capacity; and may give an opportunity for rebuilding the spirit of collaboration so essential to an effective democracy. National defense can restore to millions at least temporarily a sense of social value in their jobs. If free and orderly civilization is not to disappear in face of constantly accelerating change, a greater sense of responsibility, a better and more permanent basis for human collaboration, must be discovered and put into effect. A discontented democracy cannot survive.

In 1898, Sir William Crookes startled the world by stating that science must fix nitrogen from air within a comparatively short time or mankind would starve. By 1914 this problem had been solved, but its first influence was in timing and prolonging the first World War. The final verdict of history may be that science saved the world from starvation but destroyed western civilization. The only chance to avert this lies in responsible, sensitive, and co-operative public and private administration, reinforced by an immediate intellectual attack on human and social problems comparable in effectiveness with the present attack on scientific problems.

Our stability is but balance, and wisdom lies
In masterful administration of the unforeseen.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

In place of a Prize Essay, we open the Club this month with a letter from a literary household in Scotland. Edwin and Willa Muir are well known on both sides of the Atlantic for their translations and their works of criticism and fiction.

There is no prize award for September. Next month, interest will be focused on the Essay on Citizenship, the subject of an announcement on p. 348 of this issue.

A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

20 Queen's Gardens
St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland
June 24, 1940

MY DEAREST MARY:—

Your letter was a comfort and a joy when it arrived two days ago. We are both going through very strange spiritual experiences here: there are days when I feel down and out, thinking that my physical resources are exhausted, that I am literally too tired to move, then the 'something' happens which 'brings me back to myself' again, and I see that the exhaustion was largely psychological, and that I am not so effete and incompetent as I may seem. Your letter was one of those 'somethings' and it heartened both Edwin and me, so that today I can sit down and write a letter, whereas two days ago I simply could not have done so.

Edwin was out till 6 A.M. this morning humping a rifle on sentry go. (That sentence should be enough to tell you volumes.) I have had a refugee as cook, but she has been sent away from the coast, like all refugees, and so I am cooking and sweeping in the home. I have a broadcast to prepare for July 1, but otherwise no relevant work at all. (I am thinking of applying for a teacher's job anywhere in Scotland.) Edwin still has a little reviewing, but *he* is thinking of getting any job he can — yea, even to a job of clerking in a shipyard, so you can see where we are. Our profession has slid down from under our feet, and, invasion or no invasion, bills still have to be paid, and rent and taxes, and I doubt if we shall be able to keep our home going here.

In the circumstances, nothing would please us better than to send Gavin to the States. He is worth preserving, for his musical gifts are really astounding. The obverse side of that is his extraordinary susceptibility to sound: I think he must have extra-large

resonance chambers in his ears; it is impossible to forecast what effect a really big aerial bombardment might have on his nervous system. This house here has a basement, and I should muffle his ears with cotton wool, of course, but even so I shrink from having him subjected to such an ordeal if it can be circumvented by getting him out of the country. We are making inquiries of the Overseas Reception Board, and if we can get him on a ship, would you really take him in? Edwin wrote some time ago to a friend (who has a son about Gavin's age, a musical prodigy) asking him what arrangements he was making for *his* son, but no answer has come back, so we fear that perhaps they are in the States, since he is, I believe, an American citizen. We had thought that if the two could be 'evacuated' together they would stimulate each other's music; but if the boy is already out of the country, that's no good, and Gavin might as well cross overseas too.

I should send him off with a full and trusting heart if I knew he had you to depend on. He plays a piano *well*, not merely well for a boy of twelve, but *well*, by all standards. His compositions are amazingly well built up and impressive. And he is unsophisticated in everything *but* music; he wrote out a whole sonata of his, twenty-one pages of manuscript in two days, at top speed, his face flushed and his hair on end, simply because Edwin promised him three and six to buy a toy battle fleet if he finished the job. Music, ice cream, playing with a toy battle fleet and aeroplanes — these are his dominant interests! (Most of the children in the country are playing with toy aeroplanes and imitating air-raid sirens: it is as good a way as any other of coming to terms with the present situation.)

As for ourselves: we shall carry on with easier minds if Gavin is secure. It is very good of you to suggest Toronto, but I fancy it is impossible. . . . Well, now, this is

what I'm getting to: if Edwin's autobiography and my novel are placed in America, I want *you* to get most of the advance money for Gavin's keep. Nor do you need to have him in your house if you haven't room or time: all I want to know is that he has *someone* to whom he can turn, someone to take a personal interest in him, someone who will give him the emotional centre he needs if he is to be happy in a strange land.

An old friend of mine here knows very well a musical panjandrum who in turn knows all the musical people in New York. If Gavin gets to the States she says this man can arrange the best musical tuition for him in New York for nothing, or next to nothing. I hope and pray that this is true, for musical education he ought to have. Oh Mary, I don't know half the time what I am writing down: please forgive the confusion of this letter. Gavin is our weak spot; if he were provided for, we could gird our loins and plunge as we are able into the fray.

I do hope this letter gets safely across. Since I began it I have just heard that I have a good chance of getting a job teaching Latin and Greek in Galashiels Academy in September near the borders of Scotland. It would be enough to keep Edwin and myself, and so we should survive; we have only to keep going till then. Perhaps before then it may have dawned on our country that people can live, without money, on minimum rations, and so writers and artists might be kept from actual starvation. There's lots of work we could do, if we could get the chance of it, but one needs to be on the spot in London to horn in on official jobs, and our being up here in Scotland is a disadvantage, not to mention our natural dislike of 'horn-ing in.'

I don't think the Nazis will conquer us by force of arms: I do think we shall beat them in the end; but I am sure that before we do so there will be hell to pay. I am always hoping that we shall be able to use this war to construct a better and more equitable society in which our children's children will be able to live at peace and in peace; we may achieve it, but the price will be terrible. So will you please look after Gavin if we can get him across? Of course I know that the voyage itself will be a risk, but it is weighing one risk against another, and I prefer taking the shipping risk. Much love to you.

WILLA

MY DEAREST MARY AND ARTHUR:—

I'm adding this just to feel that I'm talking again to two old friends whom I loved so dearly in another kind of world. We can never thank you enough for thinking so kindly of us now. We aren't defeatists: this country is capable of providing surpluses when it finds itself in the last ditch, and it may beat Hitler as it beat Napoleon. Gavin is our chief worry, as Willa has written already. It would be a terrible wrench to part with him, but an infinite comfort to know that he was with you.

When we had those long talks in Menton we did not imagine that anything like this lay before us. It's an astounding time, probably unique in history. I'm going to keep a diary of it, — I think everyone here should do that, — for no other generation will pass through what we're passing through, and it should be recorded. Our writing royalties, if any, might help to solve Gavin's problem in the States — or rather, help *you* to solve it.

We should both be relieved if we could do that. I feel we'll live through all this to a better time, and if we do, then the four of us must make up our minds to meet again — it doesn't matter where — and pick up our old gay times. We often talk about you both.

Much love to you,

EDWIN

TO CYGNUS — THE NORTHERN CROSS

OH sign of strength and grace, oh bird in flight

That skims the waters of the Milky Way,
And wide, star-flowered pastures of the night
Where Pegasus, the Bears, and Taurus play,
That flies on wings of light across the sky,
Down the blue timeless currents of the air,
Oh fade not from our sight — thy cross on high,

God's glory and man's worth, to us declare.
Shine on the dark uneven floor of earth,
Where, like the groping mole, we seek escape
From creeping shadows of despair and dearth —

The crooked counterfeit of thy dear shape.
Oh swan, sing not thy last and lovely song,
Let not death reign, let not the night be long.

HELEN BUTTRICK VAN DYKE

MY SYLVAN PENTHOUSE

*Forest Service Lookout Tower
Cascade Mountains*

OUR Forest Service Lookout is five stories high, but the living quarters at the top consist of one fourteen-foot room with twenty windows and a narrow outside walk. A map is mounted on a turntable, and with a fire-finding instrument we can locate any fire within our field — thousands of acres of timber.

To the south, pine, fir, and hemlock approach to within a quarter of a mile. East of us a highway runs between low ridges, cars traveling like ants by day and fireflies by night. Against the horizon on the north, jagged peaks are cut jigsaw-like from an azure sky. In the distant west Mount Rainier towers like a snow-white couchant animal, nose between its paws, in silent slumber.

We see other lookout stations, and though they are miles distant we reach out and touch hands, *figuratively speaking*, with the lonely guards whose supreme task is, like ours, to detect the first faint blue smoke of timber fire. My husband says I discover more fires than he does; not exactly to confess me the better man, but to make us appear an unbeatable team, a sort of Gilbert and Sullivan of the Forest Service.

In early summer we see an enchanted world: Indian paintbrush in crimson and orange, blue lupins, globe-like bear grass, lavender daisies, and white everlasting flowers. I am awakened to the flight of a bluebird or a hermit thrush pouring forth its melody of nuptial love. By midseason huckleberries are ripe and we catch flashes of tin pails. Among the pickers is an occasional Indian woman, a papoose strapped to her back. Deer, bears, and coyotes roam the woods. There are elk and wolves and cougars, too, but they are furtive and seldom seen.

Recently we had grandstand seats for an electrical storm. Lightning traveled around the compass until flashes were coming from every direction, a magnificent display. Later a rainbow, chiseled and gorgeous from some distant shower, rested both feet in my gift-of-the-gods front yard.

Sometimes the wind howls down our chimney. The cables creak like hawsers and the timbers groan. I am reminded of the bird on the bent limb that kept on singing because he knew that he had wings. Our

tower may sway, but it is anchored safely to mother earth. We fill our stove with pine knots and rejoice. We picked these knots out of logs that have lain for fifty years. With every knot we discovered ants scurrying off with their eggs, or a metallic June bug, a crimson spider, or a flaxen-colored butterfly.

Days come when all beauty is hidden and we float in a foggy stratosphere, feeling very Piccardian indeed. This morning the sun came creeping in between clouds of fog to drop a welcome warmth on our tower. Now the sun is going down. Evening is the loveliest time of all on the mountaintop. The foliage takes on a deep, rich green, and the sky changes momentarily. There is utter silence save for the soft twitter of birds. I see a red ribbon road winding into the dense timberland, a road which we shall soon be following back to our home in the city. No more walking on the springy needles of a mountain trail. Only a memory — the coming upon a timid deer drinking at our spring, and thus hallowing our draught.

The shadow of our lookout tower bridges the valley and rests on the hill beyond. Mount Rainier is rose-lavender velvet fading into the grayness of the night. An immense orange moon comes up from behind the mountain. The sky bends down so close that I want to reach out and gather a handful of stars. I drift off to sleep in our sylvan penthouse with my eyes full of stardust and my heart filled with the slow infiltration of peace of long summer months.

RUTH FOOTE ESCHER

PEACE

SWEET are these twittings of rain that play
On the cool twilight of the long summer day.
Airs ever freshening the windows through
Fill the lungs tenderly with fragrant dew.
O, peace is lovely, lovely even one breath
Of heavenly loving between rage and death!
Beyond our measurement, two clasping
hands

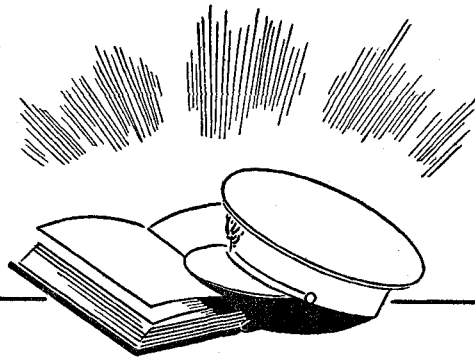
Out-vast the ruining of ten fair lands.
Nor all sweet wildnesses that young springs
hold

Equal the calm fact dawning on the old,
That howso fears and fury may increase,
They are infinitesimal compared with peace.

SARAH CLEGHORN

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

Farewell TO EUROPE



BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHAPTERS 1-5

Farewell TO EUROPE

BY
RICHARD ALDINGTON

The story of a man of letters,
bred in the old world and find-
ing freedom in the new



POET and novelist, Richard Aldington is an Englishman who speaks for the survivors of the First World War, not as a shell-shocked veteran with iron in his soul, but as a sensitive man of letters. Born in 1892, he came of age in the serenity of Edwardian England; at the close of his education he was recognized as a classicist who loved the ancient beauty of Italy and Greece, a talented poet befriended in his early years by Yeats, Norman Douglas, Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, and T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Aldington served as an infantryman in France, first as a lance corporal, then as an officer, from 1916 until the Armistice, and of the experience of those years and the painful readjustment which followed he has already told with great power and beauty in his best-known novel, *Death of a Hero*. In the years that followed Versailles, he was a man of two minds, held to Europe by every affiliation of his art and training, yet made increasingly uneasy by the rising tide of revolution which he perceived must lead again to war and the destruction of those things he held dear. This period he characterizes as the Long Armistice.

A free lance, he first visited the United States in 1935, where he fell in love at first sight with the Connecticut River Valley. There in a small farmhouse he found sanctuary for his books and his papers, and there this summer, as an American citizen by adoption, he is putting the finishing touches to his autobiography, the story of a man of letters, bred in the old world and finding freedom in the new.

FAREWELL TO EUROPE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

I

'It's long past your bedtime. See! The mist is rising,' she said, holding me up to the window. There was a blood-red streak on the horizon, and the wheat stooks were dark in the twilight. I didn't know what mist was, and hopefully expected the piled wheat sheaves would levitate, perhaps fly up into the sky and disappear.

'There, you see?' she said. 'Now off to bed we go.'

But my voice filled the air with wails of protest. The ruthless logic of children and savages was outraged. The mist (i.e. the piled wheat) was not rising; therefore it was not late; therefore I should be allowed to stay up longer. But how to put that into words, how even to formulate it as anything approaching an idea, I didn't know. All that was manifest and indisputable was the evil nature of my nursemaid. So early do we discover with astonishment and indignation that our view of the universe differs from that of others. So early those who disagree with us are the wicked.

There was a strange narrow little room, with windows at each end and a high green seat along each side. The order of the incomprehensible but all-knowing ones was to sit still, when plainly the sensible thing was to profit by the high seat, and slide off and climb back as often as possible. Presently something or somebody uttered a loud shriek and puffed ferociously and the

little room began to move. It moved fast, fast, fast, and the flat green earth went circling backwards. Sometimes it slowed and stopped, and you saw the tops of men go by the window. What had they done with their legs? Then on and on, with more stops, until all the green earth had gone in blackness, and you got tired of the little room, and the all-powerful ones refused to produce a glass of milk, and refused to let you get out of the little room, and were annoyed by your protests. And then — O magic! O wonder! the little room glided gently into a high palace of great glittering lights, so good, so dazzling after the long blackness. And you were released from the little room and carried half asleep through a jam of people, looking up, up at the sharp magic lights.

So for a time I became a town child. From the bedroom windows I saw a large asphalt yard with a row of garbage cans and the backs of houses. From the other windows I saw the High Street, full of umbrellas and horses, and the fronts of houses with shops. Whenever I looked at the yard, it was wet with rain; whenever I looked at the street, there were bobbing black umbrellas glistening with rain. Waking in the morning, I would hear dimly the 'Clop, clop' of horses' hoofs on the stones, and because of the queer hollow echoing sound I knew there was rain. Yet even here was magic. On the floor of the two attics lay little colored pictures, heads of men and

women, ships, a parrot. If the angels had shed peacock feathers on the floor they could not have seemed more supernatural and delightful. . . .

'How did you get hold of those stamps?' said my father severely.

The first time I saw one of the old brownstone houses in New York I stopped to look at it with surprise and tenderness. There in Manhattan was a near cousin to the house I lived in after leaving the one which rained down a manna of postage stamps. True, the English version was in yellow brick and perhaps a little smaller. Everything else was there, down to the awkward flight of stone steps leading to the front door, steps which in those days had to be whitened daily by sad housemaids. There were the same area steps and semi-basement, providing the servants with a plentiful lack of air and sunlight. Had there been an international competition in ugliness?

In other respects this move was a gain, because in front of the house stood a fine avenue of old trees, and at the back was a longish but narrow garden, with a large market garden of vegetables, flowers, and fruit trees. So that when I looked from the windows I again saw a green world. From there I went to a small private school, and at an incredibly tender age was set to learning the less important exceptions in the rules of French and Latin grammar. Some of these I still remember. For instance, the words ending in *al* which form the plural by adding *s*, instead of changing to *aux*: '*Bal, cal, carnaval, chacal, régat, nopat, pal.*'

Now in the course of my life I have written some hundreds of letters in French, chiefly to writers, without ever having a chance to display this valuable knowledge. For some reason we never discussed balls, calluses, carnivals, jackals, treats, nopals, or instruments for impalement. So I have had to be content with knowing for knowing's sake.

In that small yellow brick house I first became dimly aware of those public events which are supposed to embody the collective wisdom of nations, but in fact seem devised by crafty monsters to prevent any of us from living a decent and agreeable life. At breakfast, my father rustled the newspaper and spoke anxiously of a certain Lady Smith, who seemed to be in great trouble somewhere or other. The errand boys began to whistle a new set of tunes of a martial kind. The Queen gave my father a sword and a lovely set of soldier's clothes, which, however, he had to pay through the nose for; and in the evenings a sergeant came and played games with him with matches. At school there was a fashion for collecting celluloid buttons with colored heads of generals, who possessed odd names such as Gatacre, Buller, Wauchope (who was, I believe, always getting himself and his men 'cut up' in some inexplicable way), Baden-Powell.

Patriotic pictures appeared on the nursery wall. One represented a British officer with a cluster of Arrow-collar Tommies waving his revolver at a line of unkempt and ugly Boers, with the caption, 'There's no surrender here!' evidently spoken by the heroic English commander. I then blindly admired his courage and determination, but I now think he ought to have been court-martialed for endangering his men and position by allowing the enemy to come so close without opening fire. Some of these pictures were so downright and defiant about British superiority over everything and everyone that with a little alteration and change of caption they might have later come in handy for Dr. Goebbels.

One night I was suddenly awakened from sleep, hurriedly dressed in my sailor suit, and hoisted into a large cart with a number of other children dressed as soldiers and sailors. We paraded around for a very long time in a torchlight procession, with the populace shouting and

singing like a pack of maniacs. I was cold and sleepy, and the boy next me had a real soldier's suit instead of my commonplace everyday sailor things. All I wanted was to get back to bed, and all I remembered of this strange patriotic orgy was the word 'Mafeking.'

And as if this were not enough, later on the Queen died. A black band was put on my arm, and I was told to go and play nicely and quietly. As if you can play nicely and quietly! You might just as well not play at all.

II

But before the Queen's death, and before Mafeking, an event happened of more importance to me. I went to live in the country.

It was no earthly paradise I inherited by this change, but a bleak nearly treeless upland of chalk downs, the South Foreland of England. The roll of these great chalk waves starts inland and grows steeper and steeper as they approach the sea, until the last suddenly breaks into the white cliffs. Memories of calamities haunted that coast. Tradition and history still remembered a night of terror and destruction, far back in the eleventh century, when the rich lands of Earl Godwin, with their villages and churches and cattle, were overwhelmed by the sea. The Earl's vanished property rights were still commemorated in the Goodwin Sands.

They were real enough. Not many big winter storms passed without our hearing the cry: 'Ship on the Goodwin Sands!' Out we would rush with field glasses and telescope, and there, sure enough, the doomed and battered ship weltered in the waves. Faintly, but with appalling solemnity, the boom of her distress guns came over the wind-torn sea. Next day we would read a curt notice that the coastal lifeboats had or had not saved the crew. No spectacle in towns could approach the terror and grandeur of the lifeboat being launched into seas

so tremendous that involuntarily one shrank back from the roar and tumult of waters. For interminable minutes the boat and the men in their shiny oilskins and cork life belts waited on the slips for that briefest lull which would make the hazard of launching not wholly desperate. Suddenly there would be a shout, a rush, the mad water swirling round the knees and waists of the launchers, the last man flinging himself aboard, a dizzy lurch and pitch as the light boat hit the first white comber, a curious gasping cheer from the crowd. Women hid their faces in their hands and aprons. Cold and breathless, your eyes smarting with spray, you watched the steady rhythm of the oars, the wild tossing of the boat, until it was only a brave speck occasionally visible on the crest of a wave. Then slowly, reluctantly, you would go away, leaving the women to their long sea-drenched wait.

Most of the houses were so much exposed to the driving rains that double windows were essential. The icy north-easters were fortunately rare. The usual gales were sou'westers off the Atlantic which came roaring up the bottleneck of the Channel and forced even the biggest ships to anchor in the Deal Roads. At night during such gales I would peer from the warm lighted room into the darkness, and if it were low tide see dimly far below a great belt of raving foam on the rocks. Later I lay awake in bed with the wind screaming and howling outside, the rain rattling against the outer window like buckets full of dried peas flung against the glass, and the flash of the Foreland lighthouse winking through a gap in the curtain.

Naturally life on the South Foreland was not merely a succession of storms and shipwrecks. Incredible as it may seem, my recollection is that the summers were sunny and warm. How otherwise could I have spent so many days in and out of the sea?

There were three ways down the cliffs,

of which I naturally chose the shortest, steepest, and least safe. The advantages of going straight up the face of the cliff instead of doodling along a path will be obvious. The cliffs themselves were not wholly reliable. Great cracks formed near the brink, and from time to time a slice broke off like the front of a glacier, walloping down thousands of tons of chalk boulders. I never saw one of these avalanches, but I heard them, a muffled and majestic roar in the distance. It strikes me now that I was a little careless in crossing these cracks to stand on the last verge of the cliff. I knew they portended a fall, but I failed to see that even the slightest extra strain might destroy the precarious balance of weight, and that I might have been the sufficient cause of a cliff avalanche and my own spectacular disappearance.

In the course of ages these falls had formed a band of rocks all along the coast, covered with seaweed, and at low tide full of valuable pools. Exploring these for sea creatures was a timeless pleasure. You wandered on and on in a wilderness of green and brown rocks. At the tide-edge a light blue sea surged gently. The dazzling white cliffs reflected the sunlight and made the blue sky bluer. Hundreds of gulls and kittiwakes soared or perched in crevices, filling the air with sharp plaintive calls. In the transparent rock pools every frond and shell and darting sea creature was exquisitely clear. How unreasonable were complaints and sanctions on account of being late for meals!

A more serious and admissible pleasure than mere wandering was prawning. The outfit for this barbarous and plebeian sport consisted of half a dozen small drop nets with cork floats, a long pole with a cleft end to lift and lower them at a distance, sharp wooden skewers, a blunt knife, and a fishmonger's straw bag.

The professional prawner began by baiting his net with a bit of spoiled meat. I never reached that distinction. However tactfully I approached cook for a

supply of this valuable commodity, I was always driven off with insults. What next! I could only suppose that my more fortunate rivals must have buried their dinners, like prudent terriers, and dug them up again at the right moment.

The only alternative was limpets. You forced some off the rocks with the blunt knife, cut them from the shells, and skewered them into the nets. They soon attracted plenty of green and red crabs. You had to handle these nimble and pugnacious beasts with caution, for their claws can nip hard. Then, I regret to say, the crabs were torn in half and skewered, even as the horrid Polyphemus dismembered and skewered the dear companions of Odysseus. With these you fished for prawns.

Unlike most creatures captured by small boys, prawns were considered delicacies, and after a good catch I had the proud satisfaction of seeing them sent off to gastronomic friends in London. There was one old and extremely gastronomic friend of the family, whom I will call Sir Patrick, a successful Scottish barrister at the English bar, who became a judge and was knighted.

I don't recollect any tangible expression of gratitude from other beneficiaries, but Sir Patrick did the right thing. Each Christmas, with true Scottish generosity, he sent me a large box of shortbread and a five-shilling piece. Only later and by accident did I learn that parental perfidy deprived me of an annual gold sovereign, under pretext that it was too much money for me. I never heard such nonsense. Nobody needs a sovereign so much as a schoolboy. It would have raised my prestige enormously with my friends. Nor would it have been wasted. This pledge of Sir Patrick's gastronomic gratitude would have been gastronomically expended — on chocolate cream frogs, Cupid's Whispers, and tuppenny mixed ice creams.

It was a straggling community. Between the beach and the cliff were some

old coastguard cottages, a hotel, and a desiccated bun-shop kept by a religious lady who didn't believe in pleasure and kept even her buns austere and flavorless. There were also some small residences with wave-eaten lawns in front, and the Green Man, which had a bowling green. On top of the cliff were two long lines of detached houses with big gardens, and about a mile inland the village.

The only buildings of any distinction were a Georgian farmhouse and a Norman church, built of flints, which are the only stones available in chalk countries, massively constructed and set on a knoll. Inside the church was a fine satirical Norman stringcourse of grotesque animals and faces, which I studied during many a cold sermon and unwelcome litany. I was nearly roped into this establishment as a choirboy, but when we were perfidiously told that the vicar was coming to hear us sing, and we were to show him what the school could do, I was suspicious and sang even more out of tune than my natural capacity in that direction. Those drafted as sacred songsters were very much pitied.

The land near the sea, except for a few nooks, was either waste or unenclosed sheepwalks. Then came the familiar English checkerboard of hedged pastures, with farms huddled in the valleys behind wind screens of ancient trees. But six miles or so inland the country was rich with wheat and barley fields, lush pasture, orchards, hop gardens. It was wonderful to cycle through the sunken lanes with their flowery banks and spreading elms and oaks.

It was a land drenched in history. The arms of the county were the Saxon white horse, with the motto 'Invicta,' because (so it was claimed) the ancestors had never submitted to Norman William. Saxon place names were common, Worths and Wolds and Hams. There was a Wodensborough with earthworks, said to mark a shrine of Woden. There was once-wealthy Sandwich (de-

serted by the sea) with its mediæval Fisher Gate and Barbican, its old churches and houses, its narrow twisting streets which then were cobbled and grass-grown. There were Canterbury with its cathedral, Dover and its great castle, which included a Roman watchtower and where they now show some of the actual jousting lances used at the Field of the Cloth of Gold; there was Minster with the church William Morris praised so highly and the monument out in the marshes to the missionary, Augustine.

The utterly peaceful landscape seemed brooding in an ancient primitive dream, as if unchanged for ages. By a wonderful stroke of luck I had glimpses of an England, a nook of it, which had changed little since Shakespeare or even since Chaucer. There were no motorcars and the railways had a splendid inefficiency all their own. Communication was by horse-bus and carrier's cart. There was no gas, and no electricity. The Bible was still God's infallible word, except that for purposes of immediate prophecy Old Moore's Almanac was consulted. On holidays and Sundays many of the girls still wore their purple plush mourning for the great and good Queen. The men were heavy, bread-beef-and-beer Saxons, slow-witted, incredibly opposed to all innovation, respectful of the gentry except in matters of religion, and so moral that the few policemen seldom had anything to do.

Our own policeman was a ponderous yokel named Saunders, who was seldom visible and never needed. Coming home from church one morning, my father and I were astonished to see Saunders, striding along at about three times his usual policeman's stroll, and beaming with smiles. As he saluted, my father stopped him. 'Good morning, Saunders. You're looking very cheerful.'

'I've got a body, sir,' said Saunders, oozing with self-importance.

'A body!' said my father in astonishment. 'What do you mean?'

'One of them foreigners over to Ring-wold 'as cut 'is throat something 'orrid, sir.'

The foreigners in question came from another county.

Such was the country and such the people of that little pocket of ancient England, an anachronism in the first decade of the twentieth century. Yet before that decade ended the change began. One or two noisy motorcars, fore-runners of the coming hordes, began crashing through the narrow lanes, frightening horses and expectant mothers. In 1909 the conservative inhabitants suffered the unbearable affront of having Blériot land his airplane on their cliffs. Since then two coal mines have been opened up, with 'model' mining villages of red brick. The roads and lanes are no longer white, but black with asphalt. The widening and straightening have swept away the flowery banks and the old trees. The old dialect talk has almost disappeared before the classy cockney talked in school. The blunt good-natured manners have become wretchedly genteel. Farming is no longer a way of life, following the rhythm of the seasons, but a hard way of earning a poor living. Olde Tea Shoppes lurk round beauty spots, which, because they are spots, are no longer beautiful. The windmills are in ruins. The oast houses are turned into music rooms or cocktail bars by artistic Londoners who come down for week-ends. There are new suburban houses and new suburban people. The old mansions are golf clubs, and the tweeded heroes of the links have frightened away the fallow deer forever.

All gone, as children say.

III

When the Union Jack over the White Ensign fluttered up the mast at the Coast Guard station I ran for my telescope. That meant part of the Channel Fleet was in sight. Usually half a dozen light cruisers and as many torpedo de-

stroyers, with the leading ship carrying the same two flags. Some of H. M.'s ships on their lawful occasions.

It is a known fact that grown-ups have little observation and no sense of fun. It was always necessary to point out to visitors the flags and the warships, but they took no intelligent interest in the event. The men would pretend to take a squint through the telescope, but you could see by the way they waggled it about that they couldn't pick up the squadron even after you'd pointed out exactly where it was. The women would say what a dreadful waste of money it was in our modern world, where war between civilized nations had become unthinkable. And then off they'd all go, gabble, gabble, gabble, about the income tax and those dreadful Radicals and how coal had gone up from nineteen shillings to a pound a ton. Horrible, dreadful, we shall all be ruined. Won't Mrs. Aldington cheer us up with a song?

'Thank you. Thank you very much. Charming. Delightful. Such exquisite feeling. Lord Henry Somerset's, isn't it? Why does he never come to England?'

Those drawing-room ballads! Mr. Noel Coward has pointed out very justly the power of old popular songs in evoking their period. The songs popular with the middle class in my childhood have dropped out of favor, and I am glad to say I now very seldom hear them. But I have only to think of them to evoke their epoch. The most obvious fault of the music was the sentimentality which haunts all middle-class art. But the words were almost always by poets or people supposed to be poets, and never dropped down to the sheer imbecility of contemporary song. There was a complete lack of critical sense, another middle-class trait.

Among the innumerable clues to an understanding of the English which Henry James entirely overlooked are these very songs. The mood of twaddling sentimentality, religious or erotic, which they engendered, plus the physiological stimu-

lus of singing, seemed to be about the only means of breaking down the terrific sex inhibitions of the time. Watchful mammas knew it, and acted accordingly. Only under the stimulus of 'Pale hands pink-tipped beside the Shalimar' and a full moon could the eligible but hideously bashful young man be brought to the point of uttering those almost obscene words: 'Darling, will you marry me?'

But I am forgetting my telescope. Somebody must have told me about Galileo, or I read about him. At any rate I burned to see Jupiter's moons, and harped on the subject of telescopes to such an extent that for the sake of peace I was given one. Alas, it was too low in power to pick up Jupiter's moons. But one Sunday afternoon, when everybody else was sleeping off the effects of beef and Yorkshire, I turned my telescope landwards and looked idly into a distant valley. And what did I see? Nothing less than one of my schoolmasters kissing the elder sister of one of my friends, in the erroneous belief that they were invisible to human eyes. The importance of taking effective cover on such occasions cannot be overstressed; there may always be a small boy or a lewd old mariner with a telescope.

So narrow is the Channel at this point that on clear summer afternoons the cliffs of France are visible to the naked eye, and with my telescope I could pick out the lighthouse and roofs of Calais. How get there? A Cook's poster of those days advertised: 'A Week in Lovely Lucerne, Five Guineas.' But I hadn't got five guineas, and I didn't want to go on a conducted tour to Lucerne. I wanted to go to Calais, and the only way to achieve that was to persuade somebody to take me.

And then, just as I was despairing, the whole problem was solved in an instant by Sir Patrick. When his duties as Recorder brought him to the district, he often spent the week-end in our house. It was an anxious time. Sir Patrick was

not only an exacting gourmet, but the most restless of men, unable to sit still for half an hour and demanding a succession of entertainments throughout the day.

Sunday morning was the crucial time. Like other Scots, Sir Patrick was apt to be morose before breakfast. He was also unpunctual. The word was therefore 'Hold everything' until his tread on the stairs released the porridge — a special porridge imported from Scotland, which was absorbed in a funereal silence which did honor to any Calvinist Sunday. Then came fish. 'Every nation,' says Peacock, 'has some eximious virtue, and that of the Scots is peculiarly fish for breakfast.' Then came boiled eggs, probably timed with a stop-watch. A tense moment followed, while Sir Patrick decapitated one and through judicial glasses examined its criminal record. Invariably at that moment he would turn to my father with the same brisk invariable remark: —

'Well, Aldington, what are we going to do today?'

Glancing anxiously at my mother, my father would detail his program. Generally it was approved, but sometimes captious criticism would force distracting rearrangements. In summer a great standby was: 'A run over to Calais for lunch, tea at the Lord Warden, and drive back for dinner.' The advantage of this was that it filled the whole day.

Sir Patrick was a friend of mine, albeit a somewhat awesome friend. I would sometimes accompany him to his club, where he stuffed my pockets and his own with headed stationery and lavatory paper. As Sir Patrick pointed out, he went to the club so seldom that this was the only way he could get some of his money back. So, one brilliant summer morning when that run over to Calais had been proposed and accepted, I found the fearful courage to pipe up and say that I should like to go. Before my parents could refuse, Sir Patrick had settled it: —

'Certainly. Why not? Do the boy good, and help to keep us amused.'

That settled it. There was a certain atmosphere of indirect disapproval. Luckily, Sir Patrick was impatient to be off, and there I was, in my Eton jacket and school cap, sitting on the box of the landau, rolling in the direction of the port. And at one o'clock we were sitting down to lunch in the Calais buffet.

The Calais buffet was totally unlike the gloomy torture chambers which fancifully call themselves 'Refreshment Rooms' in English railway stations. It was spacious and sunny and decorated with potted plants and flowers. Nearly every table was occupied by well-dressed people, chattering and laughing. Waiters went to and fro swiftly and silently. There was a clatter of knives and forks, a popping of corks, an air of abundance and gayety and good cheer. I dare say many of those people had their troubles (I myself was due to return to school shortly), but the whole feeling of the people was unhurried, untroubled, buoyant, carefree, as they have never been in Europe since August 1914.

Above all, there was none of that feverish effort after pleasure so characteristic of the post-war epoch even at its best; and no heavy drinking, such as became regrettably fashionable in the same epoch. My father and Sir Patrick shared a pint of champagne; and Sir Patrick's conversation was evidently very lively, as they laughed a great deal. The point of his anecdotes missed me because he so often whispered behind his hand. I attached myself warmly to a *poulet en casserole* with mushrooms. Hitherto I had known only the oversized British fowls, plain roast or plain boiled, and I decided that French chickens must be a totally different species of animal.

After the coffee my father slipped off to pay the bill. Sir Patrick lighted a cigar and surveyed the room. Presently he called my attention to a lavishly dressed lady two or three tables away and said abruptly:—

'How old do you think that woman is?'

I had no theories, nor could I imagine why her age should interest my venerable friend. I said: 'I don't know, sir. She might be any age.'

'Quite right, quite right,' he said approvingly. 'You never can tell with these damned Frenchwomen. Might be anything from fourteen to forty.'

Unluckily at that moment my father returned and interrupted this instructive conversation.

We then took a stroll through the town, where I was delighted by the Sunday animation of the streets, by the sight of policemen wearing cocked hats and swords, by workmen who wore beards and pegtop corduroy trousers and red cummerbunds, and by the bright costumes of the fisher girls with their beautifully goffered white caps and large gold earrings. I approved of France without reserve, in spite of Sir Patrick's pungent remarks about the state of the drains.

I continued to approve. As I halted to look in a confectioner's window, Sir Patrick jovially offered to pay for chocolates if I could order them in French without any help. Having studied the shop notices carefully, I went in and asked for '*Un kilo de chocolats mélangés*,' and was understood. Sir Patrick looked crestfallen; his little joke at my expense hadn't been so good. But Sir Patrick was a just and honorable judge. He had promised to pay, and he did pay.

Contrary to all misgivings and warnings, there were no gastric troubles even on the return voyage. I felt fine. It was one of those very rare days when the Channel is blue and perfectly smooth. While Sir Patrick relentlessly marched himself and my father up and down the crowded decks, I sat philosophically eating chocolates, watching the marbled foam, and thinking. I was thinking what a nice man Sir Patrick was, and how I wanted to go to France again, and go often. I reflected that the French must be nice, too; and that it was a

gross libel to say that they lived on frogs and soup when I had such tangible evidence to the contrary. Dimly and vaguely I began to feel a suspicion that perhaps everything good and virtuous and pleasant was not confined to England.

IV

Along the bare cliffs there were, as I have said, a few fertile nooks where a deep fold in the chalk had gathered soil and gave protection from the winds and yet was open to the sun. In some of these, bright red sainfoin came up every year with a profusion of wild flowers so that the early summer air was sweet with their scent. I was always sorry when I saw the scythes at work destroying this colored flower pattern.

As boys do, I began collecting the butterflies which hovered over these flowers, sticking them clumsily on pins, and trying to make out their names from one or two popular handbooks. And there the matter would have rested but for the Reverend Francis Austin.

Mr. Austin was a burly man with thick eyebrows and Henry VIII legs. He was unlucky enough to offend a very popular lady novelist who satirized him most unjustly with much ribaldry about his 'grand-pianoforte legs.' But Mr. Austin was a scholar, and added to his small income by writing books on such pleasant but unremunerative topics as English mediæval seals and the flowers of Shakespeare. He was also a skillful and tireless field naturalist.

George Moore has told how stunned he felt when he read an article by Zola destroying all Moore's belief in the methods of Monsieur Scribe. That was how I felt when Mr. Austin showed me his collections, all beautifully arranged in tall cabinets, with every specimen neatly labeled. Having no standard of comparison, I had modestly thought I was doing pretty well, and in a flash I stood self-convicted as an incompetent and ignorant bungler.

This was all the more painful because my favorite book at that time was Bates's *Naturalist on the Amazon*, and I had made up my mind to emulate and probably surpass him. I believe Bates's theory of mimicry has been severely handled by later biologists, for, like certain cannibal tribes, scientists enjoy devouring their ancestors as a sacred rite. But nothing can destroy his work as a field naturalist. The number of species 'new to Science' he sent back from Brazil is stupendous. I spent so many hours with Bates on the Amazon (when I should have been asleep or doing my homework) that I began to feel I had been there myself. How often I hunted insects near Para or Obidos, felt homesick for England when I heard a tropical bird with a note like a wren, had fever in Para, grew disgusted with a turtle diet and so yearned for flesh that I ate the roasted arm of a monkey in spite of its dreadful resemblance to humanity.

Possibly — I throw this out as a mere suggestion — part of the lure of the Amazon lay in the fact that there seemed to be no school there, while Bates earned fame and money by doing things I could only do on half-holidays. At any rate, what with Bates and Mr. Austin, I plugged away at natural history in my spare time for years, preparing for the great day when I too should set forth to discover those magical creatures, species new to Science. I have never been to the Amazon, though of recent years I have been tempted to go, and once got as far as looking up shipping lines and rates.

But if I couldn't go humping off to the Amazon, I began to see a little more of England on summer holidays. Those who have only seen Stratford-on-Avon in a bustle of tourists would find some difficulty in imagining the peace and remoteness of the place in pre-motor days. Except on market days it was so still that footsteps echoed in the silent streets, boys fished from Clopton bridge, and one policeman dozed in solitude by

the town hall. Miss Marie Corelli scandalized the natives by driving about in a victoria drawn by six piebald Shetland ponies, and by importing a Venetian gondola which wafted her, a best-selling Cleopatra, up and down the affronted Avon. People agreed that something ought to be done about these insults to Shakespeare, but nothing was done. Apart from this unseemly intrusion, Stratford, with its water meadows and willows and Holy Trinity and 'the birthplace,' slept on in a peace which had been scarcely broken since the Great Rebellion. The last time I was there I could scarcely find space to park my car.

A great contrast to this was north Devon, which had not then become the stamping ground for innumerable trippers in motor coaches. The high barren moor there suddenly falls to the sea in rocky cliffs. The sheltered rainy coombes are filled with trees and ferns and mosses, and there are clear rocky trout streams. We saw stags and half-wild ponies on Exmoor, and the wild-looking farmers who rode in to Lynton and Lynmouth on their shaggy horses spoke a dialect we could scarcely understand. We ate the Exmoor mutton and cream and brook trout, and there was a pleasant smell of burning peat and wood. Like every other visitor to those parts, I read *Lorna Doone* and was greatly disappointed by the Doone valley — which only goes to show that sentimental fiction is no reliable guide to landscape.

In those days I began to form the habit of reading. Whether you consider that a virtue or a vice is apt to depend on whether you are or are not interested in the book and education trades. It is a habit I have no intention of trying to break. Even if all new books become political and economic propaganda I shall go on reading old ones, which are more interesting anyway in most cases. I think it was fortunate that my schools paid no attention to 'cultural interests,' so that reading was pure fun. I also

think I was lucky in having the run of a large general library.

For some time my attention never strayed much beyond a shelf of adventure stories which my father had collected in his boyhood. Christmas and birthdays provided me with more recent versions of the gory yarns which for some strange reason are thought suitable for youthful minds.

No doubt I should eventually have got free from this childish bugaboo on my own, but I was suddenly diverted from it by the merest chance. Coming into the library one afternoon, I found on the table a dozen or more handsomely bound white books. I knew at once that they were the new limited edition of Oscar Wilde and one of my father's economies, about which there had been some discussion. I had never heard of Mr. Wilde until this purchase, but from the discussion about it I judged there was something mysterious to be learned.

One of the volumes lay open on the table with a heavy ruler across it. Curiosity made me read a paragraph. A sudden and violent interest made me read on. The book, I saw, was called *Intentions*, and the paragraph I had started on was about a poet called Keats. Presently I went over to the bookcase and found the Moxon edition of Keats. I turned up *Endymion* and began to read it. I despair of finding words to express the effect of these two books without seeming inadequate to myself or exaggerated to other people. It was like a combination of falling in love at first sight and finding Ali Baba's treasure cave. But lovers have their woes and Ali Baba his perils; I had neither. There simply was no fly in that ointment. By the merest chance I had stumbled into a world of enchantment, of siren voices

For ever piping songs for ever new.

Now that was really a stroke of good luck. From the obsolete sensationalism of Harrison Ainsworth I might have passed to more recent brands, and have

ended up as one of those unhappy people who take their intellectual pleasures so sadly with newspapers, horror stories, jigsaw puzzles, and detective novels.

Observe, too, the good fortune of coming on those two authors. Suppose it had been Matthew Arnold, or — which would have been infinitely worse — one of our own dreary critics who are always laboring to prove something irrelevant, mainly their own superiority. Obviously I should have been repelled. But, with all his faults and affectations, Oscar Wilde's attitude was one of yea-saying to life and art. In his ornate fanciful way he was telling me why Keats should be admired, and not where he fails to please a super-highbrow taste. And then what poem was fitter to charm an immature mind than the lovely but immature imaginings of *Endymion*?

Only one thing was required to feed this burning enthusiasm — books. And here again my luck held good. I hadn't to haunt public libraries or secondhand bookshops. Everything I needed was at hand in my own home — all the major English poets from Chaucer to Browning, dozens of minor poets, the twenty volumes of Chalmers's *British Poets*, and a complete collection of Elizabethan dramatists. Here was matter for a lifetime of study. I went through them in two years, reading literally nothing but poetry in all my spare time; and owing to an operation and other reasons I had practically a whole year to myself. When I went to the University I found to my surprise that I had read every poet in the required English course, and scored 98 out of 100 in a special test paper set for me by an incredulous faculty.

So much spontaneous ardor and persistence without the slightest outside pressure seem to show some innate disposition for literature. That may not be good psychology or philosophy, but it is a fact. Nobody had suggested to me that poetry may be an absorbing passion or even a proper study. All we did in that line at school was to parse, ana-

lyze, and (heaven help us!) paraphrase Shakespeare's *King John*. Moreover, in those days the very word 'poet' (usually preceded by the Homeric adjective 'long-*'aired'*) was a term of abuse among the robust commonalty. In spite of the conditioned reflexers, I must continue to believe that the love of poetry was there in me and was not induced by my spiritual pastors and masters.

It is even more improbable that anyone on this earth would attempt to condition a fifteen-year-old bourgeois schoolboy into writing poetry. Towards the end of that same summer when I discovered Keats through the kind offices of Mr. Wilde, I was out on the cliffs insect-hunting. I was tired and hot from chasing a very active *Fritillaria* up and down a steep slope, and sat down to rest. By accident I had there a very fine view of the cliffs and Channel, floodlit by the late afternoon sun. I wasn't thinking of poetry or conscious of anything in particular except a feeling of passive contentment, when a line of iambic pentameter suddenly presented itself, followed by another which continued the sense and rhymed with the first.

In my pocket I had a pencil and what I pompously called my 'field notebook.' Mr. Austin had gravely urged this course, bidding me to note 'all scientific phenomena' I happened to bump into on my walks. (I wish I had that book now to find what 'scientific phenomena' I noted.) Turning this book upside down (symbolical gesture), I wrote down the two lines. Immediately others presented themselves, and very soon I had written thirty or forty. In fact, as I perceived with astonishment, I had written a poem.

The experience of writing a poem was entirely delightful, far more satisfactory even than reading poetry. But, how right Lucretius was! 'From the midst of the fountain of bliss ever rises up something of bitterness.' On rereading my poem I discovered that it was a ramshackle affair. From the fountain of

creative bliss rose up that horrid spectre of self-criticism which haunts the artist all his life. Dimly and reluctantly I began to see that genius is not enough; one must also work. And yet I believe that I had already doomed myself to what is jestingly called a literary career.

Who shall say what strange hidden motives, what curious aptitudes determined our job in life? We can never sufficiently remind ourselves how different are the ideals of different men. In the year 1918 I was much impressed by an example of this truth. I was then temporarily in command of an infantry company in France, and my sanitary man was wounded. A sanitary man fulfills a useful and hygienic function, but one devoid of glory — the efficient hiding of human ordure.

My sanitary man had worked with silent fidelity, and his loss was embarrassing. Time and tide would not wait. What was to be done? My second in command suggested realistically that I should order somebody to take over the vacant rank, but I did not care to use my undoubted power in so tyrannous a manner. Every soldier is potentially a hero. I didn't want to wound heroic susceptibilities by an appointment which might be considered insulting.

In this perplexity I consulted my sergeant major, who bade me be of good cheer, and soon brought me a small, dark, rather dirty soldier whom I had more than once been compelled to reprove. The sergeant major was a good and conscientious officer, but, like too many who are entrusted with great power, apt to be a bit arbitrary. It occurred to my suspicious mind that he might want to humiliate the deplorable soldier who stood before me so patiently and so humbly.

Therefore I sent the sergeant major away and in private questioned the man closely to find out if any pressure had been put on him. If I had trodden on Vergil's snake I could not have been more startled than I was by his state-

ments. He yearned to be a sanitary man, he said; he had long cherished an ambition for that fetid post — he felt it was his vocation in life. As I signed and handed him the necessary order, he thanked me warmly, as if it were I and not he doing the service.

It seems to me that I too had an inexplicable vocation.

The nature of youth turns to hero-worship as unconsciously as plants grow towards the light. By their heroes you shall know them. Instead of prize fighters or political dictators, I admired poets. Indeed anyone connected, however distantly, with writing, even a literary agent who sometimes stayed with us, seemed to me aureoled with prestige. I made two mistakes here. A man who has written great and attractive books is not necessarily a great and attractive person. Moreover, I had in the library the very best of centuries, without the bores and the failures and the false successes. I ought to have seen that in any one generation these were likely to be in the majority, especially since writing had become a trade.

As if by way of warning, I very early ran into one or two specimens of literary fauna. There was, for instance, Mr. Guy Thorne, a novelist, a pale plump man who thought very highly of his abilities. He had been a Fleet Street journalist, but, faced with the alternatives of dipsomania or Cornwall, chose Cornwall. He was an industrious writer, so industrious that half the products of his literary factory were issued under his real name, Ranger Gull. At that time he had topped all other best-sellers with a novel called *When It Was Dark*, a sensational account of the disasters which happened to the world when it was proved by 'Science' that Jesus did not rise from the dead. The British public fairly lapped it up, especially a prudish-prurient chapter headed 'Mary, Pity Women!' Of course, in the end 'Science' was defeated, and the book

ended on a Note of Hope. The idea of the book was said to have been suggested by the author's parson father, and it was skillfully exploited by an amiable cynic and practised journalist.

Even our village had heard of Mr. Thorne, and there was much excitement when the news went round that he had rented a large farmhouse in the district. There was an orgy of tea fights to discuss what ought to be done about it. Should one call or should one not? Although the book was a snappy piece of Christian propaganda, and owed its initial success to a gratuitous pulpit advertisement from the Bishop of London, the general opinion was that the book was blasphemous and that one definitely should not call. Hovering in the background of these debates, I failed to see that the real reason for not calling was the agonizing suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, that the calls would not be returned.

My mother, ever ardent in generous opposition, decided that she would call, and thus I frequently had the privilege of seeing and listening to Mr. Thorne. I confess that at first his appearance was a shock. From the strong moral line he took in print, I had expected somebody rather austere and Dantesque, instead of a tubby little *bon vivant* who never refused a double whiskey. Glass in hand, he invariably stood in front of the fireplace and discoursed. My awe at this eminent personage was tempered by the fact that his conversation was very worldly, not to say mundane, and apt to run on the theme of his superiority to all other living authors. He had a 'Morton's Fork' line of argument which is still popular with his tribe. Those writers who might have claimed superior literary merit were dismissed because they hadn't his sales; and the few who had his sales were easily disposed of for having no literary merit.

Through this modest genius I met my first minor poet, Cotsford Dick. He was known to the middle classes as a writer of drawing-room ballads, but I

have since come across one or two of his poems in late Victorian anthologies. Mr. Dick was a slim, dapper, bright-eyed little man, frothing with verbal witticisms and looking rather like an intelligent groom. And did you once see Shelley plain? The last thing in the world Mr. Dick wanted to talk about was poetry. He affected a fine indifference for his own talents, but would have been greatly offended by anyone who shared it. With his affected Oxford accent, his 'witty' chatter, his artless familiarity with titles, he was the prototype of the literary loungeur with a small income, the social hanger-on, the bachelor who can be depended on to fill a seat at dinner on a moment's notice and pay for it by gossip and jokes filched from the greenroom and the bohemian club. *Non sic itur ad astra.*

But I was not easily cured of this literary hero-worship. Evidently it was still with me three or four years later when I was in London and spent part of an afternoon at The Pines, Putney Hill. At that time I had a great admiration for Swinburne, which I am glad to say I have not lost even now. Unluckily Mr. Swinburne had recently died, but, his friend or keeper, Watts-Dunton, still lived.

Admirers of Swinburne will always look on the relations of these two with mixed feelings. It is well known that young Swinburne drank. The pious old Admiral Swinburne used to say: 'God who has given my son the gift of genius has denied him that of self-control.' Watts-Dunton undertook to be the control. It was rumored that he diverted Swinburne from brandy to port because that was the drink of the Laureate, Tennyson; from port to claret because the three musketeers drank it; and from claret to beer because beer should be the drink of an English patriot. He even induced the sedentary bard to take exercise by making him walk (some said, sprint) across Putney Common to a pub for his morning bottle of Bass.

Unhappily, as Algernon Charles became more and more sober, Swinburne became duller and duller, until the author of *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads* vanished in clouds of meaningless words and walloping rhythms. Swinburne survived his genius nearly forty years. Thus, owing to Watts-Dunton, England gained a respectable citizen (of which she already had far too many) and lost one of the last of her great poets.

Nevertheless I had my own reason for wanting to visit The Pines. I sent Watts-Dunton some of my poems, and he invited me to tea. The door of The Pines opened into a hall hung with Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and the servant led me to an overfurnished parlor with more pictures. After a formal and funereal pause I was shown into a large gloomy library, where a shriveled old man was reading *David Copperfield*. We talked a little about Dickens, a lot about Swinburne and the Victorians, a little about my poems. He showed me Swinburne's writing table and chair and some of his books, and then I was once more on Putney Hill, feeling rather like a tourist who has been conducted round the historic mansion by the old family retainer.

My reason for intruding on the old man was a sentimental one. Swinburne had known Landor; Landor, Southey; and at one time Southey was very friendly with Shelley. The chain was a short one, and I was never likely to get humanly so near to Shelley again. He was only five handclasps away. In my enthusiasm I didn't even stop there, but somehow made the link back to Pope, and through Wycherley and Davenant to Shakespeare. An absurd fancy, but my own.

A far different character was Mr. Dudley Grey, who was for some time my closest friend. A second father would perhaps more accurately define the relation of a man of fifty to a schoolboy of sixteen. In the language of his own generation, Mr. Grey was a gentleman and a

scholar. In Marxian terms I suppose he would be called a bloodsucking rentier permeated with bourgeois ideology. He was a Christian and a patriot, owner of a historic castle, yet a traveled cosmopolitan, widely read in several languages, an amateur poet, and an indefatigable art collector. He was an accomplished man of the world, well-bred, with charmingly easy manners, dressed with a careless elegance, a good shot, a good horseman. Though not so picturesque or so big a swell as Wilfrid Blunt and Cunningham Graham, he belonged to their type, the embodiment of the words of Euphues: 'It is virtue, yea virtue, gentlemen, that maketh gentlemen' — 'virtue' here being meant in the Italian sense of *virtù*, all-round worth and accomplishment.

I never saw Mr. Grey in his castle. When I knew him he lived in a medium-sized house, rather crowded with old furniture, works of art, books, and a valuable collection of old jewelry. These were only a fraction of his collections which I saw years later, after the castle had been sold, in a large mansion Mr. Grey had bought in Buckinghamshire.

Now why had the owner of a castle come to live in a small house in an undistinguished community? His explanation was that the low-lying situation of his home and the worry of a staff of servants had made Mrs. Grey ill; that she no longer cared to travel out of England; and that the doctor had recommended our high, dry, windy downs as healthy. A reasonable and simple explanation, but far too simple for our middle-class gossips, who resented Mr. Grey because, simply by being himself, he made them feel inferior. They said he was a degenerate (i.e. a homosexual) hiding from the police — because he once casually mentioned dining with Oscar Wilde. They said he had been forced out of 'decent society' because he had married his cook; and this was founded on the fact that Mr. Grey was a good amateur cook and enjoyed preparing a good

French meal. They also insinuated that he was a secondhand furniture dealer, only too willing to sell his Sheraton chairs and Renaissance cabinets.

Under pretext of playing chess (the only quasi-intellectual activity tolerated in our village) I visited Mr. Grey regularly. But we soon abandoned chess for better things. In his young days Mr. Grey had been a poet. At the age of nineteen, he said, he had gone about Venice in a cloak and a gondola, imagining himself another Byron. He appointed himself my poetic guardian, and each week read and criticized what I had written. Stimulated by this, his own Muse awoke from a long and frozen sleep. Mr. Grey read his verses in a strange droning chant which is said to derive from Tennyson. Afterwards it took me some time to get rid of the habit.

Mr. Grey was a most valuable ally. In spite of the twaddling gossips, he had considerable prestige, if only because he paid his bills so promptly. His wholehearted encouragement of my writing was a shield against opposition. Even more to the point was the privilege of intimacy with a good European. Mr. Grey had lived in London, Paris, and Berlin, and could talk amusingly of life there. He talked of the theatre and grand opera, of symphonic and chamber music, when the best I knew were the Stratford performances of Shakespeare and my mother's playing of Chopin and Schumann. The classics, which had been a dreary school task, he brought alive. He made me see that Homer and Horace were as much living poetry as Keats and Shakespeare. Under his urging I made a strenuous effort and taught myself to read French. He introduced me to French poetry, and it was charming to see his enthusiasm for Ronsard and André Chénier. He started me off on Italian. He made me learn to ride a horse, and implored me not to marry my landlady's daughter. He was exacting and worked a willing pupil relentlessly, for, after all, during much of

this time I had to cope with a full school program; and I am very grateful to him.

But Mr. Grey's deepest enthusiasm was for Italy, for Italian art and literature. He was impatient for me to learn Italian, and would read and translate passages from Dante and Petrarch to goad me on. In the leisurely Victorian way Mr. Grey had traveled through Italy in his own carriage. Everywhere he went he bought or took photographs of cities, landscape, architecture, sculpture, pictures, gardens, fountains. I forget how many large albums of these photographs he had, but they seemed endless. With one of them open before us Mr. Grey was willing to talk for hours and I was as willing to listen. No doubt he saw these things through the eyes of Ruskin, Pater, and Addington Symonds, but that is vastly better than not seeing them at all or seeing them through the hard-boiled optics of the New Yorker. Certainly Mr. Grey was a dilettante, but the meaning of the word is 'one who takes delight'; and what is art for if not to delight us?

'You must go to Italy,' Mr. Grey would end up.

I didn't need any urging. I was already more than impatient to be off. But distances were longer in those days and Italy seemed a long way off. Having pushed me on too far, Mr. Grey now tried to restrain me. I must prepare myself first by learning Italian and something of Italy's complicated history. I must see first the collections in London and Paris, and learn to recognize styles and schools. Certainly I should not attempt to visit Italy until I finished with the University. And then, seeing me still unconsoled, he added:—

'If you want to go to Italy badly enough, you'll get there somehow.'

I didn't believe him, but he was right.

V

Does it sound absurd to list 'learning to walk' among the pleasures and dis-

coveries of those days? As I grew up I accepted without question the walking habits of a sedentary class. I thought walking a slow, tedious method of covering distances, and that four miles were about the limit of human capacity. If you had to go any further you naturally took a carriage or a train. Walking for pleasure was limited to golf and the constitutional.

I was freed from this error by an old friend, who is now one of His Majesty's judges but was then merely a barrister's devil. The experience made such an impression that I remember the exact date — the second of June. After breakfast Malcolm suggested a walk. It was a brilliantly sunny day; the fields were rich with daisies and buttercups; the young green leaves glittered; birds sang, and we talked and sang. I dare say Malcolm talked of his literary heroes, Henry, Pater, and Louis Stevenson. But after two or three miles I fell silent. I began to consider the distance back and was convinced that I already felt tired. I suggested we should turn back, or we might be late for lunch.

From his six feet three Malcolm looked upon me with scorn. Did I really propose to waste such a glorious day mugging indoors? Was I such a confounded weakling that I quailed at a mere fifteen or twenty-mile stroll? I gasped. Why, Malcolm continued, he and George Somebody often did twenty-five to thirty a day. But lunch? I protested, imagining a picturesque vignette of my disabled body lying huddled on the dusty road far from human succor. But there is no getting past legal acumen. Pooh! We had some money in our pockets, hadn't we? Wasn't there a pub in nearly every village? *Allons, en route.* Afoot and light-hearted we take to the open road.

Even a quotation from Whitman was no comfort, for at that moment I didn't feel at all light-hearted; but I was ashamed to give in tamely. Bracing muscles which I firmly believed could not carry me much longer, I plodded on.

And as we went on I seemed to get a second wind. I recollected that I had once run seven miles in a paper chase, and began to enjoy the rhythmic movement and exploring new country.

Sometime after noon we came to the then remote and very picturesque village of Barfreton, and went into an old thatched pub (I believe it was called The Oak) with cool stone floors and scrubbed wooden tables and benches. There we ate bread and cheese, and I drank my first half-pint of ale. Later we looked at the remarkable Norman carvings on the church, and sat in the sunshine on a low tomb facing the sculptured porch. A butterfly settled on a lichen'd gravestone, and we remembered that for the Greeks it was a symbol of the soul, and we discoursed of Plato and the myth of immortality.

A memorable day. My legs got me home all right, though I was stiff next morning. What did that matter? Malcolm had given me the freedom of the road. There was one amusing aspect of that expedition which his present lordship might consider. If the contemporary restrictions on the sale of drinks in England had been in force then, my friend who now condemns people for such trifles as murder and robbery with violence might himself have been indicted of a horrid crime — to wit, that he did procure a minor to be supplied with half a pint of beer which the said minor consumed on licensed premises in contempt of our Sovereign Lord the King his crown and dignity.

We got our walking done just in time. Within ten years the roads of England changed entirely and lost that empty, leisurely quality that had been theirs since the railways had taken over all long-distance travel. Thousands and eventually millions of people came to possess the equivalent of a private train with access to all roads. And many of them were not exactly the sort of persons who seek green haunts and loneli-



Should you be on the lookout for Diabetes?

SOME FOLKS should be especially on their guard against diabetes, as a tendency to this disease seems to run in certain families.

► Furthermore, the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Diabetes occurs most frequently among people who lead inactive lives, and is more common among women than among men.

So, if you have reason to be on the alert for diabetes, it is particularly important for you to have complete physical examinations at regular intervals.

► Such examinations may reassure you that you do not have the disease. If the possibility of diabetes is indicated, then a study of sugar in the blood can help the doctor detect the condition early—frequently before other symptoms appear. Thus, you can be guided to prompt control of the disease with diet and insulin before it has made much progress.

The most common signs of diabetes, frequently not recognized by those who have the disease in early stages, are: Excessive thirst; excessive ap-

petite; loss of weight; constant weariness and unaccountable irritability; and, in older people, boils and carbuncles.

► Naturally, definite symptoms should call for immediate medical attention.

It is encouraging to realize that a healthy, active life is not only possible but probable for most diabetics who promptly discover their ailment and follow competent medical guidance. They easily become adjusted to the four vital conditions necessary for diabetes control: 1. Proper diet, 2. Insulin as prescribed, 3. Exercise, 4. Cleanliness.

For further helpful information concerning this disease and its control, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Diabetes." Write today to Dept. 940-T.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the **New York World's Fair** and at the **Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco**.

ness; and if they did, their presence in such numbers destroyed the very things they sought. England is a small country with a network of roads, so that three decades have been enough for the motor-car to suburbanize many of the areas which industrialism had not touched. It isn't much fun to walk there now.

Well, I've had a car myself for many years and know what fun it is, and yet the losses are serious. The long raw gash of a new motor road changes a whole landscape, especially when there is a ribbon development of new houses. What was yesterday still a stretch of eighteenth-century England looks like a dreary suburb.

The highways and the main streets of old towns in summer are as crowded as Piccadilly and far noisier. Moreover, everything supposedly beautiful or interesting is exploited for admission charges. Stonehenge has a barbed-wire fence round it and a turnstile. At the Devil's Bridge notices read: 'One shilling to see the landscape immortalized by Wordsworth.' It isn't the shilling one minds, especially since that is probably the only way of protection from complete wrecking. The trouble is the banality of it all. When such places lose their remoteness and wildness they lose their charm. The *genius loci* evaporates, and what is left is a mere curiosity. As Lawrence says, everything has been seen to death.

When it comes to a choice between the fun of motoring and the fun of walking, I think walking has it.

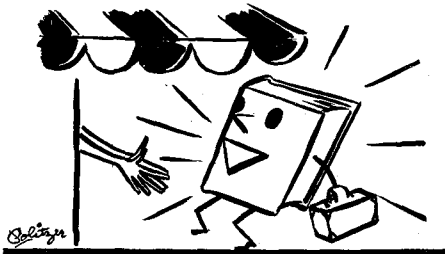
Consider. With a car one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles are easily covered in a day, and at the end you crawl away from the wheel, unexercised yet stiff and tired, having had innumerable hurried glimpses of things you immediately forgot. In a day or two your nerves are on edge with the strain of speed, and if you were asked to describe the country and places you have been through, you couldn't do it.

On foot fifteen to twenty-five miles

are about the limits to a reasonable day's march. In the morning when you start off you need a silent mile to get into stride and shake the rucksack into place. But as oxygenation livens up the blood, there is a gradual but quite irresistible trend towards exhilaration, not to say hilarity. You begin to talk to your companion, and find him responsive. After three or four miles mere talking is not enough; you shout, you sing, you bring out such good jokes that you both halt, doubled up with laughter. Your companion seems the wittiest and most delightful fellow in the world.

You proceed in this way for a length of time which seems twice as long and ten times as pleasant as a whole day in a car, when you observe an inn sign. This reminds you that you are hungry and you innocently suggest lunch, only to discover with astonishment that your watches and the church clock agree that the day is young — a few minutes past eleven, in fact. Congratulating each other on this unexpected gift of time, you march on.

Meanwhile there isn't much in the slowly moving landscape that you have missed. As you look back you can still see the spire over last night's village, and the hill which was in front of you for the better part of a day. The names of villages and hamlets on the map become realities. You potter about them, looking at the big elms on the green and at old cottages. Or you drop in at the parish church, where you are rewarded by a crusader's tomb, a sixteenth-century brass, or a fine window which luckily escaped the Reformers' philistine zeal. You come to the bridge over a stream and peer down at the green waving weeds and the shadowy fishes flitting about their watery shrubberies like dim subaqueous birds. For half an hour you have a succession of views of an old mansion in a park; you fit it up with a library and other necessities and live there for the rest of your life. And no sooner is it out of sight than you come



THE WELCOME GUEST

You'll enjoy your week-end and so will your hosts if you take them
BOOKS!

When the rain keeps you indoors, or when you seek relief from the strenuous life, relax with a book. Its company is never tiring, and its friendship is everlasting.

Vacation time is book-reading time.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION
Members Everywhere

Ten months a best seller . . .

LAND BELOW THE WIND

\$5,000 Atlantic Prize Book

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

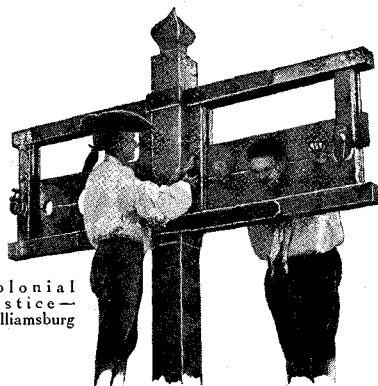
THE story of what it feels like to be a young American wife in Borneo, the farthest outpost of the British Empire. OSA JOHNSON says: "One of the most beautiful books I have ever read."

Illustrated, \$3.00



ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS
Published by LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Colonial
Justice—
Williamsburg

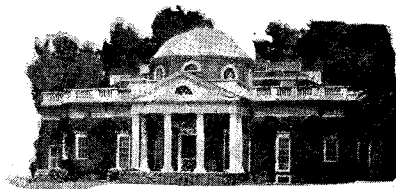


*Meet Colonial America
in this autumn paradise*

OLD VIRGINIA

Here you may RELIVE the romance of Colonial Days . . . follow pine-scented trails through a mountain wonderland . . . or join the lazy post-summer colony at the famous Virginia Seashore, where salty breezes soothe tired, jangled nerves. COME SOON, when Autumn weaves her golden pattern through this Land of Romance.

Foliage in the Shenandoah Park "turns" early in October. Color peak will be approximately October 14th—19th.



Historic "Monticello", Thomas Jefferson's mountain-top home, near Charlottesville



Golf on sporty courses cooled by seashore or mountain air!

Surf-casting is a lively sport!



See Natural Bridge; the caverns; Natural Tunnel

Write for FREE illustrated book "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" or specific information on places in which you are especially interested

Virginia Conservation Commission
Room 849, 914 Capitol Street, Richmond, Va.

Travel motion pictures on Virginia available

to the crest of a hill, and look over a wide valley to blue hills.

How much better are bread and cheese and beer in a cheerful taproom than a ghastly English hotel lunch in a prunes-and-prisms atmosphere of gentility and a doddering waiter with grease-spotted clothes! After a pipe or two comes the afternoon walk. This is a more sober intoxication of air and sun than the morning's. The world and yourself seem bathed in a warm golden glow; you linger more frequently on the way, and wonder how anyone can be a pessimist. You are filled with a placid satisfaction, and not even dismayed by the certainty that at your night's lodging you will get nothing but ham and eggs. You are carefree, and yet as virtuously tired as if you had done a hard day's work.

Such at any rate is my recollection of a fortnight's walk through the west of England in 1910 and many another since. That was part of the good life.

Meanwhile other things had been happening. With my father I spent a week in Brussels and Antwerp. Brussels was the first capital I really enjoyed. My first memories of London are very confused, a medley of fog, mud, an endless rumble, the violent ammonia smell of horses at Victoria, the stifling coal smoke in the underground, hansoms, growlers, pantomimes, the Tower, the Abbey, the Zoo, the portentously solemn rooms of the Grosvenor Hotel, and the Natural History Museum. Belgium was very different. I feel some compunction when I think of how much I must have bored people after I got back. For several days I literally could not stop talking about all I had seen, from the dogs harnessed to market barrows up to High Mass in the Cathedral at Antwerp.

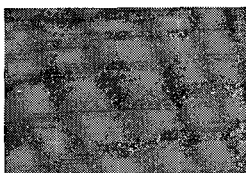
What I remember most vividly now is not the sight-seeing or even the first real contact with Continental life, but something I was quite unconscious of at the time. I mean the peaceful busy life of the Belgians which was so abruptly

and cruelly ended in August 1914. One day my father took me to lunch at a large restaurant on one of the main streets of Brussels. We went up to the second floor and got a table by the window so that we could look up and down the street. There were throngs of people passing, an endless procession of fiacres among the trams, and every café and restaurant seemed crowded. It was the beginning of a holiday, and there was an indefinable sense of good humor and well-being about the whole scene. A woman on the street corner was selling flowers, and I watched a waiter at the café opposite joking and laughing with his customers as he served them.

If somebody had told me then that in a very few years an invading army would march down that street, I should have thought him mad. I should have thought him even more mad if he had gone on to say that I should be one of a vast English army levied to eject that invader. Certainly our inability to foresee the future is one of the most merciful conditions of our existence. I shouldn't have enjoyed my lunch at all if I had known what was coming.

Yet if I were superstitious I might claim one flash of prophetic insight. Soon after I returned from Belgium I had a very vivid dream, wherein I saw the angels of the Lord riding upon white horses and slaying the wicked. The gruesome part of it was that as this divine vengeance proceeded the white angels and white horses became red with blood. I was so much impressed by this dream that I made a little story of it, the first piece of prose I ever wrote. I can't explain this apocalyptic vision, except that I was scheduled for an operation; and my subliminal self, or whatever it is that functions in dreaming, exaggerated the extent of the coming massacre and effusion of blood.

In a moment of artist's vanity I read this precious composition to my mother and one of my great-aunts. That excel-



The Atlantic Panel Plan



'After using these discussions for a year, we have found that they not only furnish the variety and advancement we desired, but that they also have decidedly stimulated the club enthusiasm and activity. Our membership is unanimous in approval of the use of the plan next year.'

MRS. G. C. HARDIN, President,
Wednesday Club, Fort Smith,
Arkansas

for the use of Clubs

*'Interesting—
entertaining—
instructive'*

Try out the Atlantic Panel Plan on your club members, and see how quickly your problem becomes not 'how to get them started,' but 'how to get them stopped'!

For full details, send a postal card to

Christine Lowell
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts



lent lady paid me the flattering compliment of shedding tears. Since I had already had my first poem printed in a London periodical that week I naturally began to feel as if the Nobel prize were just around the corner. Whereupon my mother got hold of a copy of this work and — just imagine! — sent it to Bernard Shaw. What she wrote to him I don't know, nor what her motive was, unless she thought that Mr. Shaw might turn his satire on me and drastically cure me of the itch for writing. If so, she was disappointed. I haven't got Mr. Shaw's letter, but it ran something like this: —

MADAM,

Your son has obviously too much literary talent to earn his living in an honest way.

I enclose a guinea which he is to spend in some thoroughly selfish way.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

I wish I could remember what I did with that guinea. I believe I was so revolted by Shaw's cynicism that I insisted on giving it to my mother. As to Shaw's opinion, who am I to dispute it? If earning money by writing is dishonest, I can only say that I have done my best to follow in his footsteps.

In spite of all this glory and the efforts of Mr. Grey, I still needed educating. Mr. Grey was angry with me for having a poem published, and quoted Horace about keeping a poem seven years before publication. If only that rule could be rigidly applied to all books, the art of literature might be saved; and all the publishers would go bankrupt.

At that time it seemed to me a fantastic proposal; why, if I followed it, I should be an old man of twenty-three before I had another poem published. However, I heeded Mr. Grey to the extent that for a time I made no further efforts towards publication and settled down to other work, to prepare for the University.

Hitherto I have said little or nothing about my schools, because I wanted to look on the bright side of life. I can't agree with the men who won't allow any criticism of the old school and who grow maudlin about the happiest days of their lives. Nor do I suffer from the infantilism which makes them yearn to be back in those days. My days at school were far from being happy, were indeed a perpetual struggle against a conditioning which was repulsive to me. Unluckily this resistance was extended to the purely educational side, so that I was regarded as rather a dull pupil. And yet, as a greater man said, I cannot think that I was disqualified for all literary pursuits.

I have no particular criticism for the system as such. Later researches enable me to say with some confidence that it was an imitation of Dr. Arnold's imitation of the methods worked out by Vittorino da Feltre for educating Renaissance nobles. There was a time when I thought it fantastic to apply these methods to middle-class boys in the twentieth century. But having observed the results of the various brands of reformed, scientific, practical, enlightened, and psychological education, I have changed my mind. Without the humanities, education is defective, and I find myself unexpectedly in agreement with the classical don who saw no reason why scientists should not be educated.

I am not a Renaissance noble, but I should not in the least object if I had really received the education of one. It could not possibly be as futile as the smattering of innumerable more or less fake 'subjects' now fashionable. 'Modern' education is as certainly a recipe for making sciolists as the feudal system was a recipe for civil war. My objection, therefore, is not that they taught so-called obsolete subjects, but that they taught them with miserable inefficiency.

One reason for this is that, even if they

*1940 will probably be the
most momentous year in the 20th century*



Who will write the
most momentous
book of Non-Fiction
in 1940 for the
ATLANTIC
\$5000 PRIZE?

Closing date - April 1, 1941

For detailed information write to the

SIXTH NON-FICTION CONTEST

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts

knew their subjects, they had no enthusiasm for them. Languid teachers can expect nothing but languid scholars. But a more potent reason was the conditioning or training, which laid far too much stress upon mere games and upon a narrow-minded bourgeois outlook. Backed by a quasi-military discipline, this inculcation of prejudices was harmful. Under the guise of turning out gentlemen it produced a pack of stupid. In their anxiety for the mass production of too-respectable citizens incapable of reacting against the prejudices instilled in them, they forgot (if they ever knew) Vittorino's cardinal principle that instruction must be adapted to the individual. Consequently, I had to expend a great deal of nervous energy in preventing them from turning my silk purse into a sow's ear.

Everything comes to those who wait, even unconscious apologies. A few years ago I returned to the old school, and walked on the sacred Close with the headmaster, who had been my housemaster. He talked very nicely about my books and then, turning to me with the most disarming naïveté, said:—

‘And now tell me, my dear Aldington, *where* on earth did you get your scholarly knowledge?’

The price paid for this successful resistance was considerable, both in nervous tension and in ignorance, which had to be made good by desperate hard work later. But suppose I had not rebelled—suppose I had succumbed to the conditioning and, what was worse, the suggestion of the provincial middle-class milieu? I think I can make a rough guess at what I should now be.

I should be a fairly prosperous provin-

cial lawyer, married to the daughter of some local personage who could bring business my way. Daily I should drive between my office and a modestly opulent country house in an expensive but not flashy car. In politics I should invariably support the Conservative candidate, and should discharge various municipal offices with unintelligent integrity. I should attend church regularly and act as churchwarden, subscribing to the right charities and denouncing respectable trade-union leaders as Bolshevik agitators.

I should not read much beyond journalism and detective stories, but for social purposes I should maintain an unread library. Much of my leisure would go to golf and tennis, and I should turn out to cheer the Old Boys when they played cricket against The School. I should be a modestly prominent member of the British Legion, a Freemason, and one of the Watch and Ward committee for the suppression of vice. Occasionally I should take my wife to London, and when we returned invariably express the original idea that there's no place like home. I should drink water with my lunch, and a couple of whiskeys after dinner. My sons would attend the worst best schools, the kind which teach biology without reference to either evolution or sex. I might even have risen to the heights of preferring to see my daughters dead rather than reading Aldous Huxley.

In exchange for security and good opinion I should have lost nearly everything that has made life valuable—freedom of living, thinking, and utterance; the exercise of a natural aptitude and talent; disinterested friendship, passionate love, travel, the arts, idleness.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR
